WEEK ENDING MARCH 9, 1929

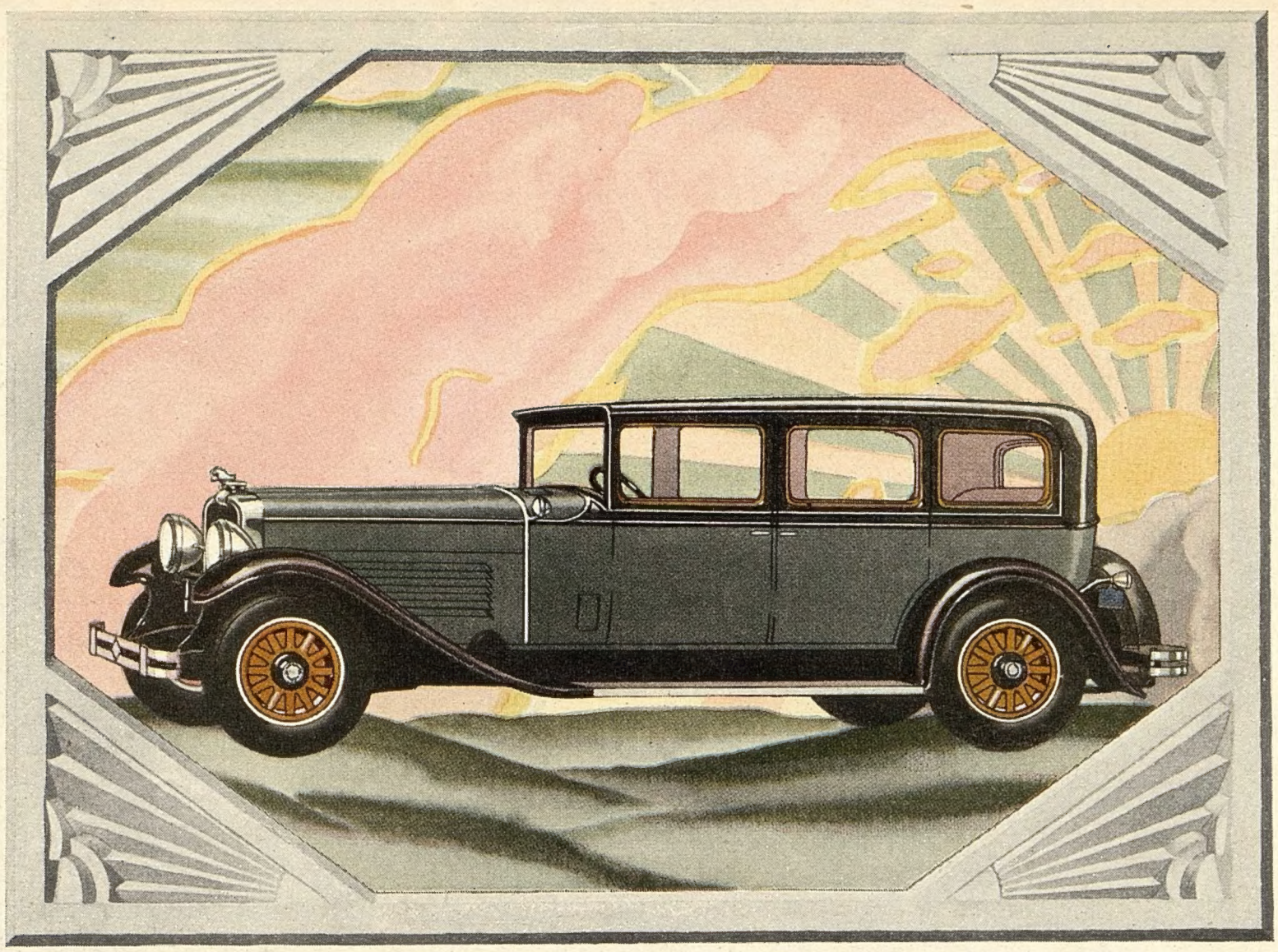
5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The Back Seat Driver

GREEN ~ GRIMSHAW ~ SPRINGS ~ ELLERBE ~ WERNER



CLIMAXING A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT
WITH TWO SPECIALTY CARS

When in 1926 the Stutz Motor Car Company of America brought out its record-making eight-cylinder overhead camshaft engine, the conviction was strong that it had produced the finest car in the country.

But that outstanding engineering achievement has been continually improved by time's hand testing.

And so today, as a logical development, we announce a still greater Stutz—also an entirely new companion car, selling for about a thousand dollars less, the Blackhawk.

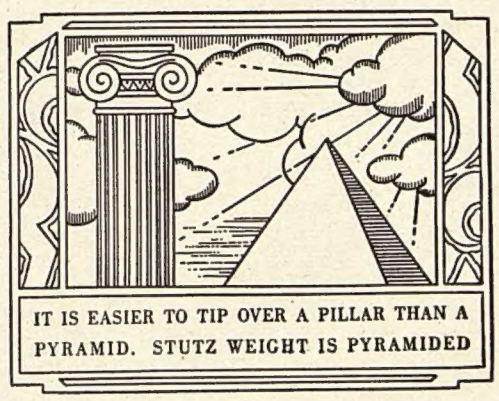
Two surprising examples of real *modernism* in car making—thoroughly practical advancements designed to meet the changed motoring conditions of *today!*

Of course both have low weight, worm drive, safety glass all around, steel "side-bumper" running boards, bodies by Le Baron and Weymann—all important factors that have gone to make Stutz fame.

But now—

The low-weighted Stutz and the low-weighted Blackhawk have four speed transmissions, without which no car can, we believe, be truly modern.

They have a remarkable and exclusive safety device, the "No back," which automatically prevents back rolling on hills.



IT IS EASIER TO TIP OVER A PILLAR THAN A PYRAMID. STUTZ WEIGHT IS PYRAMIDED

They have an unique gasoline pump which delivers a uniform mixture to the carburetor under all conditions—and a brake equipment giving *de-celeration* heretofore unknown.

A climax!

The Stutz now retails for $3395 to $6895—Blackhawk $2345 to $2955—f. o. b. factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra. Here is a great achievement!

STUTZ
and
BLACKHAWK

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Mother, I'm proud of our boy

Listen to this, Mother. Joe thanks us for the PARIS Garters we sent him. He says that now most of the boys at college have given up the "sloppy socks" idea. But what pleases me so much is this. Here's what he says: "Most of the boys are wearing garters again. One by one they're admitting that I was right—that the little things in life are the big things after all; that attention to the details in dress marks the gentleman just as attention to details makes for success in business." You know, I'm proud of our boy, Mother. He has the courage of his convictions and appreciates the importance of the little things in life.

NO SOX APPEAL - WITHOUT

PARIS

GARTERS

No metal can touch you

DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

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MARCH 9, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 9

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

DIVORCE AND COLLUSION

In not many countries, we believe, is divorce more common than in the United States. The distinction may be a dubious one, but such as it is we have it. The latest figures indicate that something like one in every six of our marriages now ends in divorce.

Some people have thought to remedy this by uniform divorce laws. We do indeed have a varied assortment of codes, taking them state by state, but we doubt if suddenly making them all alike would accomplish any magic result.

This doesn't seem to us any wiser than does our present uniform code of prohibition laws.

The United States is a large country, compounded of many widely separated and diverse communities. These communities have different problems and different views as to how they should be met.

We believe that if the people of South Carolina don't want to permit divorce for any cause and the people of Nevada do want to permit it for—well, almost any cause, they ought to be allowed to make those choices for themselves.

But there is one idea—one bit of psychology handed down to us perhaps from the old days—which seems to permeate all the discussion and legislation about divorce in this country, and which we think is a mistaken one. That is the great care which is taken by legislators and judges to prevent what is called collusion.

It would seem that when both parties to a marriage wish to end it, and in their calmer moments take deliberate and well-considered steps to do so, there is more reason for a divorce and greater probability of a happy divorce than when one party objects.

Yet in fiction which deals with the divorce problem there is always one who objects. It seems to be assumed that divorce is not divorce without such a situation.

In our marriage vows the Seventh Commandment still stands: thou shalt not commit adultery. In almost every state the breaking of this vow is a reason for divorce, and it would seem properly so. Nevertheless if *both* parties to a marriage commit adultery in the accepted sense, then they can't get a divorce.

One crime somehow seems to have neutralized the other.

Some celebrated cases come to mind of husbands and wives who hate each other and have tried to drag each other in the mire of public scandal. The fact that both have sinned, as the saying is, and that both frankly detest the marriage bond is the thing that keeps them together. The law will do nothing for them.

But if only one of them had broken the marriage vow—if the other had been hurt and aggrieved and didn't want a divorce—then the divorce would have been granted.

It seems a little paradoxical. And in this respect we must admit that the modern soviet government seems to have taken a more rational view.

Of course we don't urge general, easy divorce, but we do think a divorce should be granted if both parties wish it. If one party commits adultery it hardly seems reasonable that a marriage should be continued just because the other party does likewise.

The marriage is then dissolved spiritually, and what is left is mere fiction.

Our laws say that in such cases a couple must keep on living together. They may loathe each other—frequently they do—and they may be living in the utmost license. Each may have children by an illicit union, and the fact may be generally known. Yet because the licentiousness of each is duplicated by that of the other there is nothing to be done.

Of course as a rule both parties are somewhat aggrieved. Everybody knows that it takes two to make most quarrels and in some degree it usually takes two to make permanent the quarrel that leads to divorce.

That is human nature and seems reasonably self-evident. Why then should our laws be based on an exactly opposite theory?

You cannot generalize much about divorce. You cannot work out an answer to the problem that will hold good for as many as a dozen of the wrecked marriages about which you may have personal knowledge. But you can generalize, we think, about this matter of collusion. It is one fundamental respect in which our present varied divorce laws seem to us almost universally wrong.

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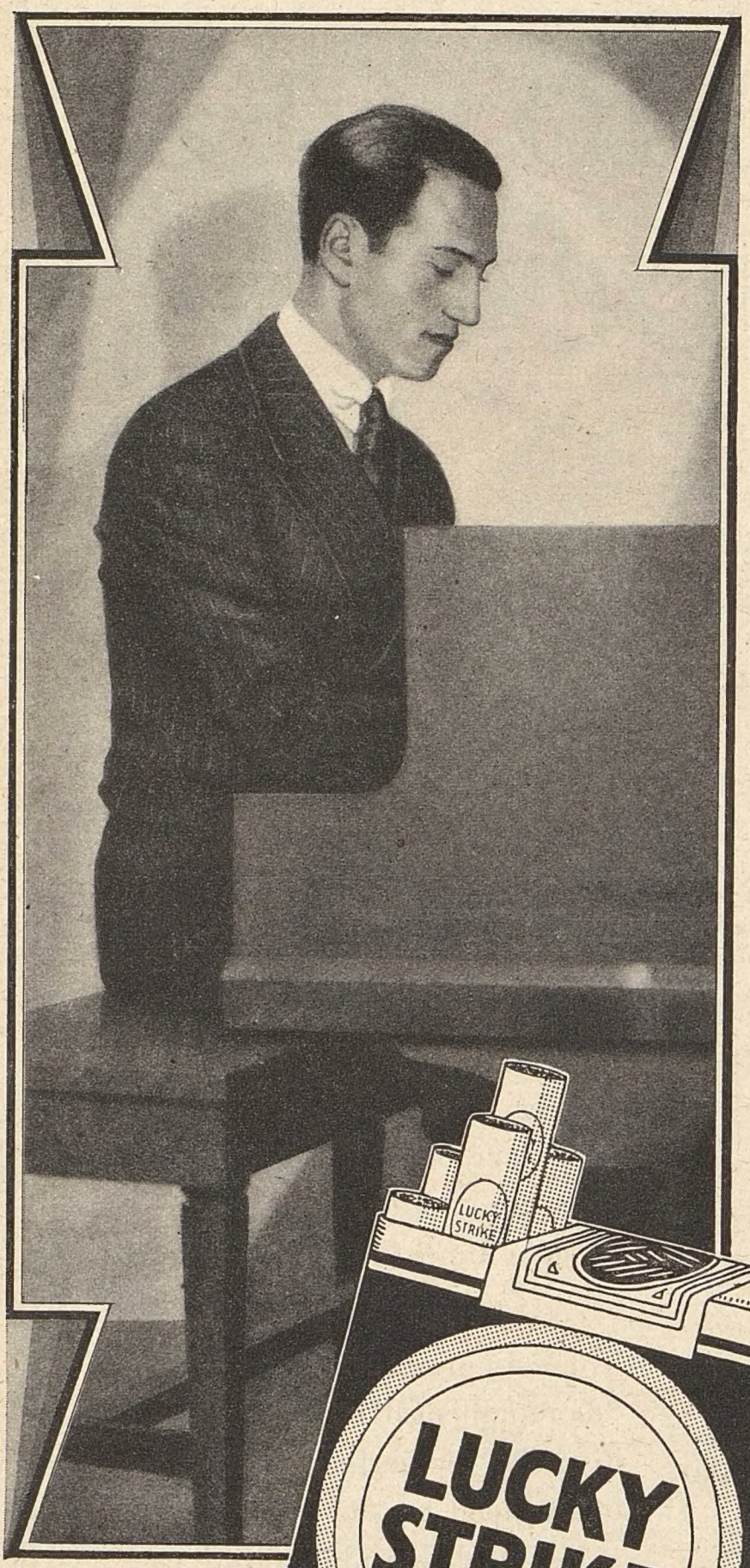
"No excess weight, my answer is —*I just smoke a Lucky*"



George Gershwin
composer of the famous "Rhapsody in Blue"

George Gershwin
Noted Composer

"When people ask me how I keep in physical trim—with no excess weight, my answer is, 'I just smoke a Lucky whenever I crave overrich pastries which fatten.' There's nothing to equal that wonderful flavor, so appetizing yet never interfering with one's normal appetite for healthful foods."

GEORGE GERSHWIN

THE modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Note. Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This surely confirms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

The Meaning of "A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT"

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "75"

CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX

PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

BUSINESS consolidations benefit the buyer in direct ratio to the extent to which the combined units benefit each other.

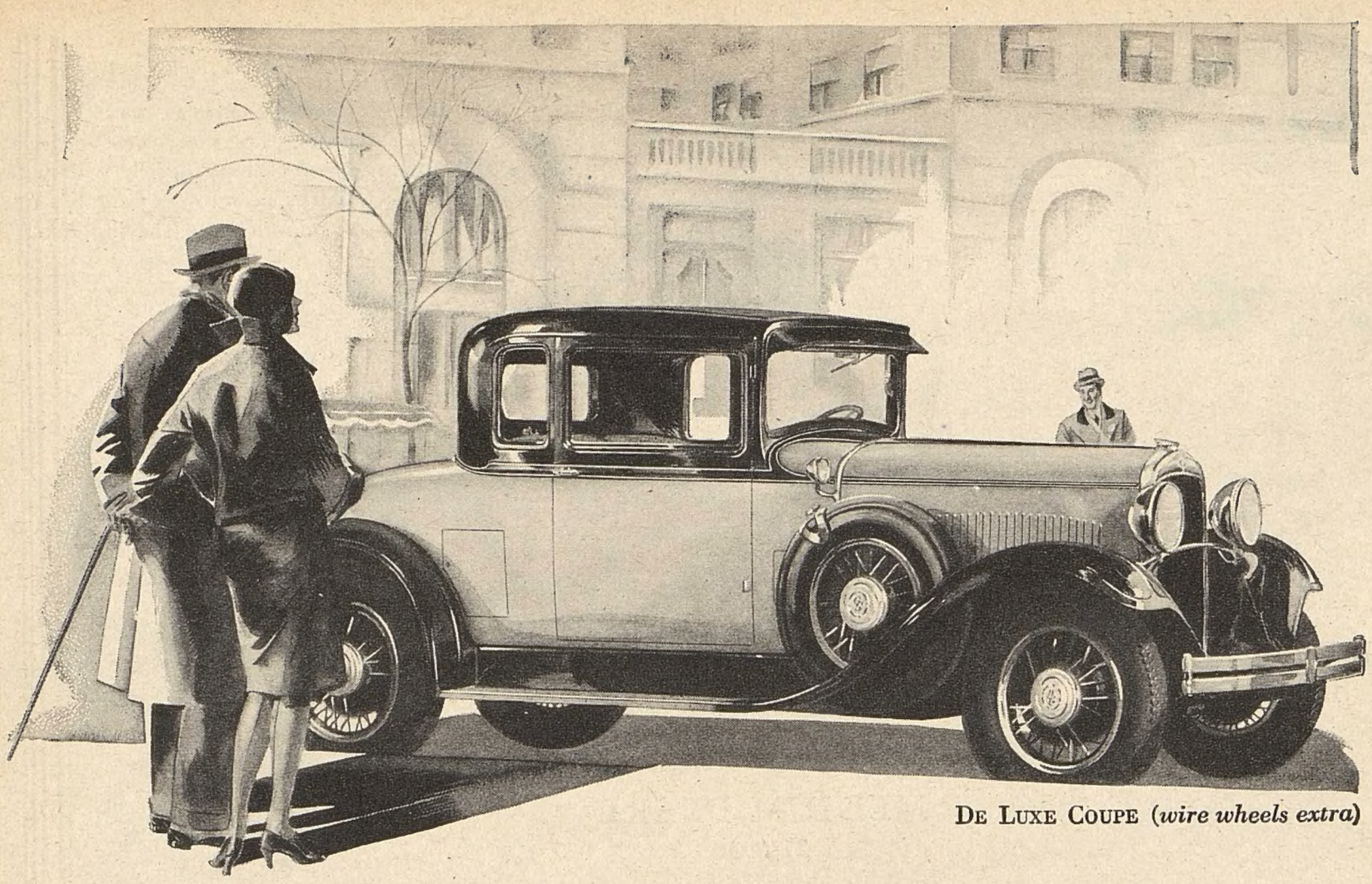
That is the sole and only purpose of Chrysler Motors. The several products which constitute Chrysler Motors are banded together in one official family, under one personal head, with a common policy of engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing, so that each can help the other to give better value.

If their alliance were only formal—if they did not lighten each other's burdens, cut each other's costs, share each other's advantages—Chrysler Motors would be a fiction instead of a robust, practical, money-saving fact.

Thus—Dodge Brothers great plants almost automatically became enormously more productive as soon as Dodge Brothers became a division of Chrysler Motors and the other Chrysler divisions began to benefit by Dodge plant resources. There is no idle space, there are no idle machines, there are no idle hands, there is no idle time in any Chrysler Motors plant.

There is productive, profitable labor for them all by reason of the diversity of markets and products which Chrysler Motors provides. And this plant-filling capacity is all aimed at the one paramount object—*holding quality up and keeping overhead down.*

Here at last is a great, personally-directed manufacturing machine which actually does render a public service. It actually does reduce costs. It actually does *give greater value* in each and every Chrysler Motors product.



DE LUXE COUPE (*wire wheels extra*)

DODGE BROTHERS GREATEST VALUE

BY A WIDE and commanding margin, the new Dodge Brothers Six is the most compelling value in all Dodge Brothers history. It is a composite of captivating style, advanced engineering and outstanding proficiency. Conceived by Walter P. Chrysler, produced in the great Dodge Brothers workshops, it has that alluring beauty so typical of all Chrysler-built cars as well as the proverbial dependability and economy so long associated with Dodge Brothers. From every angle, the new Dodge Brothers Six is unapproached by any car at or near its price.

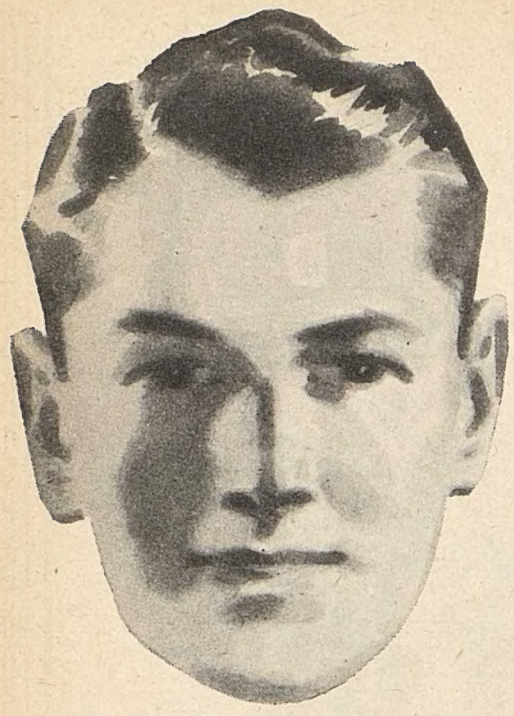
NEW

EIGHT BODY MODELS . . $945 TO $1065 F. O. B. DETROIT

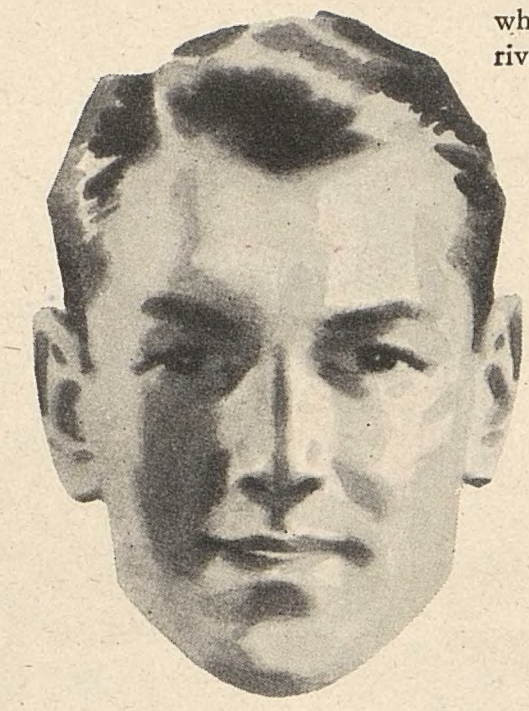
DODGE BROTHERS SIX

★★★★★★★

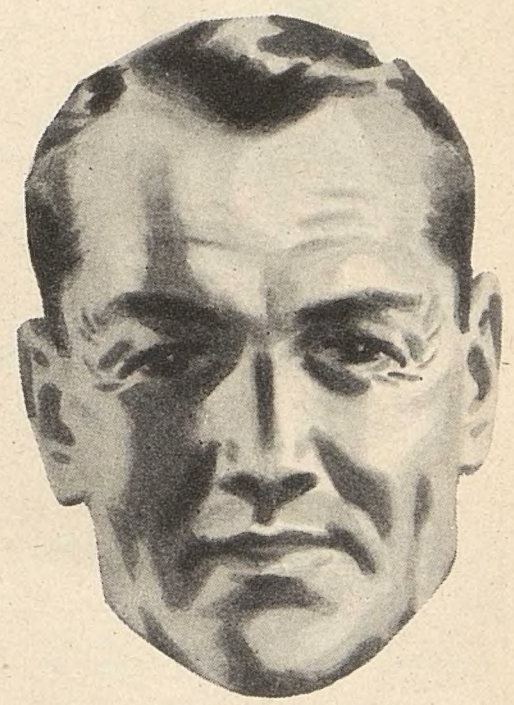
The older the man, the harder the job for his razor; the more important it is to safeguard your comfort by lathering a full three minutes, using the correct diagonal stroke, and slipping a *fresh* Gillette Blade in your razor when time is short. That's how to get Gillette's unrivalled *maximum* of smooth, sure shaving luxury.



TENDER BEARD
16 *to* 21



MEDIUM BEARD
21 *to* 30



TOUGH BEARD
30 *and over*

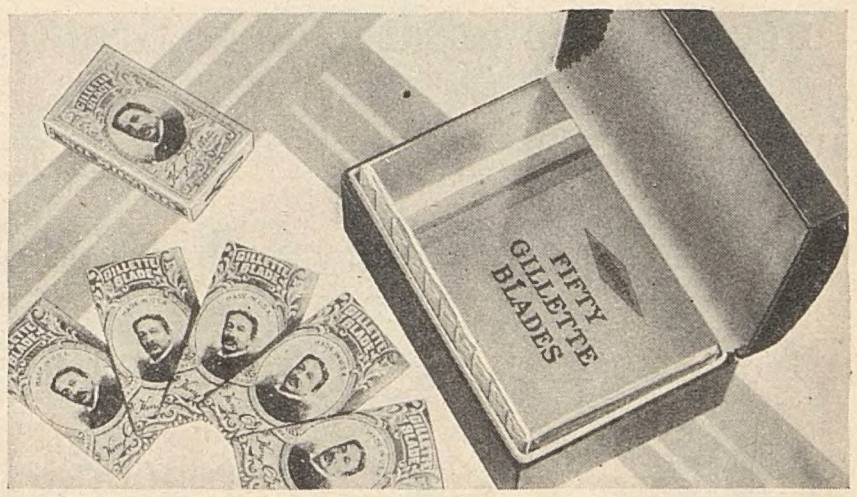
Every day your beard gets tougher

The older you get, the oftener you need a *fresh* Gillette Blade

AT sixteen that faint shadow on your chin is half hope and half suspicion. At twenty-one, the man—and the beard—come of age. At thirty the mature man expects his Gillette Blade to do its duty every morning. And it *does* in spite of hurry and hard water—in spite of a dozen changing conditions that test the quality of the finest temper that science has learned to give the world's finest steel.

Before a finished Gillette Blade is slipped into the little green envelope which is its certificate of perfection, the steel has been tested repeatedly by crucible and micrometer. The edge has been honed and stropped to microscopic sharpness by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. A long line of inspectors—(four out of nine Gillette blade department workers do nothing but inspect)—have scrutinized it, tested it and passed it on to the millions of Americans who count on every Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well every day.

Shaving conditions vary. The Gillette Blade is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

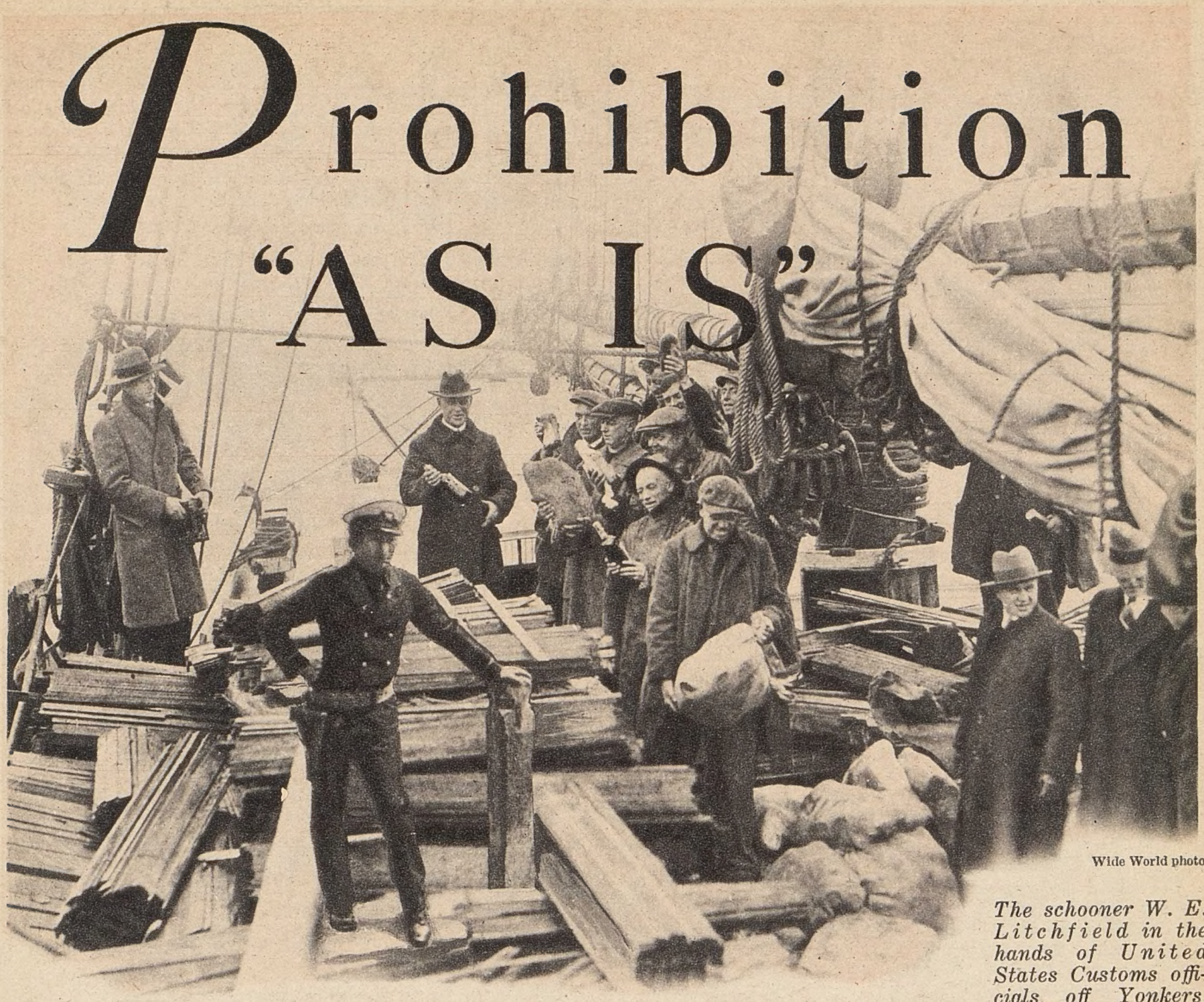


THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

TRADE Gillette MARK

★ ★ ★ **Gillette** ★ ★ ★

Prohibition "AS IS"



Wide World photo

The schooner W. E. Litchfield in the hands of United States Customs officials off Yonkers, New York, where she had arrived from Miami with $360,000 worth of rum. This cargo, which the Customs men are shown removing, was hidden under bundles of laths.

The Record of One Man's Experience as an Enforcement Officer

By

WALTON GREEN

Decorations by GARRETT PRICE

I SERVED for a year in Washington under General Lincoln C. Andrews as Chief U. S. Prohibition Investigator. It was the mission of my force, which operated both in the continental United States and in the several adjacent and European countries, to uncover and break up the major international liquor rings. I had not the slightest interest in local enforcement in any part of the United States. I was after the big men behind the big sources of supply.

Official Washington is a simple-minded and humorless place. They laugh a lot, to be sure, and slap their own thighs, but it is the nervous laugh of the officeholder who depends upon people and not upon work to keep his job.

A satirical attitude toward anything is highly dangerous, and historical perspective toward any action is unheard of outside of the State Department. That is why administrative circles have never seen anything funny about their own shabby part in the grim farce of prohibition enforcement.

The great majority of them—nine out of ten, perhaps—bring to their work the listless dispassion of the government employee.

As for prohibition itself—they regard it with the bilious eye of humorless disapproval, as a distant thing not touching their lives or their conduct.

Notwithstanding which, there is a colossal joke connected with prohibition, and that joke is on the Drys. It is the fact that real enforcement has never been seriously attempted. In some part this is due to the executive inhibitions of the administration, but in far greater measure it is a result of the way in which an all-inane Congress originally divided the responsibility for enforcement between the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice.

NOW, Treasury, which controls the Prohibition Unit, is charged primarily with gathering evidence and making arrests, while the Department of Justice—which prosecutes all offenses against the United States, including prohibition offenses—is charged with prosecution after the Treasury has turned the cases over to it. In practice, of course, the Department of Justice frequently has to go back and patch up the amateurishly made cases of the Prohibition Unit. Hence it has been inevitable that the Department of Justice will not infrequently initiate

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New! The *Editor's* Page

BEGINNING in this issue, we are giving more space to editorials than has been our custom. People seem to want more of them. Letters to Vox Pop and other kinds of comment indicate a liking for argument—for the gentle art of chewing the rag. So you will find the regular editorial page cleared away this week for discussion of this and that, and we hope you will like it. More elbow room for thought, as it were.

That leaves the table of contents without a home. Of course we must put it somewhere, and it ought to have a regular place. Here it is at the bottom of this page. If you want to know what is in the book (anything that has pages and is bound is called a "book" in publishing circles), look here until further notice.

WE have had a great many inquiries from readers who want to know who our authors are, and want us to print something about them. Well, here are pictures of four whose work appears in this issue. WALTON GREEN tells a good deal about himself and one of his most entertaining adventures in the article which begins on the preceding page. He is a Harvard man who first studied law, then went into newspaper work, and then became a member of the New York Stock Exchange. During the war he was a major of infantry in France. In 1925 he became chief prohibition investigator, and since he quit that job in disgust he has been writing. His Little Solly stories in LIBERTY were enormously popular.

Walton Green

Elliott White Springs

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW is an Irishwoman who has lived for many years in the South Seas. She was known first as an indefatigable traveler, but in 1907 she began writing, and since then her chief fame has been that of an author. Her home is Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea, and this glamorous address appears, neatly typed, on the first sheet of each of her manuscripts. . . . ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS' career is more or less familiar to readers of LIBERTY. He lives in Fort Mill, South Carolina; distinguished himself as an aviator in the World War, and since the war has divided his time between writing fiction and running his father's cotton mill in South Carolina. . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND, author of LIBERTY'S current series of articles on famous mysteries, was born in Mexico, the son of a missionary there, and has had a colorful and adventurous career as a newspaper man. Most of the crimes he is writing about are "stories" he covered years ago as a reporter.

Beatrice Grimshaw

Sidney Sutherland

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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enforcement campaigns (as Buckner in New York used to do, and as Mrs. Willebrandt's office has periodically done), although primarily they are charged only with the prosecuting end. A rotten system, of course, prolific of jealousy and duplication and disorganization—and in large measure responsible for the egregious administrative failures of enforcement. Justice, with its long experience, its superior personnel and training, should obviously have handled the whole of prohibition from the outset.

Prohibition enforcement has been visibly on the toboggan these four years past. Governmental ineptitude did not cause this, but it has hastened the process measurably. I am not now concerned with the social and political aspects of enforcement. I am concerned with setting out some of the reasons back of the government bungling, and in detailing some of the methods employed. A new administration is trying its hand at the old familiar gesture of enforcement, and it will be interesting to see how Mr. Hoover's unquestioned talent for organization will react to the department overlapping and jealousy which handicap the government as a whole and which have literally hamstrung Treasury and Justice in the enforcement of prohibition.

International photo

Uncle Sam's furniture movers returning hand-painted pianos and other things that Federal raiders had removed from a New York City night club.

Take Treasury to begin with. Treasury runs the three services responsible for direct enforcement—Coast Guard, Customs, and Prohibition Unit. They are efficient, I should say, in about that order—and with Prohibition some hundreds of miles in the rear. Now the jealousy between those three services is almost unbelievable. Prohibition, being the newest and most amateurishly inefficient, was—in my day at least—the most inclined to coöperate. Coast Guard, headed by that splendid old prohibition-hating, duty-loving sea dog, Admiral F. C. Billard, was as ready to coöperate as said old sea dog could make it.

AS for Customs—well, they were about as ready to coöperate as Harry Sinclair is ready to help Senator Tom Walsh. On my own knowledge, Customs not only won't give help—but they won't take it. They'd rather let a carload of Montreal ale through than not—if it was tipped to them by the prohibition people. Customs are hopeless. Archaic in method and mediocre in personnel from top to bottom, their ruling passion is to be left alone to stew in the juice of their own traditional incompetence.

General Andrews and I made various efforts toward coördination. General Andrews gave orders and I made offers. Orders and offers were accepted verbally and disregarded factually. At one time I held a secret police conference in Montreal and succeeded in organizing all the espionage elements—Prohibition, Customs, United States Consul General, Canadian Royal Mounted Police, and Canadian Railway Police—into one group reporting their prohibition information to one head. For this head I nominated a United States Customs man and put my entire Canadian force under him.

Fine and dandy—in Canada—and all hands hailed the plan with enthusiasm. But scarcely was I back in Washington before Customs was whispering around this, that, and t'other reason why each service had best continue on its own as before; and the whole thing died of inanition.

Just before he left office General Andrews tried again. Once more he worked out a considered plan of coördination for Coast Guard, Customs, and Prohibition, and had it O. K.'d by Secretary Mellon. But no more had Andrews stepped off the New York train than they had his plan tossed to the wind. Everything—or practically everything—that he had set in motion was halted or sidetracked. Customs, Coast Guard, Prohibition, and Department of Justice must hereafter go their own way. The flying squads for beer and alcohol were abolished. My outfit—the Chief Investigator's force for international conspiracy cases — was either abolished or so emasculated as to exist in name only. Which offended me in retrospect only, as I had resigned in disgust a year earlier.

NOW, I am free to say this: even with the best will in the world on the part of its division chiefs, police coöperation would be extremely difficult among the elements of that loose and unbusinesslike group of activities which constitute the United States Treasury. There are, if you please, seven distinct and separate secret services in the Treasury alone, each service responsible only to its own division chief. There is, first, the Prohibition Unit; second, the Secret Service of the Coast Guard; third, the Secret Service of the Customs; fourth, the Special Service of the Customs (for spying on its own personnel); fifth, the United States Secret Service of the Treasury proper (for protection of the coinage and the person of the President); sixth, the special Intelligence Unit of the Treasury (for spying on Treasury personnel); and, seventh, the Secret Service of the Bureau of Narcotics.

Each and every one of these organizations gathers and pigeonholes its own information, and hates to make it available to any other agency of government. They hoard their information as a miser does his gold. For all one knows there may be, all told, enough uncorrelated evidence to put half the known crooks in the country behind the bars.

It's a sad and silly system and it will need every ounce of business sense and leadership that Mr. Hoover possesses to untangle it.

Add to the seven espionage units of the Treasury the all-important Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the Department of Justice, and you have eight distinct agencies whose functions are more or less overlapping and much of whose criminal information is vitally important to one another. Shortly after I came into office I realized this and got them all together into a grand little scheme of informal and rapid exchange of information. Everyone came into my party—on paper at least—with the exception of the Department of Justice, for reasons which shall presently appear.

Aside from interdepartmental jealousy, the curse of Washington officialdom is slowness of communication. And slowness of communication is due to that refuge of small minds known as "through channels." It's a great system, and the smaller minded they are the more they love it. The only two in Washington who don't use it are Bill Donovan and the State Department. Donovan

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PROHIBITION "AS IS"
Continued from page eleven]

will call up an office boy if that's the quickest way, and so will every State Department official with whom I dealt.

And now a word about the Department of Justice and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. As Chief Prohibition Investigator, my contacts with the department were frequent—and somewhat abortive. As principal confidential assistant to General Andrews, my contacts with Mrs. Willebrandt were occasional and pleasant—and likewise abortive.

Mrs. Willebrandt is one of seven or eight assistant attorney generals, each of whom has charge of some division of Federal prosecution. Mrs. Willebrandt's division is Prohibition and Taxes. She is a lady of much personal charm—wholly honest, wholly courageous, a stanch and fanatical prohibitionist, really sincere and truly unhypocritical, which can be said of few political prohibitionists. Having said this much, and having added the general observation that fanatical proponents of a given course of action are seldom its wisest friends, we shall lay off the lady.

The Department of Justice distrusted General Andrews from the day he landed in Washington because he was on the front page and the department was off. Some cliques in the department even began to look askance at their own chief—Colonel Donovan, assistant to the Attorney General—quondam "Wild Bill" Donovan of the A. E. F., and now the "Sweet William" of the higher Hooverism. They began to distrust the very able and scrappy and honest and smooth spoken Colonel Bill, simply and solely because he had brought his old army friend Andrews over to Washington and thereby helped to push them off their beloved front page.

They distrusted me because I was General Andrews' *alter ego* in dealing with them. And in the fullness of time they even came to look askance upon their own appointee in New York, United States Attorney Buckner, because, forsooth, Andrews and I gave him men and money and let him have his head. And they distrusted Bruce Bielaski, who had been the able chief of the Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice during the war—distrusted his activities in New York, simply because Bielaski was my chief assistant in that city, and because he was known to smile at the activities of the organization he had once so brilliantly headed.

TEMPERAMENTALLY, the Department of Justice is not inclined to coöperation. They want their way, and they want their subordinates to want their way too. They have no use for Buckners who steal their thunder or for Tuttles who sidetrack it. An incumbent of office must be a procumbent too.

I remember the incident of Bill McCoy. Now Bill, be it said, was a pet bootlegger of Mrs. Willebrandt's. For convenience she kept him in jail at Trenton, New Jersey. Also she kept him in a communicative and stoolish frame of mind with half a dozen other indictments dangling over his head. Whenever she needed underworld dope she'd dicker with Bill and, so to speak, trade him an indictment *in posse* for his information. It was a splendid arrangement—and a perfectly orthodox police method.

Now, it happened that Bruce Bielaski in New York also ran across the trail of Big Bill, and also wanted some dope. So he took half a day off and hied him to Trenton. He did not bother to telephone for an appointment, because jail is a place where you may commonly expect to find your man in when you call. But Bielaski should have telephoned. For when he presented his card and begged for a short conference if Mr. McCoy was not too busy, he was informed that Mr. McCoy was out to lunch, and that the time of his return was a trifle uncertain as he had said something about getting a hair-cut and doing a couple of errands. But that if Mr. Bielaski cared to wait, Mr. McCoy would surely be back in the evening, as he made it a point always to sleep at the jail.

Mr. Bielaski did not care to wait. He returned to New York and telephoned to me in Washington. And I telephoned to Mrs. Willebrandt.

Now, Mrs. Mabel—with that literalness which is characteristic of Washington—saw nothing funny in the situation. On the contrary, she felt that her Big Bill had let her down, and then some. She took the position that he'd ought to have known enough to hang around; and her manner implied that everything would have been all right if Bielaski hadn't been indiscreet enough to go to Trenton unannounced. She couldn't forgive Bill for getting caught. So she had him committed for contempt.

This didn't suit us at all. We wanted Bill out for a few days, for he had promised us the use of one of his speed boats and a good man or two, including himself, for a certain offshore enterprise which we had in mind. I begged her to delay the stern march of justice for a couple of days—long enough to give Bill his yachting trip—and promised he'd report back at once and take his contempt medicine. Nothing doing. The majesty of the Mabel must be upheld.

NOW, bootlegging and burglary and such is one thing—but contempt is quite another. When you're committed for contempt, you stay put. It was contempt of Willebrandt rather than contempt of court, to be sure, but nevertheless Big Bill stayed put this time, and we never did have our yachting party. I saw Bill somewhat later at a club in New York, and he complained bitterly of the prison barber. He was a fine, big, upstanding Irishman, and as nice a bootlegger as one would wish to know.

Let us compare for a moment the enforcement methods of today with the methods of the Andrews régime. It may well be that present-day practices are guiltless of the enormities of the Andrews régime, when we used dictaphones, and tapped telephone wires, and ran speakeasies, and all that sort of rough stuff. But equally doubtless, we got results; and now they get nothing but headlines, and presentments thrown out of court, and harsh words from judges, and rows with their own United States attorneys.

Compare the recent New York campaign against a few speakeasies which won't stay closed, and which cost in the neighborhood of $70,000. In our time we didn't bother to close speakeasies—we opened 'em and ran 'em, and by the expenditure of four or five thousand dollars got evidence against the big international rings that enabled us to put those particular rings out of business—rings that supplied the entire output of, not a hundred, but a thousand speakeasies. In the case of the notorious Bridge Whist Club in New York City, we secured evidence which General Andrews was able to take to London and lay before the British government in such detailed and convincing fashion as to negotiate a treaty in which the Britishers made some really extraordinary secret concessions—informal concessions—which resulted in the actual breaking up of false registration of vessels and the elimination of big-scale smuggling.

And now a word about that same Bridge Whist Club—"Uncle Sam's Place"—at 14 East Forty-fourth Street, in New York City. General Andrews and I had come to the conclusion that the most effective way to combat the big international rings was to plant our men in their organizations, just as they were planting their men in our organizations, notably in the Coast Guard. The best way to pretend to be a bootlegger, was to be a bootlegger.

Bielaski and I got our heads together and decided that the government must be content to start in a modest way like any other bootlegger—paying as we went, and building up an honest business based on quality of goods and service to the public.

The fundamental idea was mine, but credit for the application of the principle to a retail speakeasy and the brilliant way in which it was conducted must go to Bruce Bielaski, who had charge of all detail. He installed a really beautiful mahogany bar and had it fitted up with beer pumps and brass rails and lovely big easy-to-hit brass cuspidors and a touch of sawdust on the floor to give the old-time smell, and everything else to make it attractive to the tired business man of the Forty-second Street district. And there were café tables and cozy little drinking booths for the more shrinking of our guests.

And there was even a small robing room for the convenience of the policemen who removed their uniforms and changed into drinking clothes before entering the barroom proper.

Some of the local cops were not only good customers but excellent boosters when they became convinced that we actually did sell genuine uncut liquor—for that was a cardinal principle of the place. We could not afford to have Uncle Sam's Place sell anything but the best, no matter what it cost us. One afternoon we had a small fire in the place—and a rather hectic time in getting the barroom stock of liquor rushed upstairs out of the way before the fire department arrived. But fortunately two cops were just coming in—and they lugged the whole of it upstairs without even taking time to shed their uniforms. That was the nice kind of thing they were always doing—and their blackmail rates in that precinct were remarkably reasonable, considering the character of the trade and the lucrative neighborhood.

Yes, it was a fine and well run joint. But it was too good to last, and when it finally did come out, we had to take a lot of pounding in Congress and in the newspapers on the score of entrapment. There was no entrapment or enticement in any sense of the words. General Andrews knew all about the club shortly after it started. So did United States Attorney Buckner and his assistants. So did Police Commissioner McLaughlin—whom we had to beg not to spill the beans prematurely by disciplining some of his own officers and patrolmen who frequented the place and used to shake us down, and who had been spotted by shooflies from headquarters.

If "rough stuff" got results, the present régime gets only headlines, in Major Green's opinion.

THE Bridge Whist Club did not entice customers to drink and then prosecute them. That would have been retail entrapment and—Mabelian into the bargain. We were after wholesale sellers, not retail drinkers. Our customers were merely so much window-dressing to authenticate the disguise of the man who ran the place (a personal friend of mine of many years' standing) as a big buyer of liquor.

The recognized method of securing Volstead evidence is by buying liquor. To insinuate our detectives into the confidence of the big rings, we had to be big buyers. We were simply doing on a wholesale scale what prohibition had always done on a retail scale. We were big buyers from big crooks. Our selling to the little drinkers was wholly incidental. No such person's name even so much as came into print. We regarded our customers as the innocent background to our main purpose. We sold the only uncut imported liquor in New York—and a pretty penny it cost us. But it enabled General Andrews to put over his British treaty, and it broke up Rum Row. And it never harmed a soul except the real crooks. On the contrary, it saved a good many stomachs—for a few months at least.

There have been other instances of government liquor-selling in which the element of entrapment was certainly present. As to the Bridge Whist Club, I have only the happiest memories and no apologies to make. It sold real liquor and it cheated no one but professional criminals.

Yes, we may have been rough, but we got results. We regarded the campaign against the international rings—some of which smuggled narcotics and Chinese and women as well as liquor—as a major operation against a highly organized enemy. And as in real warfare, I did everything I could to put spies behind the enemy line and to intercept their communications. We tapped telephone lines in this country when we wanted to, and we tapped wireless communications all over the world.

CONTRAST, for example, the petty cabaret raiding in New York with the really fundamental political and underworld upheaval in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, it is true, has always been a hard nut to crack. Even in General Andrews' time we did no more than scratch the surface and try to keep the lid on this nation-wide supply pot of alcohol and beer. But since those days the present powers-that-be have abolished the special beer and alcohol squads—those swift-striking flying circuses of enforcement that were the only thing the "big shots" in Philly really feared.

But Philadelphia, which is apparently honestly trying to clean house, has had no particular Federal help. They are doing it locally, and it is the local officials and not the Department of Justice or the Treasury who are in the limelight.

There came to me in Washington last spring—and this was nearly two years after I had resigned as Chief Prohibition Investigator—a representative of some of the great Philadelphia bootlegging interests. He wondered if there was anything that I could do, especially by way of writing, to induce the United States government to stiffen up its enforcement in Pennsylvania again. His principals felt very bitter about the slackness of enforcement there.

It seems that in the old days, with greater strictness and discipline, the bootleggers could allocate their corruption fund among a relatively few responsible and honest government officials who would stay bribed, and who would take care of everybody under them; but that nowadays, with everything wide open, every little official in town had his hand out for money and was wildcat-shaking on his own. The result was that the big shots couldn't be sure of anything, and the small-fry cookers and cleaners were cutting prices on them something terrible!

This gentleman gave me a printed list of quotations. Beer—which formerly sold at $35 the barrel, now sold at $15 to $16—and the brewers glad to pay the return transportation charges on the wood! Best grade alcohol, formerly $5.50 the gallon, now $2.50 to $3.75. Corn whisky (delivered by grocery stores in Baltimore) $3 per gallon. And so on down the list.

He also informed me that breweries in Reading and Philadelphia were running wide open again and shooting illicit beer to their heart's content.

Similar conditions obtained in Frackville, Ashland, Easton, and Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Some of these, complained my informant, were new mobs cutting into the business of old-line concerns such as he represented—and apparently without let or hindrance, or even the knowledge of the Federal authorities.

Of course, as a matter of fact, the government probably knows all about these people today just as we did in our day. But they can't prove it. In our day we at least tried to prove it, and occasionally we succeeded. My own force in ten months arrested some 745 men, of whom 250 were convicted. Not all those, of course, were

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big bootleggers. But they were all either big men or the henchmen of the big rings. And none of them were speakeasy proprietors or waiters or night-club patrons.

Take the case of Bill Dwyer. William V. Dwyer of New York was commonly considered the biggest man in the business. He was the part owner of a race track in Cincinnati and of a skating rink in Montreal. He owned a fleet of thirty or forty contact boats working out of New York, and had an interest in several big steamers. He had literally hundreds of men in his employ—including a good many whom he had insinuated into the local Coast Guard service. He was reputed to do a business of $25,000,000 a year. When I took office, Bill Dwyer was the biggest bet on the bootleg horizon, and supposedly untouchable. We went after him.

Bruce Bielaski was my head man in New York. He had been chief of the Department of Justice secret service during the war. The Zimmerman note was only one of his exploits. Nominally I was his superior officer. Practically I, as an amateur, had sense enough to confine my bossing of Bielaski to feeding him men and money, and occasionally running over to New York to O.K. what he was doing. We put all our New York operatives on the Dwyer mob. In four months Bruce was ready and I came over to be in at the death.

Dwyer maintained several offices—one in the East River Savings Bank Building on Forty-second Street, where he transacted his race-track business and his larger bootleg enterprises. His principal sales office—conducted by one Frank Costello—was on the second floor at 405 Lexington Avenue, directly opposite the Commodore Hotel. We hired a room in the hotel opposite Bill's office, trained a pair of my field glasses on his windows, tapped his telephone wires and led them through our room. For some months no person entered or left Bill's office without being identified and described and picked up and trailed if we wished. For some months no conversation went over his wires—no liquor orders were received or filled by his office—without being taken down by the government in shorthand. Naturally we had his system, his organization, and his activities by heart.

On the day before we broke the case, Bielaski, Jack Foster (the New York Prohibition Administrator), and I took rooms at the McAlpin Hotel. Our men reported there and were divided into squads. Some were sent to Montauk, some to Amityville, some to other parts of Long Island, Brooklyn, and New York. Some went to New London. All were instructed to establish contact with their quarries so that the arrests might be simultaneous.

WE had so many men to round up, and scattered over so wide a terrain, that it was necessary to take elaborate precautions against leaks.

Zero hour was set for the following day at 11:50 o'clock and we went over the top from Montauk to Manhattan and New London and back again. Bielaski stayed downtown to run the Montauk and out-of-town attacks. I ran things in the Forty-second Street district from the McAlpin. One of my squads of seven men was in a room at the Murray Hill Hotel—uninstructed as to destination, which was Dwyer's wholesale office at 405 Lexington Avenue, until I gave the signal. Another squad was covering Bill himself at his office in the East River Bank.

Each squad of our men was accompanied by a Federal marshal to make formal service of the warrants. These gentlemen were somewhat perturbed to find that they could not see the warrants—which were intrusted only to our own squad leaders. The marshals went along blind, so to speak, and the order of procedure at the actual moment of arrest was, "There's your man, marshal—here's your warrant." There were no leaks.

But there were some diverting side lights. My squad from the Murray Hill Hotel took it on the double to the Lexington Avenue headquarters. The first man in the room grabbed the switchboard operator and prevented any flash alarm from going out. He was instructed to go on taking liquor orders on the telephone—which he did for nearly an hour, collecting a nice little last-minute list of names and identifications. The stenographer's notes from our tapped wire in the Commodore across the street went placidly on through the whole party—interspersed with a telephone report to me from our man who had grabbed the switchboard.

One of Dwyer's principal assistants, a traveling pay-off man then in New London, called up from that town—could get no satisfaction from the "new man" on the switchboard. Finally the "new man"—with the inspiration of desperation—hissed into the telephone, "Hell to pay—Bill says come right on down," and rang off. The traveling pay-off man hopped the first train with a companion, and came "right on down." In the seat behind him, listening to their nervous volubility, sat one of my men armed with a warrant, which he didn't bother to serve until they reached the Grand Central Station.

AT New London Coast Guard headquarters we arrested one of our own men—by prearrangement. For some months this astute young gentleman had been encouraged by us to accept a salary from Dwyer, in addition to the pittance paid him by Uncle Sam. In fact, he had worked up in the Dwyer outfit until he was their most trusted contact man with the Coast Guard crews which formed so indispensable a part of the very efficient Dwyer organization. This young man was a frequent voyager on a certain Coast Guard patrol boat which Dwyer and his assistants not infrequently used on inspection trips to their offshore vessels. She was known as Bill's Flagship, and she occasionally ran in a load or so herself.

It was a very jolly round-up. We took twenty-two men (including two of our own agents, one of whom was wrong, and one of whom was a plant) in the first twenty minutes. A lot slipped through, of course, but we picked them up by ones and twos all through the winter and all over the country. Bill himself walked innocently to his customary luncheon place at the Sea Grill restaurant and nearly got away from us. But I had him covered and sent over a couple of my reserves to take him downtown.

I met Bill later that afternoon in Judge Goddard's court.

"Major," said he, in his querulously good-humored tone, "I ain't kickin', except that these guys of yours wouldn't let me finish my lemon pie. I do like lemon pie."

P. & A. photo

Bill Dwyer, "king of bootleggers," back at his Long Island home after his thirteen months' involuntary exile in Atlanta.

Buckner finally convicted Dwyer and sent him to Atlanta. Lately he has come out again. He is a genial chap, is Bill, and I've often wondered how fair it is to work tooth and nail to put one big one away when there are a hundred other big and worse ones who still remain at large.

Now, I've spoken of wire-tapping, a police device which has had a lot of unfavorable publicity lately. The curious thing about wire-tapping is that everyone who is ignorant of police methods attacks the practice, while no government or police officials ever come forward to explain or defend it. They seem ashamed of it. I shan't defend it, but I shall explain it. In the first place, it is a universal police practice despite the fact that in some jurisdictions it is a penitentiary offense by whomsoever committed. Which is probably as it should be, and as it always will be—despite the recent five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court allowing evidence thus obtained to be used in court. The press and the public seem to think that any policeman or detective can tap in on any telephone wire at will.

Far from it. It is only in limited and special circumstances that the non-expert can tap a wire. Anyone, to be sure, can spend a few dollars on a pair of nipper clamps and a head phone, climb a telephone pole, and listen in. But this act is immediately betrayed to the switchboard operator and often to the victim. The compensating tapping sets that do not reveal their presence are elaborate and costly. I supplied some of my men with these, as well as with portable dictaphones, but as I look back on it the equipment served chiefly to make them feel like big bad detectives.

But to "take a wire out," as police parlance has it, is a very different thing in the city, where all wires are buried. Ninety-nine per cent of police wire-tapping occurs in cities. And the operation requires the services of a telephone company expert. Such services may be got, in very special cases, by request of the Attorney General and the local United States attorney to the local police, who in turn make request of the telephone companies.

As a matter of fact, our wire-tapping in New York was had without the knowledge or consent of Attorney General Sargent — who, by the way, when he heard of it, raised his hands in horror and refused to endorse our request for a continuation of the service. We had been tapping away to our heart's content when someone in New York threw a monkey wrench. I've forgotten who objected—some big bootie, probably. At all events, we were told that the telephone company would have to withdraw its expert who was working for us unless the Attorney General would make formal demand. I fell on General Andrews' neck in despair and he trotted right up to the Attorney General, and then he trotted right back again.

P. & A. photo

The Ansonia, with Coast Guard cutters alongside, off Staten Island, New York. A mere cop had got wind of the bootleggers' plans to land a $250,000 cargo half a mile from the Statue of Liberty.

"ALL fixed?" I asked perfunctorily.

"Not on your life it isn't," answered Andrews ruefully. "The old gentleman doesn't know what it's all about. Said that you might just as well open a criminal's mail as listen in on his telephone."

General Andrews and I looked at each other—and decided to let it go at that. Mr. Sargent was a new and amateur Attorney General then. I fancy that today he would be less scandalized.

Every police department in the world taps wires when it wants to, and when it can. If the police did nothing worse than this, they would be little, fluffy, feathery angels—which they certainly are not. In theory, wire-tapping may be an outrageous invasion of the right of private communication; in practice, it is no such thing, because it is too intricate and too costly an expedient to be employed against anyone less important than known criminals and enemies of society. Against a criminal it is wholly justifiable. It is no more despicable to eavesdrop on his telephone conversation than for a detective to use a dictaphone in a crook's room, or to worm his way into the criminal's confidence and then betray him—both of which are recognized and permissible tactics against the underworld.

It all depends on whose ox is gored. Prohibition is the public's pet ox at present—and methods that would evoke no criticism if used against bandits or burglars or counterfeiters are condemned when used against bootleggers.

Wire-tapping? Pooh! I wonder what the bootleg-defending congressmen and press would have said had they known of my wireless plant! When we found that the big operators in England, Germany, Canada, Cuba, and the Bahamas were abandoning the cable and taking to the air, we took to the air too.

I GOT me one of the ablest radio technicians in the country and had him set up a complete receiving station in a certain village on Long Island. Incidentally this man had built the only two recording receivers then in existence. He took a crew of three or four operators down to Long Island, built a third and finer recording receiver for me, and installed several smaller sets which were peculiarly adapted to various wave lengths. The smaller sets would listen in on different wave lengths, and when anything promising came over, the big recording set would be tuned in on that.

For hour after hour, day after day, and month after month, that recording set would tap out the cipher code on regular stock-ticker tape. Inevitably 99 per cent of it was waste, but the other 1 per cent was a veritable gold mine of bootleg correspondence—from Montreal, Halifax, Havana, the Eiffel Tower, London, and home again.

From the Department of State I secured the names of the three ablest experts who decoded enemy cipher for Uncle Sam during the war. The second ablest of these was out in private practice in New York. He had a name that sounded like a combination of a Canadian log jam and a Soviet statesman, and he sat all day in a tiny office at the top of a skyscraper and covered reams of foolscap with hieroglyphics.

To this man there went twice a day the rolls of ticker tape from our recording receiver on Long Island. And twice a day he sent over to Bruce Bielaski's office the neatly decoded messages, telling just who owned the big rum steamers, and where they were sailing, and how many thousands of cases of liquor they carried, and exactly to whom they were consigned in New York or Philadelphia or Boston or San Francisco or Montreal or New Orleans, and just how and where and when they intended to unload to the contact boats which would run the stuff ashore.

Now the big steamers, mind you, kept first to Rum Row —and later were pushed further to sea and beyond any right of seizure by us. In the end the steamers served simply as advance enemy ammunition dumps. But our wireless interception yielded us a detailed knowledge

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of the whole international rum-running system, which was of incalculable assistance to General Andrews in negotiating his treaties with the several countries concerned.

Furthermore, it enabled us really to combat the liquor game at its sources. We could not seize the steamers on the high seas, but we could and did ocean-shadow them. We put Coast Guard boats on their trail, and no contact boats could approach without being picked up and followed in.

I remember one big steamer from England of whose movements we knew in detail before the whisky was bought in Scotland. By the time that steamer reached her unloading position a hundred miles off Sandy Hook, we had two men and a dictaphone in the room next to the one occupied by her cargo owners in the Hotel McAlpin, and Admiral Billard had one of his destroyers hanging on to her tail day and night.

Five weeks we kept that steamer out there, and never a case of liquor unloaded. Five weeks, while we listened to the daily howls for help from her skipper and the liquor supercargo. Five weeks eating her head off in wages and charter money like a stable full of idle race horses. Five weeks, while the bootleggers in the Hotel McAlpin sweated blood and watched the profit run out of that cargo like sand from an hour-glass. Five weeks, till food and water ran low, and the crew actually mutinied and forced the skipper to put in to Montreal.

And there the cargo of twenty-odd thousand cases was dumped on a glutted market at around six dollars the case—and our friends in the hotel room and their friends in Montreal and their friends' friends in London took a loss of some $300,000.

The recession of Rum Row, as described by Bruce Bielaski. The Row, originally about twelve miles out, was pushed to a distance of 100. After the treaty was negotiated, it was pushed even further.

THAT was but one incident. There were others like it. It illustrates what I mean by preventive enforcement—the kind of thing we tried to do under Andrews—the stoppage at the sources—the keeping off the market of really large amounts of contraband liquor. That single steamer load would have stocked for a year all the speakeasies that the Hon. Willebrandt has ever closed up or ever will close up. And the stopping of it cost us the part time of a radio set plus a couple of detectives for five weeks. As General Andrews said afterward, my wireless would have justified itself tenfold if it had never accomplished anything beyond the stopping of that one steamer.

And what is the Treasury doing now?

A year ago the word went forth that an election was approaching, that Lowman had been put in to soft-pedal, and that the less heard about prohibition the next few months the better. That word went down the obsequious Washington line. They not only soft-pedaled, but they back-pedaled. Mr. Lowman let out a screech or two the first week—as every new officeholder does—was promptly sat upon—and since that day has not been known to say anything beyond "Good morning," or to do anything beyond signing for his pay check.

As for Mrs. Willebrandt—with General Andrews gone, she beams again, and purrs most pleasantly on the new commissioner, Dr. Doran, and all is well and very wet along the Potomac—and everywhere else. Dr. Doran is an able and independent-minded commissioner. They don't come any better in Washington. But he has the soul of a chemist and not of a cop.

You can't successfully prosecute criminals, even the semitolerated criminals of prohibition, with kid-glove methods. I'll venture that no police force in the world stays wholly within the law. If the public doesn't know this, it is high time it did. It is high time it learned that wire-tapping is a recognized and officially sanctioned commonplace of criminal espionage. Wire-tapping, forsooth! Why, in a certain adjacent foreign city which was the headquarters of one of the big mobs I was after, the postal authorities—out of sheer international courtesy—accorded us what are known as "six-hour privileges." Which, translated, means that all mail of the birds we were after—both incoming and outgoing—was given to us for six hours to do with as we liked. Plenty of time to steam open, photostat, and return.

And while I'm on that subject, I should like to challenge the Postmaster General of these fairly free United States to deny on oath that any such practices have ever obtained in this country.

ALL this was three years ago. We may have been rough in those days. We tapped wires and we tapped wireless—to say nothing of other methods. And we ran speakeasies and bought evidence on a wholesale scale. We may have erred to the verge of unfair invasion of criminals' rights. But we used big methods against big mobs, and we got results. We captured shiploads and sent whole organizations to jail.

And we didn't spend useless thousands to exacerbate an already prohibition-bedeviled public. We didn't get ourselves in the headlines by arresting a couple of actresses and padlocking a trayful of highballs. Raw, some of our stuff, yes. But far more decent, to my mind, than the publicity-seeking superficialities of present-day methods.

It may be well that prohibition enforcement—especially the Willebrandtian type—is strictly legal nowadays. I do not know. But I do know that it is strictly sterile and barren of anything but petty results. I absolve the Department of Justice of willful laxity—for certainly they make ballyhoo enough over what they do do. When they see a head they hit it; when they see a bottle they grab it—and call up the papers.

Trouble is, the Department of Justice, like the Treasury, doesn't know what it's all about. I doubt if the government knows much more than the public does about the truly colossal proportions of the Philadelphia racket.

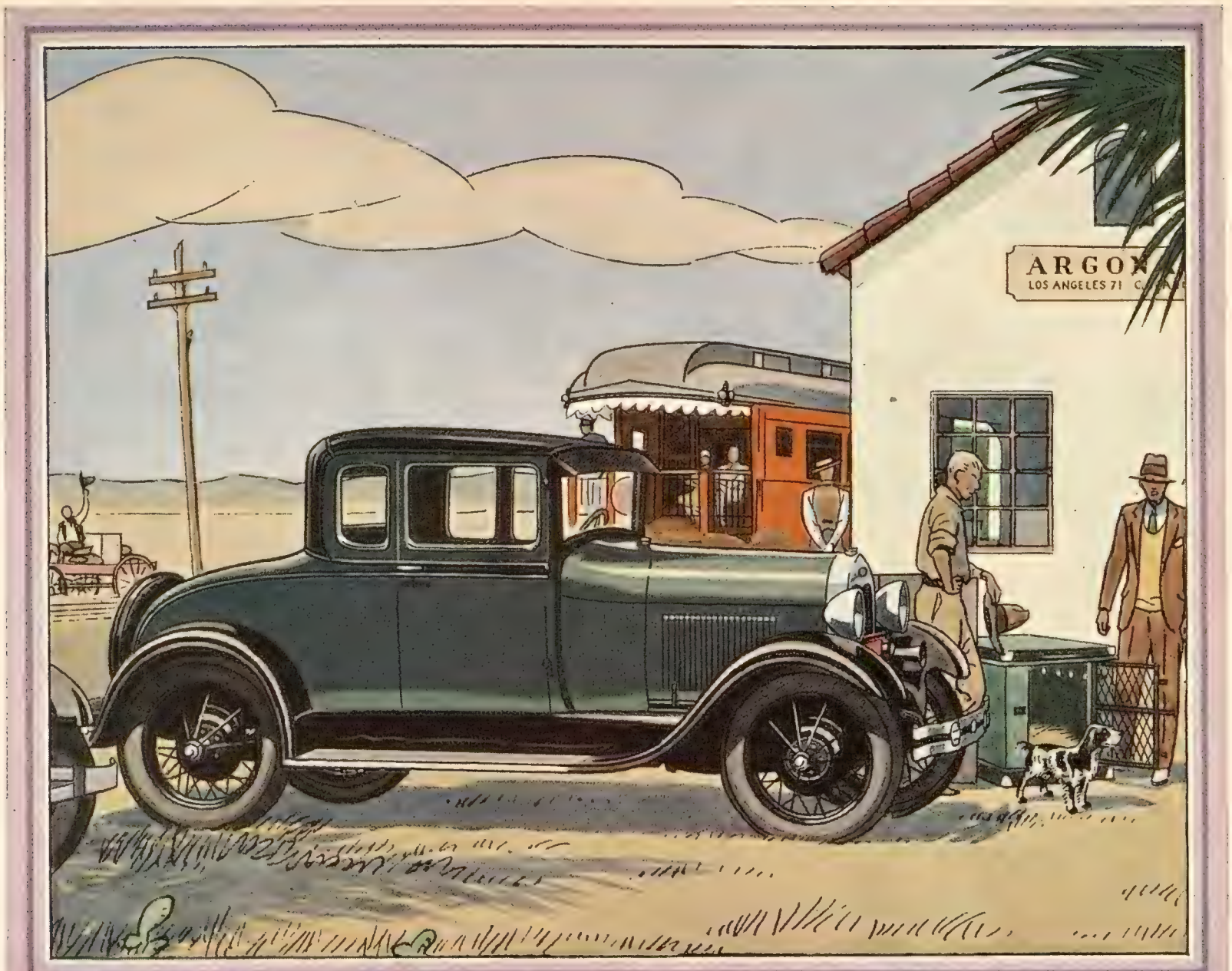
I doubt if the Department of Justice knows that in one great city to the northwest, the department's own United States attorney is reputed to be in active league with the bootleggers. Or that in another great city in the south the United States attorney was a bootlegger's lawyer up to the very day he took office—at which time he considerately turned his clients over to his own partner to carry on with!

An important government official, who is very much in a position to know, said to me only the other day:

"In most of the big bootlegging centers of the country the United States attorneys or some of their assistants are an integral part of the bootleg traffic. And the Department of Justice doesn't seem to have a suspicion of it."

I don't know. Probably this is an exaggeration. But I do know that it expresses a fundamental truth. Government doesn't know what it's all about. No one in Washington, not excepting Mr. Coolidge himself, has known what all the prohibition shooting is about these six years past. Perhaps Mr. Hoover knows. But I doubt it. I think it more likely that the Republican administration is singing the swan song of enforcement.

THE END



Simplicity of electrical and ignition systems is a feature of the new Ford

Every time you step into your automobile and start your engine, you put an electric light and power plant to work. With but a turn of the ignition key and the pressure of a foot, you set many parts in motion.

The electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are particularly reliable in action because they are simple in design. Many features are exclusive Ford developments.

Take the generator, for example. It is of the dynamo or power-house type and has been built to prevent most forms of trouble. Practically the only thing you need do is to have the charging rate adjusted as the seasons change. Even oiling is necessary only once a year and there is no possibility of oil getting into the commutator. Ford engineering has eliminated the need of a bearing on the commutator end.

Closely allied to the electrical system is the ignition system. It, too, is of new mechanical design in the new Ford. There is but one high tension cable and that connects the coil on the dash with the distributor. Even cables from the distributor to the spark-plugs have been eliminated. Special care has also been taken to make the distributor water-proof, thus preventing short circuits from rain, snow, etc.

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Throughout, the electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are so simple in design and so carefully made that they will give you surprisingly little trouble. Yet that doesn't mean they should be neglected. Certain little attentions are needed from time to time.

Water in the storage battery should be maintained at the correct level and connections kept clean. The generator charging rate should be adjusted as indicated. Spark-plugs should be cleaned at regular intervals. Distributor points should also be kept clean and the distributor cam given a light film of vaseline every 2000 miles.

These are just little things, but they mean a great deal to your car. You can have them looked after at very small cost by the Ford dealer when you take the car in for oiling and greasing.

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¶ Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick—to tone up the system—restore the vitality after winter's exactions—put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee. ¶ Tennis courts, hiking, horseback riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction. ¶ French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.

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Pictures by
W. T. BENDA

The Blanket FIEND

A Story of Fear

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

THERE is secret bread in the wilderness and on the edges of the world. That thunderous green evening I was eating mine; it may have looked like camp biscuit, but it was far other and more precious. For it I had paid down love, youth, strength, home, and friends. Worth all this? I do not know. Ask the opium eater if his little ball of dreams is worth all that it has cost him. Whatever the answer may be, he will hold to the ball and the magic in it.

So I ate my biscuits and looked down in the last light of day upon the tangle of valleys, like the spreading fingers of a hand, that I had reached that afternoon. And the secret bread was very sweet in my mouth, because, once again, I had conquered the unknown. No white man before me had seen these valleys, or climbed the enormous, nightmare slopes that led to them; slopes on which my carriers and I had endlessly labored, enchanted to one spot, like ants that climb and slip upon a marble wall. But at long last we had conquered; the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

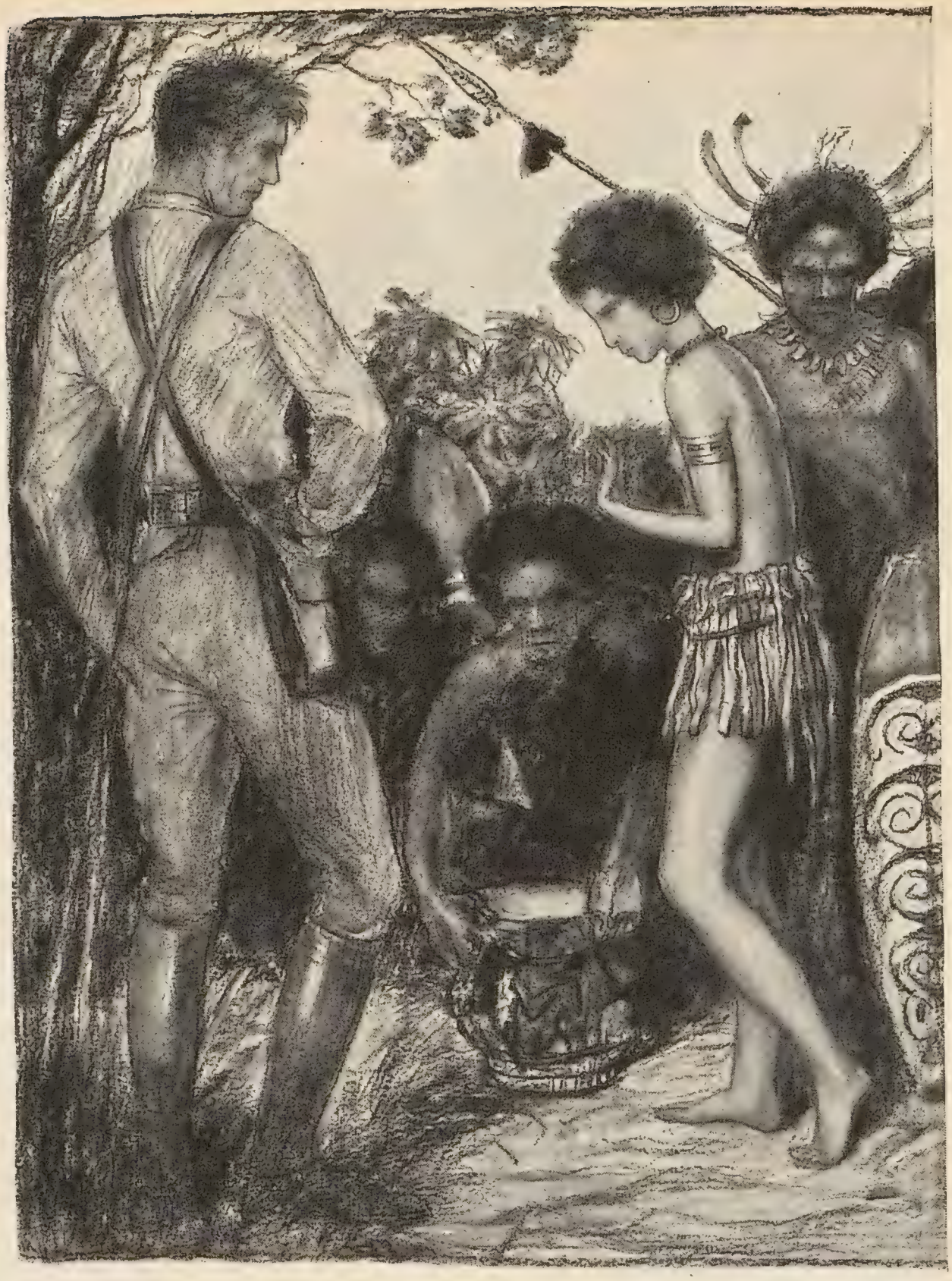
[THE BLANKET FIEND Continued from page nineteen]

days were over, and the weeks that went before them, and we saw what no man save the wild head-hunters of the ranges had seen—the deadly river talked of away down the coasts; whispered about of nights round the smudge fires of camp when mosquitoes whined and the murder-bird cried in the bush; laughed at in merry daylight; but cringingly believed in under night—the river that was called in a score of dialects, a dozen different languages, "Wicked."

Between tribes who killed each other at sight, over places all but unclimbable, through the air it seemed, or on the wings of the streaming southeast trade, the stories about that river passed, somehow. On the Cape of Good Hope that is the nose of northern New Guinea, in the great prison Bay of Humboldt, on upper mysterious reaches of the warlike Sepik, they told you about Wicked River.

NOT men lived in that valley, but devils. No such devils were ever seen or heard of elsewhere. They caught you in a dusky fog, and the fog turned to living wings and bore you down to hell. They made horrible noises and, when you heard the noise, your bones melted away inside your skin, and you sank down, poured out like water, and so ended. . . .

There were white traders on the coasts who had heard these tales; their story coincided with those that I had gleaned among the natives, but they believed none of it. It was "nigger nonsense," "yarns invented by travelers to make themselves look big," and, as a last, damning comment, it was *koi-koi*, the untranslatable native term which includes every kind of hoax or lie.



A girl, very slowly, came from behind the mass of warriors.

So, when I went off the deep end with a handful of carriers and very few stores (but that was all I could afford), I said I was going to look for gold. Otherwise, I think they would have kept and bound me as one mad.

It had been told me, and I believed, that the Wicked Valley and River were found over the top of an "unclimbable" mountain, which, if you did succeed in climbing it, gave you a view of five rivers like the fingers of a hand, all running into one. There were the fivefold rivers, there was the valley, and the sun, that night, was going down upon a view of fine meadows, chines and slopes and coppices meant by nature for the growing of banana, sugar cane, great sweet potatoes, giant taro.

But in the valley, along the whole of one side, and that the richest by far, there had not been a tree cleared away; no burning off, no digging or preparing soil. The other side was rocky cliff, unusable.

If I had had my doubts before, they vanished at that spectacle. For in the distance, touched by one last fingertip of sinking sun, I could see the little brown shapes of a mountain village, like fungus clinging to rock. That the folk of the village should leave such a valley untouched argued for the truth of all I had been told.

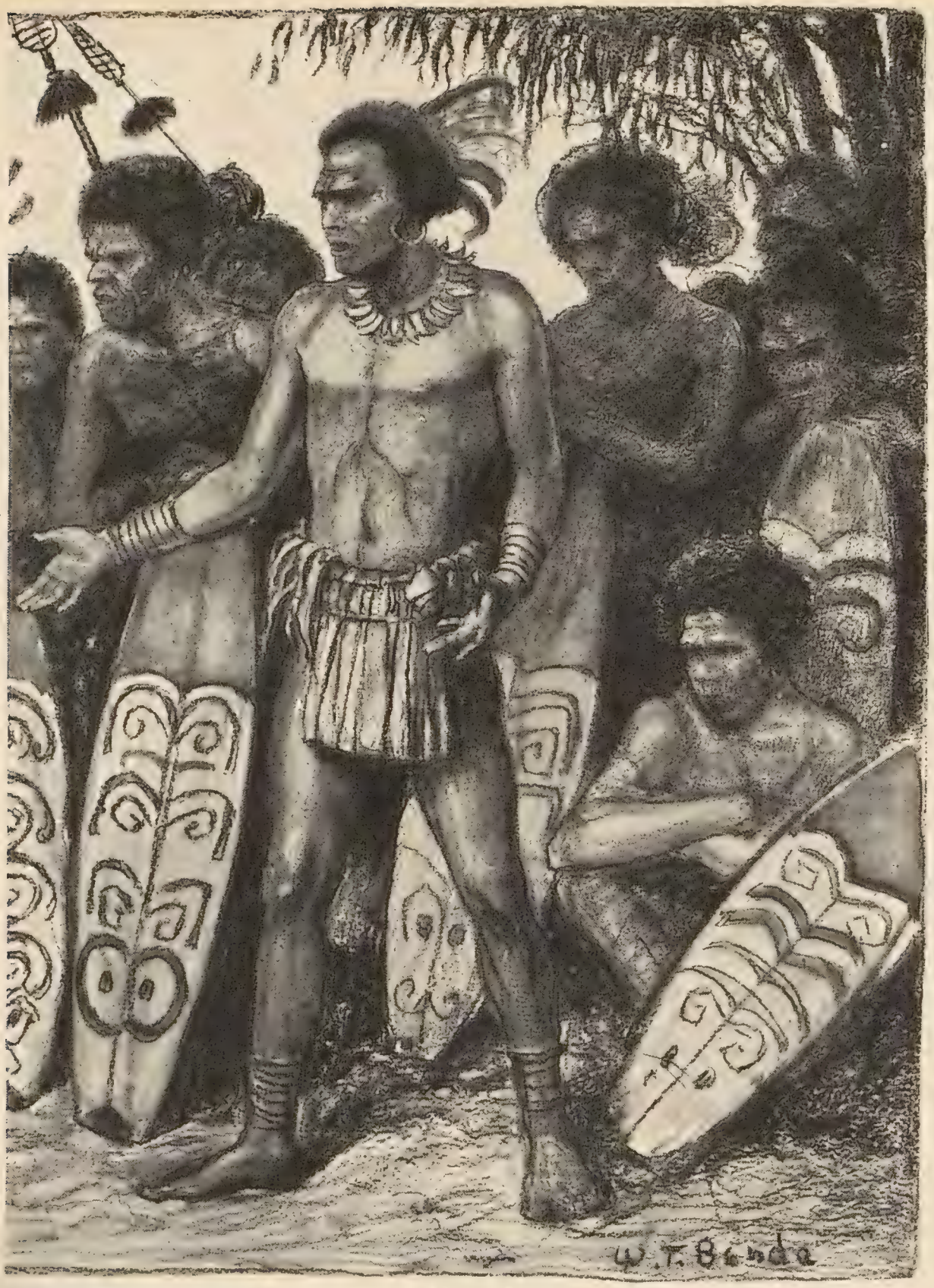
I had an interpreter with me, a man who knew English, and something of two or three hill languages. I was minded to march upon the village next day, make friends with the people, if that might be, before they had the chance to attack us, and afterward, sure of my ground, investigate the valley. Now that I had arrived, I was mad to get into it, but I knew that I should be mad in another sense if I did not first make sure of the people. They roll rocks on your head in the inland mountains, and they do it very well—from their point of view, which, naturally, is not yours.

QUITE sure that I should find myself alone, I turned out early next morning from my tent and stepped across the few feet that separated me from the carriers' fly. I was scarce round the other side when I saw a procession of sixty to eighty men winding across the nearest slope, dim as ghosts in the dawn. The valley was full of mist. As I watched, light, boiling up from the lands below, frothed over into the far end of the valley and showed for a moment a deep, dark pool in the river.

Then I perceived the warriors on the other side of the valley ranging themselves above that point and coming to a halt. They were a long way off, but the concerted shout they raised rang so clearly as to wake my carriers out of sleep, and set them fumbling nervously for the loaded rifles that were always within reach.

"Hold on," I ordered, "don't fire." For I wanted above all things to be friends with these people.

The sun was up a bit now and I could see the mountaineers plainly, standing on the extreme verge of the



She was native, savage, but she was part white.

precipice. They seemed, with their fluttering crests of cockatoo feathers, their bristling spears, and the unstable, poised look of their bodies, like a covey of strange birds just about to take flight.

They parted right and left, there on the edge of the cliff, and two men, stepping from behind, swung out across the cliff something big, brown-pinkish, and screaming.

I FELT as I felt once in the war when an army mule lunged out and kicked me in the chest. That was for a moment. In the next moment I saw that the screaming creature had four legs. They swung it solemnly several times and then let go. It went down into the mist, turning over and over. I heard it scream again as it struck bottom and then there was silence.

For some few minutes the file of Papuans stood motionless, save for the wimpling of their head feathers in the breeze; and I will swear that every man had his toes right over the edge. It made me giddy to look at them.

Then the white fog below them changed swiftly to red, and the sun came up sliding behind a hill, very quickly, like the pushed-up sun in a theater. The warriors melted. In another moment they were running hell-for-leather, heading for my camp. They had the air of men who say, "Business is done, now for pleasure." And they shook their seven-foot bows and leaped a bit, whoo-whooping loud, like hounds. Exactly like . . . for exactly the same reasons.

Now, I wish I had time to tell, and you had time to listen, about my making friends with these wild things as I had done in similar tight places more than once. But you are not of the wilderness; you have no patience. So you must know just this—that by night-time, I and my carriers were sitting among the men of Wicked River, fed with tit-bits by their hands, caressed, adorned, almost cried over.

They were splendid creatures with naked chests like barrels and legs sheer bunches of muscle; their shoulders would have wedged tight in any ship's cabin door, and their black, deep-buried eyes scintillated when they spoke, with fires unknown to civilized men. I found myself hoping that civilization might never find these magnificent, untouched creatures. What could it give better than that they had?

THEY took me for a god from heaven, yet they seemed in their own odd way to know something about me. The interpreter was of little use and my own scraps of coast language did not carry me far; still, I judged that the finest of the men, a village headman, was pleased that I had come and thought I might do him some service.

He took me by both hands again and again, chattering loudly and repeating his words.

I have his picture clearly in my mind as we sat all together on the ground in that high camp, with the sun going down again, and the remains of a handsome feast of pig and potato, white baked yam and crayfish, scattered about for the women to pick up by and by when we were gone. The air was golden glass and the hill peaks had a bloom on them like purple damsons ripe to fall; but farther off they climbed up, chalcedony blue; and no man owned or knew them.

The headman's face was like a coin against it all, profile of copper, nobly traced. I saw in it the sudden liking that blooms in these tropic hearts—liking for me, and trust—he who had been eager for my dangling head an hour or so before. And with it all a sort of terror.

"He is afraid of something," I thought. "He wants me to deliver him from his fear." I realized how strong and immortal I must seem to him; how powerful to aid, as our gods seem to us. "If he thinks well to grant it," was in the headman's burning, bison eyes, fixed anxiously on me. He was taking bracelets from his arm now; the twice-coiled tusk of a great pig, twists of red seeds with little black eyes in them. He was offering these . . .

It is strange how you may catch yourself suddenly in another's eyes. One does not think of one's appearance till one sees it mirrored there. I had forgotten I was six feet three, blue eyes, with yellowy hair long untrimmed. I remembered it then, because I saw the headman was thinking of my looks, judging me by them. In another minute I saw the reason.

A girl, very slowly, but not, I thought, timidly, came out from behind the mass of warriors and stood beside

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

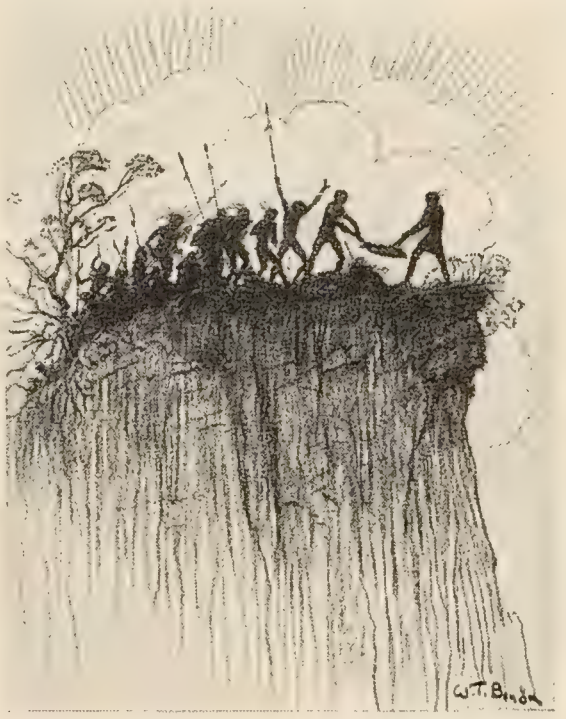
[THE BLANKET FIEND
Continued from page twenty-one]

the headman, not far from the carriers and from me. And when I saw her it was my turn to be surprised. She was native, savage, but she was part white.

I don't say she was not well-looking. Her nose and lips had escaped flatness; her hair was Papuan hair, an immense, teased, floating bush, but it was brown, not black, and it had lights in it that made it look like the expanded feathers of a bird. As for her figure—she being a native girl and young—it was naturally perfect. Her color, fully displayed by the mountain "dress"—which is a piece of decorated string, no more—was a not unpleasing deep amber.

Of course I tried her in pidgin English, but she merely shook her head. I saw by her ornaments and her uncut hair that she was unwedded. And it became plain in another minute or two that the headman (whom I had mentally nicknamed Georgy, because he looked jolly and capable, and just a bit sly) had something very important to say about her.

I cursed my luck and the stupidity of my interpreter, who didn't know more than three or four dialects—little more than I knew myself—and hadn't hit it off with any one. What could Georgy be up to? Offering me the girl as a bride? But even if he were offering her, that was not all. There was something of more importance afoot than the mere disposal of a girl.



Two men, stepping from behind, swung out across the cliff something big and screaming.

Bagi-Bagi, the interpreter, translated haltingly, almost weeping over his inability to understand more.

"He say—he say—he say—bad. Very bad. He say—he say—he say—he says—sky. Good."

"Oh," I shouted of a sudden, "he's saying things are bad up here, and it's well there are angels from heaven come along. Go to it, Bagi-Bagi, you're beginning to catch on."

THERE followed an interlude of rattling speech that sounded as if it had been shot from a machine gun. Bagi-Bagi gave up in despair. But it was I who was catching on now. Georgy, it seemed, was telling me that if I could handle a certain job that nobody else could tackle, nothing would be too good for me. And something that seemed to mean times of year, seasons, stars—I could not make that out at all.

But I nodded my head a great many times, told Georgy, gravely, in English, that he was a fine old fighting cock, and that I would do my best to oblige him, whatever it might be. I think he gathered my meaning. He turned off the tap of his eloquence, said something brief and commanding to the girl, and, with his followers, settled down for a happy evening.

The girl melted away, and I didn't think any more about her till she came back with twenty or thirty others and a number of young men carrying mantles of bark cloth.

"This is going to be a dance," I said to Bagi-Bagi.

"By Scott, sir, it is," he answered readily. (Bagi-Bagi was nothing if not idiomatic.) "I very bucked, sir; I think they dance all the [embroidered] night."

But they did not. The dance was very significant, very wonderful, and astonishingly short.

After some of the usual preliminary caperings, the men and the girls formed into two opposite ranks. The former, holding high their dark cloth mantles, and dancing tiptoe with amazing lightness, approached the girls, who fled, dancing all the time, but acting terror effectively. Along the verge of the cliff, in the light of the torches and the fires, they danced toward a space of reed grass eight or ten feet high. Here there was semi-darkness; the lights of the flames just showed the last and most astounding figure of the dance, wherein each man flung his enormous mantle over a girl, fought with her for a moment, and then—just as I was anticipating the usual, commonplace, love struggle—danced back, completely alone. The girls had vanished under the mantles, as a conjurer's rabbit vanishes under his handkerchief. The mantles, after a moment, were picked up by their owners, flaccid and empty.

By and by, the girls reappeared from behind us, mysteriously, danced a little more and departed. I saw the amber girl was crying, but I was too much obsessed by the dance to notice her particularly. Native dances are never meaningless. Was it possible that this was a representation of the mystery I had come to solve?

The girls passed by. The amber girl had stopped crying; she stared at me as she passed, her eyes big with feeling. I nodded to her.

I was bursting with the thought that had come to me, and yet I could not say for certain whether I was a fool to entertain it or no. When you are infinitely wiser than anyone within sight; when you are being obeyed as a father, honored as a god, it is hard sometimes to keep your balance.

When the dance was over and the headman, with much back-slapping and grinning, and many incomprehensible signs as to what we were all going to do on the morrow, had disappeared, Bagi-Bagi, on soundless bare feet, came up where I sat alone.

"Well, Bagi-Bagi," I said, "I think I know what's the matter here, but I can't believe it."

"E!"

"You see, Bagi-Bagi—you know what a Chinaman is?"

"Me savvy Sinaman all right. Plenty stop salt water."

"Well, in the Chinaman's country, ever so long ago, a big white chief found a valley like this and there was a bad devil in a river. It was in a place a long way from anywhere, that they called Lu Tzu Chiang. The white chief was in a great hurry to get home and talk about where he had been, so he didn't try to look up the devil. He just heard what they had to tell him, and said it wasn't true, and went away. But I think he must have believed some of it, for he put it in a book. And then everybody died or grew old, and nobody went there any more, and all the world forgot about the devil. But I have the book and I've read it, and I'm damned, Bagi-Bagi, if the same devil hasn't turned up here."

Bagi-Bagi, squatting like a monkey at my feet and solemnly chewing betel nut, turned the quid in his cheek before he answered.

"I think, sir," he said presently, with a lick at his lime spatula, "I think you-me go see."

. . . . .

THE valley in morning light was even more beautiful than I had thought. From the summit of the cliffs one could see its opulent green slopes and the furry tops of its thickets; but it was only on near approach that fern trees like parasols of finest lace; pawpaw, that lovely little palm with golden fruit and ivory flowers; bamboo; begonia; flowers the shape and color of orange candles set out on ropes of green; flowers like amethyst goblets, growing bare on the ground, became clearly visible. A mountain paradise, yet silent and lonesome, somewhat strange, for all its sweetness of flower and of fruit, not friendly. . . .

Bagi-Bagi and I had climbed all the way down from the top alone; the carriers would not go within a bowshot of the brink, and our mountain friends had not yet appeared. That was all to the good so far as I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

The face you remember

— the face that's *FIT*

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Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

[THE BLANKET FIEND
Continued from page twenty-two]

was concerned. I wanted to investigate unhampered.

Bagi-Bagi was not the man to stop me; curiosity was at once his virtue and his vice. But I thought he liked the unfriendliness of the valley no more than I did; understood it better, perhaps. It was he who nailed it down with a name.

"Sir," he remarked, standing up very straight with his feet dark brown among the fallen, yellow pawpaw fruits, and his coppery thin body outlined against a bush of jasmine—"Sir, this place too blanky quiet; he no talk."

It was true. Down here in the belly of the hills, there was no wind to ruffle the rich grasses, no stir among the fern trees and bamboo that are the greatest whisperers of all the mountain woods. The river, fed by its five thin streams, was oddly silent. Its width may have been about fifty yards on an average, save where it opened out into a longish shallow or pool, and there it was somewhat wider. In the midst of the shallow there was, not quite a ripple, but a stir, a breathing of the black water.

"That's where the ford will be," I thought. "These mountain men are poor swimmers; there is the place where they would naturally cross to get at the garden land on the other side. If they ever did cross. I see no gardens, but there's certainly something like a track. On one side only. . . . Queer."

The sunshine, thick as honey, filled the place. You could almost hear the exultant singing of the light, blue sky. Red dragonflies, like shards of living coral, planed above the candle flowers.

I walked forward, Bagi-Bagi following cautiously some distance behind. Yes, there was a track that led toward the shallow; toward it, not all the way. It stopped short, oddly, some feet clear of the river bank.

I PAUSED here and thought hard. I remembered the wild tale of the Victorian traveler, Baber; the fiend that inhabited the river ford in unknown China. Could it be true that such a thing existed? Or was the coincidence of two similar tales due only to the presence of a few stray Chinamen upon the coast, who had brought with them some of their native legends?

But there are strange creatures in the world's dark places; survivals, it may be, of an earlier day. Who knows but a living dinosaur may yet be found?

These things were in my mind as I stood motionless in the hot still valley, with the last few feet of the track untraversed before me, and just beyond the end of the track—below a fringe of reed grass and tree ferns—the ford that was talked of from main range to coast line.

Under ordinary circumstances, that ford should have been trampled like a cattleyard on both sides of the river. It was the only way from the rocky side where I stood to those rich agricultural lands just opposite—the natural food gardens of the village behind me—and, let me tell you, the inland Papuan does not value good garden lands lightly. They are his bank, his gold mine.

Yet the village had never touched, would never touch that land. All its food was obtained from the inferior gardens miles away that I had glimpsed in the distance, coming up. No wonder Georgy—that good-humored savage, with the sly, clever eyes—had promised me girls and potatoes and pig-tusk bracelets by the score if I, the strange chief descended from the skies, proved powerful and kind enough to deliver the place from its terror. No wonder he had done his little best, throwing precious live pigs and other things from the crown of the precipice, to placate the monster. . . .

Other things? I found myself dwelling upon the words. What had put that in my head? I had seen a pig thrown, no more.

Old days—near twenty years ago—came back in a rush. The Papuan side before the coasts were civilized. The western rivers, stately processions up and down the Bamu, Turama, Purari, that I had seen and marveled over; bands of fighting men armed and plumed, singing loud brassy songs as they ferried along a decorated canoe with sometimes a dead pig upon it, sometimes a dead man. The secret talk among cannibal tribes, in which pig and man were words almost interchangeable; a certain tendency to look upon the two as coins of different value, meet for transactions with the spiritual world. . . .

WHY was the half-white girl crying last night after the dance? Why did she fix those strange gray-amber eyes of hers on you so anxiously? Fool—you thought it was because she admired your height and your yellow tousled head! It was nothing of the kind. She knew what was waiting for her and feared it. She saw that you were strong, and hoped . . .

"Bagi-Bagi," I said, turning round to speak to the interpreter, "what do they think of white people here? How did that girl get her color? Down on the coast they usually kill half-castes."

"True, sir. True they kill them. This feofle another kind. He don't know white man." (Oh, bitter, unconscious sarcasm!) "I telling you, sir, you-me we seen everything, not like these dam' cannibals. You-me we know about airaflanes. Sir, bee-fore Englis'man take this place, one time Siamani [German] man come along in airaflane, flied over. One village he stop, one night. Beehind, he go. This girl's mother, she have her pickaninny, she die. Pickaninny half white. Belong one great devil-devil, this feofle say, devil living in the sky. Sir, they think a dam' lot of this girl, thass what for they pay you with her, if you taking away the devil along river."

"Yes, yes, but what will they do with her if I can't manage the job?"

"Then, sir, they frow her all same they frow that fig. Fig no good, try another thing, try devil-devil girl."

The golden valley seemed to turn gray as I heard; the river, creeping among the flowers and ferns like a long, black leech in a swamp, became suddenly horrible to me.

"Bagi-Bagi," I said—and I heard myself grinding my teeth as I spoke—"If I wait here a year, this thing, whatever it is, dies, or else I do."

"Me," declared Bagi-Bagi scornfully—yet I saw that he was edging away from the river—"me, I don't believe nothing stop."

We were both standing with our backs to the black river and our faces to the little mushroom houses high on the cliff. I think I was looking for the girl; I don't know what he was looking for. But while we stood there, something occurred behind us that made me swing round in my tracks as if worked by a machine. As for Bagi-Bagi, he yelled and ran.

It was merely a sound—but what a sound! If one had ripped out, in one piece, the deck of a sizable cutter and flung it violently upon the surface of the sea, the noise might have been something like what I heard.

I was just too late to see what had caused it. But the whole surface of the ford, that had been smooth and shining as black onyx, was ruffled into tiny cross waves, pitching and foaming like the breakers in an ocean storm, and the reeds by the margin swayed as if an invisible hand was shaking them.

Nothing more happened, though I waited so long that Bagi-Bagi had time to scramble halfway up the cliff. think better of it, and slowly, uncertainly, come back.

The valley relapsed into silence so heavy that we could hear the hum of the red dragonflies and the faint, papery rustle of some small, creeping thing that moved among the reeds. Slowly the exultation that had held

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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EX-LAX

TASTES LIKE CANDY

[THE BLANKET FIEND Continued from page twenty-four]

me so long; the curious, malicious joy at being out of reach, right over the edge of the world, died away. And in its place I knew the nightmare despair that is the other side of the glittering shield. I felt myself dead and done for, wandering in a world of shades. . . .

I climbed the side of the steep gorge half mechanically. I suppose I was thinking of the horrible, mysterious thing I had heard, but not seen, planning what my next move must be. But I do not remember anything about that, because of what happened when I reached the top of the cliff.

There was a patch of timber there, some tall fir trees, shaped like trees in an old-fashioned "farmyard" box of toys, a cedar or so, a clump of shiny things like laurustinus. The trunks of the firs and cedars and the low bushiness of the smaller trees, hid the top of the cliff from the village. I had just set my foot upon the level when something darted out at me from among the brushwood and seized me by the legs.

With the monster of the ford haunting my brain, I had almost fired off the revolver which all New Guinea explorers keep in their belts. It was lucky that I did not, for the next moment showed me that the thing which clung about me and held me fast was no wild beast. It was the amber girl.

She had been newly decorated after a fashion familiar to me—and significant. Shell beads, white dogs' teeth, feathers, scarlet and black seeds, had been tied into her hair and wreathed about her neck and arms. Her cheeks and her bosom were rouged with the red paint found in the pods of a mountain bean. In fine, she was decked for marriage.

She crouched at my feet, rebellious, terrified, defying the tradition of her people in a manner that would have seemed nothing short of blasphemous to the village women had they seen her. It did not astonish me. I and Bagi-Bagi knew that the supposed supernatural love which had given her birth had in truth molded her very differently from the meek, black, bare creatures who were her ordinary mates.

NEVERTHELESS, I was taken aback. Because it seemed as if the very idea of being given to me was producing this frantic terror and dismay.

Now, you may be as far as possible from wanting to marry, permanently or temporarily, a young thing with the shape of an oread, a skin like golden bronze, and no clothes at all; but if you are human you will not be flattered to discover that she shares your point of view. I was inclined to call the girl a silly little idiot. But she wouldn't have understood me anyhow. So I acted in the best classical tradition, raised her off her knees, and set her upright, loosened her clutching hands (they were pretty, but a mass of wet, red paint), and said something or other in a soothing tone.

It had no effect at all. She pointed to the valley, far below, with the black snake of the river slipping through, clapped her palms together sharply, and shook her head with violence.

Bagi-Bagi, who had waited at the top for me, and was now squatting unconcernedly on his hams licking his eternal betel-nut spatula, remarked:

"Sir, I think she very dam' disappointed you no kill that thing."

"Wait till I see it," was my answer. A plan had suddenly risen in my mind.

"What's she worrying over besides that?" I asked. "You needn't tell me that's all." The girl, silent for a moment, had broken forth again. Her weeping was terrible to see.

"Sir, lass night the night before full moon, thass why."

"Well, what in the name of—"

"Sir, full moon proper time for try something. Lass night close up full, them feofle they frow one fig. Tonight, suppose you can't do nothing, sir, they frow girl. They no wait. Girl she tellem me, she makem talk with her hand."

THE amber girl had managed, then, to communicate clearly with Bagi-Bagi by means of sign language.

"I don't see," I objected, "why they make such a fuss about the thing anyhow. Can't they keep out of its way?"

"All-a-time," said Bagi-Bagi succinctly, "him live along big water, sometime him live along small water. Sometime woman she go get water, devil-devil catchem woman. All garden belong feofle he no good now, want this good garden, can't get him. By and by very hungerry-hungerry."

Yes, they had reason enough—this little isolated tribe whose food gardens were almost used up, whose women were taken and devoured (but I added a grain of salt to that)—reason full and plenty, according to their standards, for sacrificing the amber girl, daughter of gods, and possession most precious. She knew it. She looked at me with the eyes of a hunted wallaby—than which there is nothing more piteous—and pawed me with her little painted hands.

She had reason to, more than she knew or could have understood had I talked an hour. For I was suffering at that moment the greatest temptation of my life and she was concerned in it.

No, not what you think. Something much less commonplace, less easily dealt with. You must remember I was an explorer, and one from whom, hitherto, the laurels of success had been withheld. Not, I may say, because I had done nothing to deserve them—I had won medals and fellowships a dozen times, so far as good and original work goes, which isn't very far, after all. But I had done nothing spectacular; I hadn't got lost and been rescued, or lost and found somebody else; I hadn't been

captured by cannibals; I hadn't discovered purple cows or yellow dragons anywhere.

Now, I thought, there was the most brilliant chance that had ever befallen man waiting for me down in that valley, if my conjectures were right, and if I could only do as I wished, and not, perhaps, as I ought.

The fiend of the ford could, in my judgment, be one of three things only. It might be a legend, an obsession of terror, that had no actual base in fact. That was what most folk would have thought. Baber and his contemporaries waved away the Chinese fiend in just that fashion, and I have not heard that anyone has ever tried to prove or disprove their verdict.

Or, it might be a previously unknown variety of sting ray, such as is common in the seas about New Guinea — a giant fresh-water ray with the ray-habit of flinging itself into the air and driving down whatever happens to be in the way. Good enough for a certain amount of glory if I discovered and proved that.

Or—but I hardly allowed myself to think of the third possibility. It was just as exciting, should it prove true, as the Piltdown skull, and the Java tailed man, and might prove or disprove just as much—if . . .

I HAD dynamite with me; I could use it, and one could not miss with dynamite. I had also some thin iron bars, meant for trading, that could be hammered into big shark hooks, strong enough with a line of lawyer cane, to hold the Great Sea Serpent himself. I inclined to the hook and line business, because I knew that if the devil proved to be a ray, one was as good as another, but if it was what I hardly dared to hope, dynamite would be fatal to my chance.

So—I had to choose between the eighty per cent chance of the hook and line, and the hundred per cent chance of the dynamite—which last would, incidentally, beggar me of the finest opportunity man ever . . . I said that before, I beg your pardon. The very memory of it excites me beyond all—

To get back. I told Bagi-Bagi to go and fetch the iron bars and a good length of cane. Also a couple of stones for hammer and anvil; to bring them down to the riverside where I would wait. And I began climbing down again. As I went I shouted, on an afterthought, "Bring the dynamite."

The amber girl came with me. It was Rupert Brooke, I think, who said, "There's wisdom in women, of more than they have known." He was right. That girl was a savage except for the little trace she may have kept of half-white heredity; yet she guessed instantly at what was in my mind, understood me, as a dog understands, without the necessity of translating thought into words. She knew that the balance of safety, of certainty rather, was falling in the wrong direction, and she would not leave me any more than a dog will leave you if he suspects you of intent to desert him.

She stayed with me as I climbed down to the river flat again, followed after a long interval by Bagi-Bagi, who had brought with him the iron bars, a file, a length of cane, the stones, and a firestick; also the plug of dynamite and a fuse.

SHE sat on her heels like a little wooden image of the kind the northern Papuans perch on housetops, watching. Her tears had ceased; she was saving them until she knew whether they were going to be needed or not.

It took Bagi-Bagi and myself a long time to heat the iron and hammer it into shape with our primitive tools. She never moved. The sun sank down toward the ranges and struck fire into the dusky pool. Once, when I went to look at it, I thought I saw the whole undersurface stirring as if the water had suddenly come alive.

The girl watched me, and said nothing.

"Gad," I thought, "the white blood in you tells. You've pluck, and you can hold your tongue." She looked at me with those strange, gray-amber eyes of hers, and I swear you could see the white soul of her coming up and unfolding, as a lily rises and opens in a lake.

I went back and hammered at my iron. I did not know—yet—whether I was going to use it or not.

It was done, and I grasped in my hand a hook and line that would be powerful enough to hold anything on earth or under water. Only remained to find a bird or some small animal, secure it, living, to the hook, and make one's trial.

In the other hand I held the plug of dynamite with the fuse cut short and inserted. And which of the two I was going to use I could not for the life of me decide.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NEXT WEEK—

Three Remarkable Short Stories by

Viña Delmar

Gouverneur Morris

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Rexall

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L 3

[THE BLANKET FIEND Continued from page twenty-seven]

The dynamite would assuredly make all things safe; so safe that there could be no evidence left for me to carry back. The hook might, probably would, catch the monster and in any circumstances leave me enough to swear by.

But it was not a certainty. One might miss—and then?

If there had been plenty of time—but that was just what there was not. Our rough, amateur blacksmithing had taken too long. I could not try both plans, fish for an hour or two and then, if unsuccessful, use the dynamite. I had thought of that earlier. Now, with the afternoon beginning to darken, with swift sunset very near and the night of the full moon almost upon me, I knew that I must decide quickly. Which was it to be? The chance of fame that through my life had eluded me, or immediate and certain sacrifice of it all?

I don't pretend to be more high-minded than my neighbors. I do not know what I should have done, though I think I can guess, if the deciding factor had not suddenly appeared in the shape of a wallaby.

The creature, brown and furry, a kangaroo in all but size, came bounding down the scarps of the cliff as if pursued by some enemy. I heard the villagers coming and guessed that it was flying from them. It took no account of Bagi-Bagi or the girl or myself.

It went past us in a series of amazing leaps, making for what must long have been the wild thing's sanctuary—the land beyond the river. From the low bank it leaped off and fell with a splash right into the middle of the pool. And as it fell there rose out of the water something enormous, black, blanket-shaped, of indeterminate outline, a thing more like some maniac's half-formed idea of a fish, flung out of the world of thought before it had time fully to materialize, than anything else one could conceive.

It was not natural; therein lay the horror.

The wallaby screamed, a cry like the cry of a child suddenly stifled. For the huge thing, wrapping itself in an instant about the frantic creature, simply abolished its existence. The first white ray of full moon, looking over the top of the ridge, fell on the monster as it quietly and without disturbance sank.

THEN the amber girl opened her mouth and screamed just as the little wallaby had screamed when falling. And I gave myself no more time to think, for the knowledge that was on me now tempted—scorched like fire.

I cut the fuse an inch shorter, lit it, and flung the plug into the pool. It exploded with a dull crash, and the cliffs echoed back the sound.

A black bubble the size of a bell tent shot up, weltered for a moment in the mingling rays of sunset and full moon, and then dissolved. The pool was filled with floating bits like blots of ink. I was half mad with the thought of what I had done; I flung myself half over the edge, and reached for some of the pieces. They came up, masses of dark jelly that slid through my fingers. "I might have kept parts—I could have waited—photographed," I thought. "But it's gone!"

Behind me the shout broke forth again, much nearer. The warriors were coming down the cliff. They had seen.

Georgy was at their head. It is frightful to remember how he hugged and embraced me.

I understood him to say that not only the amber girl but all the girls in the place were mine, if I chose, and that as for pigs, I had only to name my fancy. I was almost too sick to answer him. Virtue, I was beginning to discover, is by no means its own reward.

. . . . . .

A MONTH after, in Humboldt's Bay, that region "at the back of all God-speed," I was talking in the Chinese store with a traveling Dutch doctor, a man of considerable scientific attainments.

I don't know what induced me to tell him my story, I never expected he would believe it. I do not think he did, but he was extremely polite about it.

"Your description," he said, "suggests a form of life from which all animal life is supposed to have sprung: the amœba, the blind, formless, embracing mass that eventually differentiated into a thousand higher beings. Minute in size, it still persists in certain waters. Its discovery of the size you mention would be an epoch."

"It would have made me, wouldn't it?"

His cold eye sparkled. "It would have made and unmade a score of men and a hundred theories. But . . ." He was too polite to finish. He changed the subject. "And the remarkable girl," he asked, "what became of her?"

"Oh," I said, staring out to the limitless sea so seldom ruffled by the keel of any ship, "I was up against it in various ways, and sick of things, so I thought I might as well commit suicide as not."

"Commit—suicide?"

"There are various ways of doing it. I took a way that's not unpleasant . . . I married her."

The Chinaman, as I went out, leaned over his counter to touch my arm. His wrinkled, ancient face was alight with strange feelings.

"Dutchman not light, all long," he whispered. "Me savvy."

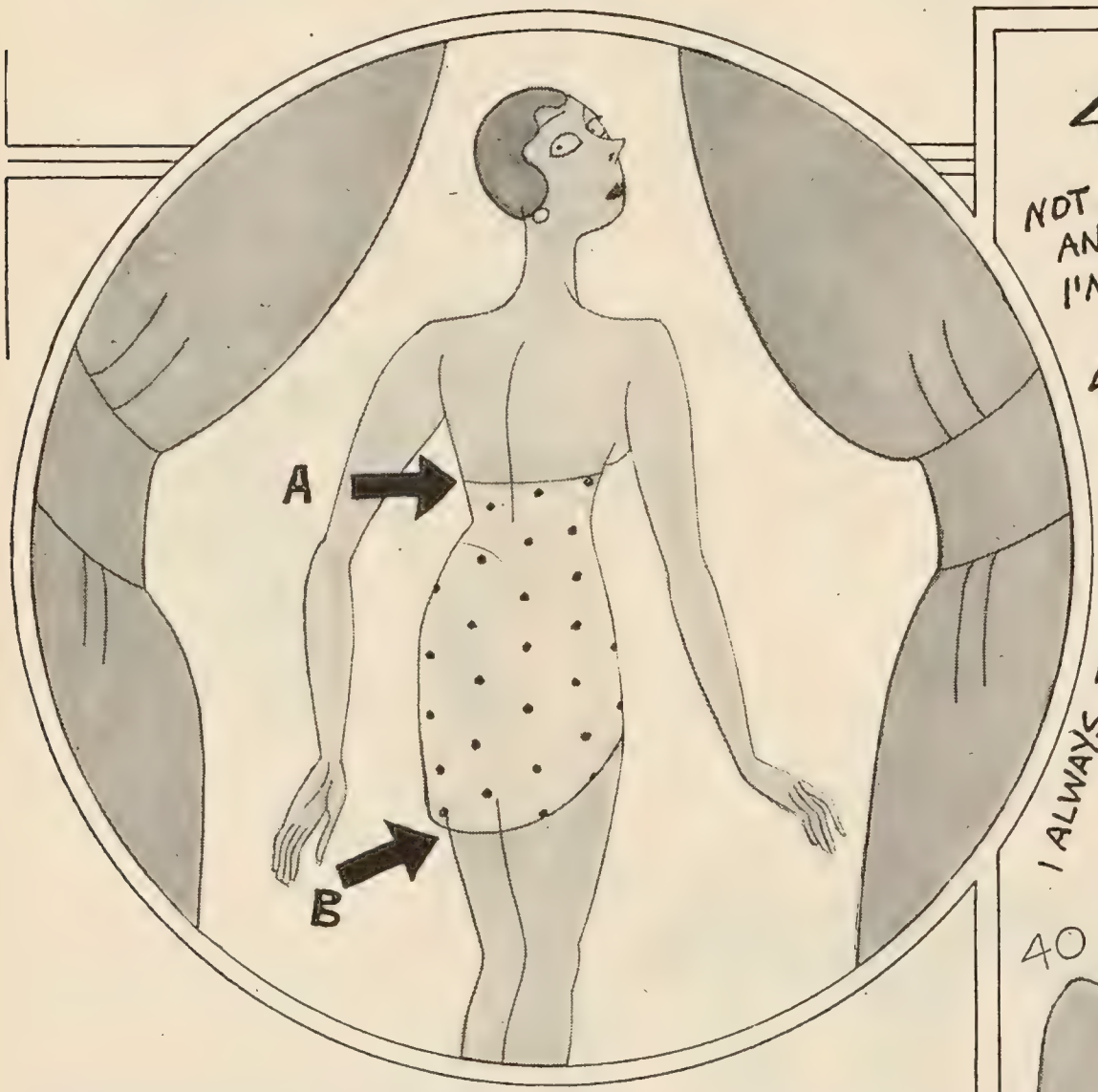
I shall never leave the bay. I have called the girl Amber; she is a good wife. Sometimes I have wondered if she was worth it all. Science is a sacred thing. . . . The old Chinaman knows.

THE END

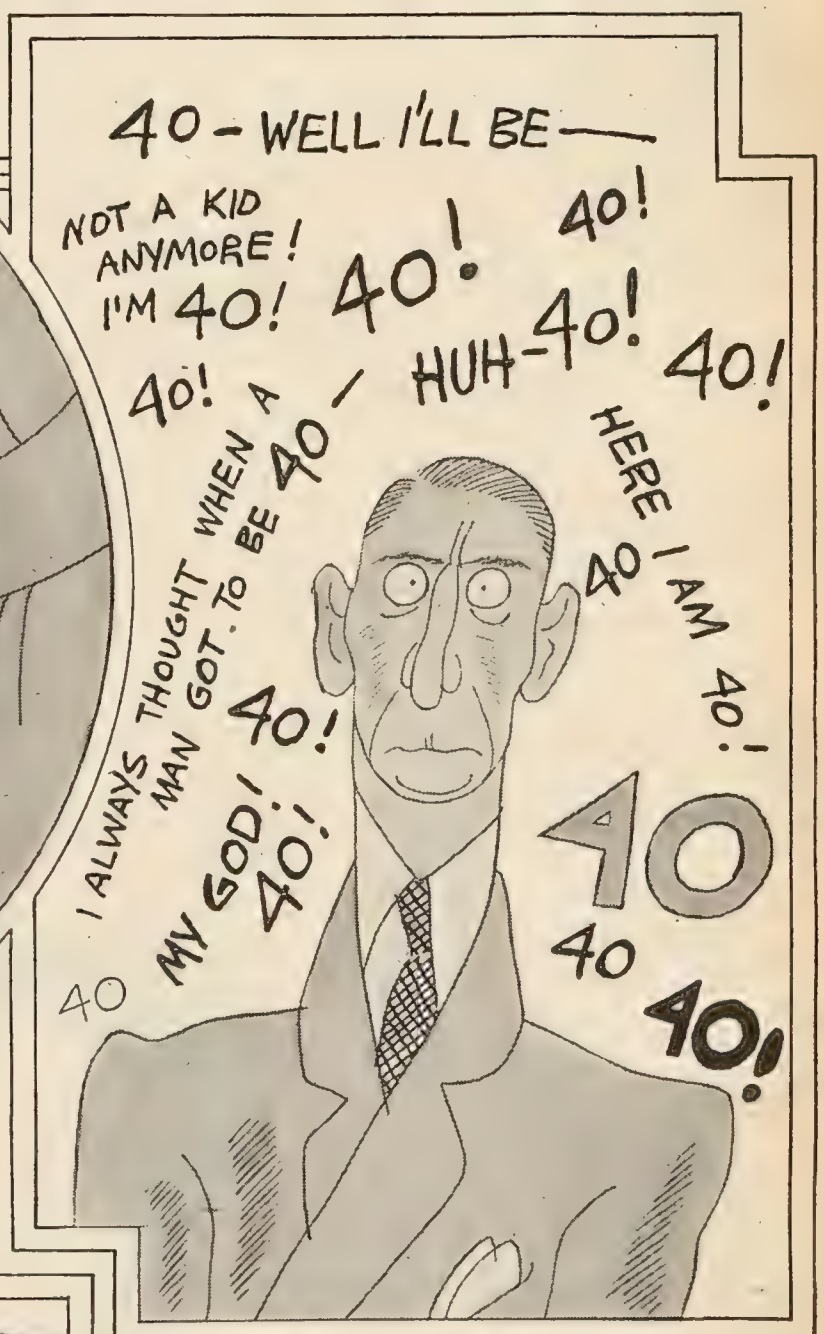
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



SAVED AGAIN FOR ANOTHER SEASON. Paris decrees lower backs and shorter skirts for summer, bringing the hem of the skirt to point A and the neckline to point B.



PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH OF WHAT a man who has just turned forty thinks about during his waking hours.

MOURNFUL DEMONSTRATION OF THE CALIFORNIA BIGGER AND BETTER SOCIETY held after the publication of the news that Mt. Whitney, the state's highest peak, has shrunk five feet since 1906.

KID BLOOD, president of the Gunmen's Benevolent Association, makes a suggestion for the Law-and-Order Day movement.

Movie Melody

And Something New in Pictures—the Voice Double

A Page of Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

THE theme song now rules Hollywood. And Hollywood, quick to realize the golden value of a song put across by a feature motion picture, now owns liberal portions of many of the big song-sheet publishing houses.

★ ★ ★

In Weary River, his newest First National film—and first talking picture—Richard Barthelmess sings his theme song four times, hopefully, spiritually, brokenly, and finally as a symbol of redemption.

Weary River was suggested by the dramatic tale of the convict who wrote The Prisoner's Song and died as his melody was sweeping the country's loudspeakers.

A better fate awaits Jerry Larrabee when he broadcasts his work, Weary River, while conducting a prison orchestra. Jerry is an unregenerate gangster who is framed and goes to stir, a rebellious and violent prisoner. The warden's kindness wins him and, in time, he becomes the most distinguished alumnus of Lannering Prison. But not until his golden voice, singing Weary River over the ether, redeems the slangy blonde who had been his companion in grief, joy, and a garish apartment.

Barthelmess is the first full-fledged silent star to meet the menacing talkie and emerge a bigger player. Barthelmess contributes an excellent characterization of the gangster. He talks and appears to sing with surprising ease and poise. Note that I say *appears*.

Here let it be noted that Barthelmess does not sing in Weary River. He seems to, via neat doubling. Audiences have come to suspect trickery in all things cinematic—and are frequently right. Perhaps you think you heard Emil Jannings in The Patriot and Sins of the Fathers. It was another voice, more or less well synchronized, that shrieked "Pahlin" and sang as the German waiter.

★ ★

"Redskin, redskin, boy of my dreams, take me back to silvery streams," runs the theme song of Paramount's new starring vehicle for Richard Dix, oddly enough called Redskin. The star does not sing, but the song has been synchronized on top of the picture.

Heap Big Chief, otherwise Richard Dix, as Wing Foot in the Indian film Redskin.

Wing Foot, a Navajo, comes to love Corn Blossom, a Pueblo in an Indian school, but they find themselves torn apart by age-old tribal hatreds. Wing Foot hits upon a big oil find and splits the resultant fortune between the two tribes.

Such interest as is possessed by Redskin is pictorial. Much of it was filmed in colors in the Cañon de Chelly of northeastern Arizona and in the Valley of the Enchanted Mesa in New Mexico.

★

Synthetic Sin (First National) is the legend of a sheltered southern girl who starts out to be wicked in order to become an all-round actress portraying "sin and suffering." Colleen Moore is the nit-witted stage-struck gal.

The first word of the title seems to completely describe this lame little comedy.

Personalities—

Gladys Belmont, the Corn Blossom of Redskin, was an extra promoted to leads for this film. When Louise Brooks gave up the rôle, this extra girl from Pueblo, Colorado, whose features are quite Indianlike, got the part. . . . George E. Stone, the little gangster of Weary River, hails from Poland. He was the sewer rat in Seventh Heaven. . . . Jane Novak, once leading woman for Bill Hart, returns to prominence as the school-teacher of Redskin. She was born in St. Louis in 1896.

Betty Compson and Dick Barthelmess in the new theme-song picture Weary River.

Doctors know it's often acid poisoning

YOUR physician knows how easy it is to form the every-day habits that cause acid poisoning... and he'll tell you that this result of food fermentation should be quickly corrected.

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Photo by John Adams Davis

JIMMIE — more formally, Lieutenant James H.—Doolittle, with an army plane of the Vought Corsair model.

Jimmie Doolittle

The Fog Diviner

A Close-up of the Army's Blindfold Ace

By RICHARD CARROLL

NO event in the life of Jimmie Doolittle serves better to illustrate his character, and explain the admiration and affection in which he is held by his comrades of the Army Air Service, than an incident at Santiago, Chile, in 1926.

It was a torrid day in June. The Santiago flying field was thronged with spectators. The President of the republic was present with the members of his official family. The élite of Chile had come to watch an American aviator demonstrate the qualities of an American airplane. As planned, it was to have been a simple enough exhibition, but the plans had gone astray. Several days before the date set, the American aviator had fallen from a balcony and broken both his legs.

While he was laid up a German aviator had arrived and obtained permission from the Chilean officials to demonstrate his plane, a Dornier monoplane. With the American out of it, the German had the field to himself and it looked as though a fat contract would be lost to the Curtiss Airplane Company, which had sponsored the American ship, to say nothing of all the expenses incurred. To make matters worse, the Dornier company had sent out one of Germany's greatest war aces, Von Schoenebeck, former member of the Richthofen Flying Circus, whose war deeds made history. The Curtiss company was represented by Jimmie Doolittle—or, to give him his full title, Lieutenant James H. Doolittle, U. S. A.

Twenty minutes before the starting time, when the Dornier was warming up, an automobile drew up to the hangar where the American ship was housed and two men lifted out a third. The Curtiss biplane was wheeled out and the men lifted their helpless comrade into its cockpit. This man was in plaster casts, one of them up to his hips. Once safely in his seat, Jimmie Doolittle—it was he—called for a hacksaw. With it he sawed away the casts until his legs were free above the knees. Then he threw the pieces out and methodically proceeded to warm up his engine.

As the German ship rose from the ground, Jimmie gave his the gun and roared after it. Now began the prettiest combat Chile had ever seen.

THE planes circled in the skies over the heads of the amazed spectators. The American climbed above his rival, perilously close. He dived under him, swung to right and left and in front of him, never touching him and never far enough away to permit him to maneuver in comfort.

Now the American plane was on top again, bouncing up and down a few feet over the German's head. The crowd yelled at the nerve of it. The Dornier broke away and came down. With a few loops for good measure, the American followed. Jimmie, white-faced and smiling, was lifted from the cockpit.

The business agent for the Dornier company came running up. He was abusive. He accused the Amer-

P. & A. photo

Jimmie Doolittle as he looked at Baltimore in 1925, when he won the Schneider Cup for his country and broke the world's speed record.

ican of deliberately endangering both planes. Jimmie grinned at him.

"All's fair in war. But, anyway, I didn't fly within ten feet of your ship. Ask your pilot."

The agent persisted. There was a hole, a large hole, in the top of the Dornier's wing. It was such a rip as can be made by the tail skid of another plane.

Von Schoenebeck strolled up. He held out his hand to Jimmie.

"Great flying!" True sportsman that he was, he offered no alibi.

Jimmie was lifted into the waiting automobile and driven back to his hotel, plaster casts and all.

MEETING Jimmie Doolittle togged out in ordinary street clothes at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, the casual observer would never suspect that in his lithe, slim body is encased the soul of a really great man. He is short, no more than five feet six. His face like the faces of most fliers, is tanned deeply. His eyes make his face remarkable. Dark brown and luminous, they look out from under dark brows, frank and honest and utterly fearless. Somewhere down in their depths a smile is always lurking.

For the world amuses Jimmie. Fame is funny, and sticks in odd spots. Other and lesser pilots are better known to the public than Jimmie Doolittle. But ask many a veteran of the air who is the greatest of pilots, and he will answer without hesitation, "Jimmie Doolittle."

Jimmie is the product of pioneer ancestors. His father, Frank, was a youth in Boston when Horace Greeley bade young men go west. Frank took the advice and followed the mining trails from California to the North. Bad luck came to him in large measure. Discoveries that might have made his fortune slipped from his hands into those of men whom he had trusted and who had tricked him.

Intensely honest himself, he saw honesty in all. He was easy prey for the sharks. An English ancestry helped stiffen his New England conscience, while a life in rough places made him careless of the things men strive most to obtain. His pleasure was in the hunt. When it was ended his interest flagged.

But the disappointments of life did not embitter him, until toward the end, against the men who had robbed him. His son remembers him singing as he worked about their various places of abode—and remembers how the songs changed their tenor as one disappointment followed another. In the early days they were gay things, coon songs, songs of a care-free heart. The gradual switch was to the mining-camp ballads telling of women wronged and bad men who wronged them, of children clinging helplessly to tattered skirts. One or two tear wringers in particular came to be favorites.

ORIGINALLY Frank Doolittle had settled down in Alameda, California. In the East the period was the gay nineties. The still unconquered West was struggling out of the pioneer age. In Alameda Frank had met Rosa Shephard, Irish and romantic. They were married, and some years later Jimmie was born. He was still a baby when the gold rush to Alaska in 1897 proved too much for the blood of his father, who packed up and headed for Seattle, en route to the North. Three years of hard luck; then in 1900 he drifted into Nome, took a house, and sent for Rosa and his son.

In that frontier town Jimmie spent his next few years. He was eight when his mother sent him to the Nome public school, a wooden shack. He was the smallest student. This fact didn't bother him much until his fellows informed him that it was the duty of the smallest boy to fight all newcomers and pass judgment on their physical prowess. For most of his Nome school days it was Jimmie's tough luck that no newcomer proved smaller than he was.

By 1908 Frank Doolittle had convinced himself, temporarily, that the gold in the Alaskan hills was not meant for him. He moved with his family to Los Angeles, but went back by himself a few months later. The real old "sourdough" is never happy outside Alaska. Jimmie was again sent to public school, and in 1910 entered Manual Arts High. In 1909 the first flying show to cross the Rockies came to Los Angeles. Jimmie, then thirteen, played hookey from school to watch the strange contraptions in the air.

The show had not ended when the youngster set to work to build a glider, believing that he too could fly. This homemade craft was designed as a biplane. It had a wing spread of about eighteen feet, a fuselage of spruce and cloth, and a three-foot cockpit permitting its inventor to stand upright under the upper wing and support the entire plane with his arms. It boasted no wheels, as Jimmie meant to pancake for a landing. The control mechanism was simplicity itself. The pilot would bend forward to send the nose down, backward to lift it, right or left to turn it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

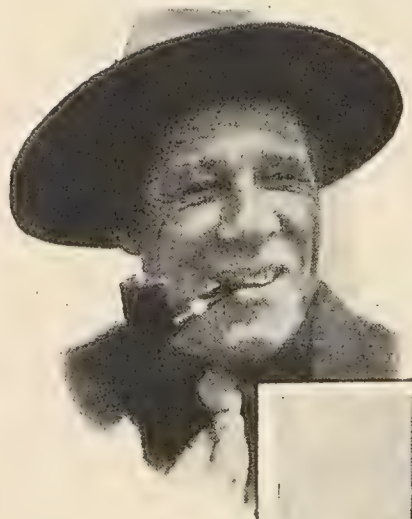
Motive power was supplied by Jimmie taking a running start and leaping into the air. On level ground this wouldn't work, so the young inventor took his ship to the brink of a fifteen-foot cliff.

He ran for the cliff, leaped over, and—came down nose first at the bottom. He crawled out of the wreckage, cut and bruised but undaunted. The ship was rebuilt again and again. Each time it met disaster.

A friend in the neighborhood owned an automobile. It occurred to Jimmie to have the automobile tow him and his glider at sufficient speed to lift them from the ground. But the driver was too nervous to pay attention to anything but the car. Jimmie, tied on behind, ran until he thought he had gathered sufficient momentum, leaped into the air, sailed beautifully for several feet, and crashed, to be dragged along in the new wreckage.

He saved enough parts from the twisted heap to build himself a monoplane, on which he installed bicycle wheels for a landing gear. He hoped to mount an old motorcycle engine, and started saving money to this end, but before the time came, a strong wind lifted the monoplane over the back fence. As there were not enough pieces left to rebuild it, he promptly converted the débris into a cycle car, the newest craze. He was twenty-one before he flew again.

Today, holding high degrees in science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of California, acknowledged as one of the best aërodynamic engineers in the country, Jimmie looks back to his first flying days and feels grateful. He knows now that if his glider had performed as he intended it should, it would have killed him.



Jimmie's father as a gold seeker in Alaska.

ABOUT this time Ad Wolgast, the lightweight boxing champion, was in Los Angeles. Jimmie admired him and went in for boxing. Nome had trained Jimmie well. Those years of fighting youngsters all bigger than himself had taught him the tricks of rough-and-tumble scrapping. Now he acquired some science. Inside of two years he was the outstanding amateur in the bantam class. In 1912, at the age of fifteen, weighing 105 pounds, he fought Campbell McGavin, a grown man, for the amateur bantamweight championship of the Pacific Coast and knocked him out.

On the same card that night was a lightweight boxer named John A. Macready. Jimmie met him twelve years later when Macready, then famous, had broken a world's altitude record and Jimmie had made the first one-day flight across the continent.

Jimmie's gentle mother, who had lived in a rough world, saw nothing for her boy in a career as a prize fighter. Like all such mothers, she had hopes of her boy shining in more intellectual fields. Jimmie was bright in school, and it was not hard to persuade him to go on to college. In 1914 he entered the University of California.

Boxing denied him as an outlet for his energies, he looked around for something else. Some acrobats came to town and he thrilled at their stunts. As in the cases of flying and boxing, his admiration took definite form. Two brothers, friends of his, John and Bill Downes, helped him work up a tumbling act. The three became locally famous. The next step was to cash in on their act. A theatrical manager consented to see them. He praised their work and sent them home. That finished Jimmie as an acrobat.

In 1917 Jimmie's father died in Seward, Alaska, after twenty years of futile search for gold. Mrs. Doolittle moved to Red Bluff, California. She lives there today, happy in the fame of her son.

Jimmie was twenty-one when he married his school-days sweetheart. The ceremony was performed on Christmas Eve and one of Jimmie's presents to the bride was the information that he would soon finish his flying training and hoped to be sent overseas immediately thereafter. Josephine Daniels didn't mind that. She too came of pioneer stock, and had traveled. Born in Illinois, she had moved with her parents to Louisiana, then to Colorado, and finally to California. She was a pupil in Manual Arts High School when she first met Jimmie. Like him, she was small, with dark brown hair and an oval, petite face. They made an ideal couple. Their marriage was—and still is—one of those storybook romances come true.

Jimmie at the age of seven in Nome, Alaska, with his mother. At eight, he was the smallest and most embattled boy in the Nome public school.

IN October, 1917, Jimmie had joined his first love, the aviation section of the Signal Corps. A few weeks later he made his first solo flight at Rockwell Field, San Diego, and qualified as a pilot. He soloed two or three times and then, cocky over his new attainment, took the ship up 4,000 feet to loop it. On the way up he debated. Should he dive fast and risk taking off the wings, or should he come down slowly and risk a stall on the up turn?

He came down fast and went over safely. He tried it again and again, then landed, pleased with himself and his performance. Chief Stanley, the hard-boiled instructor of soloists, was waiting for him; Jimmie prepared his blushes for the praise he felt was coming.

"What were you doing up there?"

Jimmie told him.

"Oh. Loops, were they? I was wondering what they might be. I couldn't tell."

The which clipped some of the fledgling eagle's feathers.

It was Civilian Instructor Todd who calmed Jimmie when, before completing two hours of instruction, he insisted he knew enough to take the ship up alone. Todd took him to the training ship and they climbed in.

"Now," he said, "take her ten feet off the ground and keep her there all around the field. Don't go higher and don't go lower."

Jimmie gave it up after the first ten bumps. It was one thing to take a ship up over 500 feet where there was plenty of room for error, but quite another to fly only ten feet from trouble.

Nature had endowed Jimmie with an inordinate desire to get at the whys and wherefores of engines. One inevitable result was grease. In most of his waking hours he was covered with oil in one form or another—so much so that the commanding officer, Colonel H. B. S. Burwell, complained to Jimmie's immediate superior, Lieutenant R. S. Worthington. Worthington sent to Los Angeles for Jimmie's wife. She sent for Jimmie. After the lecture, and for a month, Jimmie was a model of cleanliness for the whole camp. The colonel complimented the lieutenant, the lieutenant complimented Mrs. Doolittle, and Mrs. Doolittle, who knew her husband, kept her compliments to herself.

At the end of the month Jimmie was sent with two other planes on a cross-country flight. His companions smashed their ships in forced landings in Arizona, and Jimmie turned home alone. The weather was rough and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

All tired out *early in the day*

THE old energy that used to carry her buoyantly through the day and out to parties and dances at night seemed to be lost.

Her husband never mentioned it, but she knew he felt it, and was puzzled and disappointed. What was the reason?

She did not know—even in this enlightened day—that the zest for living which she was losing arises from a fastidiously cared for body, from controlled habits of living. She did not realize what a large part feminine hygiene plays in preserving these precious qualities.

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[JIMMIE DOOLITTLE, THE FOG DIVINER
Continued from page thirty-four]

just as it grew dark he was forced down in a bad field.

The ship struck a bump and turned completely over. Jimmie was left hanging by his safety belt from the cockpit. He loosened the buckle and tumbled out, head first. In his fall, the seat of his pants caught on something. He felt the rip, and the cold air hitting a spot where he wasn't used to feeling it.

He salvaged his army blouse and cap from the compartment over the oil tank. But the machine in turning over had spilled the heavy oil, and blouse and cap were saturated. He slept near the ship that night and in the morning changed the broken propeller and took off. He had no sooner landed on the home field than an orderly rushed up to him—the colonel wanted to see him right away. That worthy gentleman knew nothing of what had happened.

When Jimmie announced himself the colonel looked up from his papers, saw the oil-soaked scarecrow in front of him, and exploded. Jimmie stood his bawling out stoically. He had never seen the C. O. so furious. He took his dismissal, saluted, made a sharp right-about-face—and halted dead in his tracks at the gasp that came from the colonel's desk. For one agonized moment Jimmie stood his ground; then, gathering up the tatters of the seat of his pants to hide his shame, he fled. The colonel had passed out.

One sad accident marred an otherwise joyous life at Rockwell Field. Jimmie was coming in for a landing when another plane, piloted by a student officer named Liggett, approached him at what pilots term the blind angle, a position in which it is impossible for one pilot to see the other.

One blade of Jimmie's ship hit the gasoline tank of Liggett's ship, setting it on fire. The second blade killed Liggett instantly. Jimmie switched off his racing engine, landed the plane without landing gear and with damaged wings, and rushed back. Nothing could be done.

That night he sat down to one of the hardest tasks of his life—to write a letter to the dead boy's mother telling her he had killed her son. But in answer she wrote to him that she understood perfectly what had happened and how badly he felt about it, and that she held him absolutely blameless.

To this day Jimmie's brown eyes glow with gratitude when her name is spoken. Few mothers, as he is well aware, could have risen to such a height.

IN March of 1918 he found himself at Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas, quartered in a stall on the exhibition grounds set aside for the prize bull. There he received his first order to prepare for overseas. The next move was to Hoboken, New Jersey.

Excitement ran high among the young fliers, tired of camps and of training, tired of waiting for the call to the front. Now it had come and Jimmie and his gang were ready. Contingent after contingent of infantry passed through Hoboken to embark for Over There and Jimmie spent his hours off duty watching, firm in the belief that his own time was at hand.

Time dragged for a month and hope waned. Then the final blow fell. Aviators were not wanted. There were not enough planes in France to supply the men already over there. Jimmie was ordered back to Texas with 200 drooping comrades. When the war ended he was back at Rockwell Field, finding outlet for his wounded feelings as combat and aërial gunnery instructor in the advance pursuit school, bawling hell out of young Lindberghs.

But the worst was yet to come. With the war over, the Air Service found itself with more men than it knew what to do with. Surplus officers, which generally meant reserve officers, were ordered discharged. Jimmie was a reservist and was listed for demobilization.

He sought and found a friend in Lieutenant Worthington, who, knowing Jimmie's value to the service and sensing in him one of the greatest of fliers, pleaded with Colonel Burwell for his retention. The colonel wasn't hard to convince and Jimmie stayed.

For the next few years Jimmie lived the routine life of the army. His squadron was sent on patrol duty to the Mexican border and there he stayed until the middle of 1921, gathering knowledge and growing more and more enamored of his work.

HE was at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, in 1922, when he decided to try to span the continent by air in one day. He set to work with characteristic thoroughness. The Army was not oversupplied with good ships, and he was forced to take an old DH-4 and fit it out for the flight.

By removing one cockpit he made room enough for extra gas tanks. The engine was tuned up and, as far as the ship was concerned, he was ready to go.

First of all, however, he wanted to be sure of his course. Starting from Kelly Field in September, he flew in short hops to San Diego and back. Next he went by easy stages to Jacksonville, Florida, and back. Then he took a long flight from San Antonio, Texas, to Jacksonville to try the ship, and landed on Pablo Beach, his starting point. Everything being shipshape, Jimmie took off at 9:30 that same night. The wind was from the sea. It was pitch dark. A line of breakers fifty yards from the shore looked like the water's edge. The ship hit the stretch of calm water between and crashed.

Jimmie was not discouraged. He sent the plane back to Kelly Field for repairs. The following month, October, he was ready. This time, however, Leslie Arnold placed a string of lanterns along the beach to mark the water. Jimmie sailed away into the night and flew through clear skies to New Orleans. There he ran into an electric storm. The little pilot in his cockpit dodged from side to side as the lightning crackled. Only during the flashes could he see anything; then the ground below and the clouds above and around him were lighted up in awesome streaks, beautiful and terrifying.

At San Antonio he came down for gas. The mechanics were waiting for him and, after the shortest possible delay, he was off again. The sun had not set when he dropped down to the field at San Diego, the first man to span the continent by air in one day. He had covered 2,300 miles in twenty-two and a half hours.

Each year the Army sends one or two of its best aviators to take a course in engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the fall of 1923 the choice fell to Jimmie. He put in two full years and left in the spring of 1925 with two of the Institute's highest degrees, Master and Doctor of Science. His own University of California had already conferred on him the degree of Bachelor of Science. Only two other army men sent to the Institute before him had been so honored. They were Major Leslie McDill and Major Clinton Howard.

Jimmie Doolittle's transcontinental flight in 1922. He was first to cross the continent by air in one day. At San Antonio he came down for gas.

Toward the end of the summer of 1925 Jimmie was back on duty when the eighth annual International Schneider Trophy races were scheduled to be held at Baltimore, Maryland. He turned up there with a Curtiss racer to represent the Army and the United States.

Only once before had an American captured the prize. That was in 1923, when Lieutenant D. Rittenhouse went to Cowes, England, with a Curtiss seaplane and brought the trophy home with him. England had won twice, Italy twice, and France once. The first award, in 1913, went for a speed of 44.7 miles an hour. Rittenhouse sped 177.38 to win. At Baltimore, Jimmie, after re-

peated effort, shot the course in 232.573 miles an hour to break the record and win.

Several times after that he was called upon by the Curtiss company to demonstrate its planes in South America. Many a trail he blazed over the jungle lands of the far-flung republics. He blazed many a trail over that continent before Lindbergh made his heralded flight south. One trip took him from Asuncion, Paraguay, to Rio Janeiro, Brazil, 960 nonstop miles over jungles never before seen by white men. Why speculate on what might have happened with a stalled motor?

Mrs. Jimmie Doolittle.

Time, nor place, nor distance means anything to Jimmie Doolittle. Every important city of the vast, untraveled lands of the Latin Americas has watched his ship come swooping down to visit it.

Early in 1927 he announced to his comrades that he was going up to try a stunt that had never been done before.

Knowing him as they did, and knowing that if he called it a stunt it was sure to be something worth watching, they turned out.

What they witnessed proved to be that now notorious man-killer, the outside loop.

For many long months after, only one other flier dared attempt it. The Navy's great pilot, Al Williams, did it and studied it in flight.

When Jimmie first accomplished it, the newspapers, not quite knowing what it was all about, published startling accounts of the little pilot's distress after landing. His eyes had popped out of his head. He had bled internally and externally. Everything conceivable had happened to him. And actually nothing had happened at all.

ONLY those who try that loop and fail—and all but two or three who have tried have failed—only they have something happen to them. They are buried with full military honors.

In description the outside or inverted loop is not difficult. Its real difficulty lies in performance. It is a simple reversal of the inside or ordinary loop.

The pilot rides the outside as his ship makes the circle, instead of the inside. The difference in physical sensation is the same as between plunging down a ravine and climbing out of one. The distance covered is the same, only the manner of covering changes.

Last year, when Harry F. Guggenheim, himself an aviator and enthusiast, went looking for a pilot who possessed the greatest skill coupled with an engineer's knowledge of the mechanics of an airplane, he fastened at once upon Jimmie Doolittle. Here was one of the country's greatest fliers combined with one of its best aëronautical engineers.

The Guggenheim fund for the promotion of aviation was turning its attention to aviation's greatest enemy, fog.

As this is written Jimmie sits in an office—or, rather, has an office, for he is never in it—at 598 Madison Avenue, New York City, It is the headquarters of the Guggenheim Foundation. Harry Guggenheim has his quarters there. Across from Jimmie's desk sits —also very infrequently —Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. The pilots are old pals. Both have their special duties. Jimmie's is to test instruments for fog flying. He has a specially fitted plane in which the rear cockpit, where he sits, is completely inclosed to shut off all vision. A pilot in the front cockpit takes care of things when trouble develops. To Jimmie, flying solely by instruments, the effect is the same as a heavy fog's. Already much valuable pioneer work has been done.

ALL Jimmie's time, however, is not spent in flying. At Mitchel Field, Long Island, Mrs. Doolittle, the Josephine of Manual Arts High days, lives with their two children, Jim, aged eight, and John, aged six. When I went there one recent night for dinner the sight that met my eyes amazed me.

Young Jim had a black eye. John had a red eye. And Jimmie himself had a peach of a black and red eye. He seemed to find it necessary to explain. His own shiner he owed to a husky young boxer he had tackled in a friendly bout at the Army Post Gymnasium. Young Jim, evidently trying to emulate his old man's aërial stunts, had ridden his bicycle on a sheet of ice, jammed on the brake to see if it could skid, and shot head first over the handle bars. John had been taunted by a neighbor about his own age. Only the anxious mother seemed at all concerned over the hurts.

Both boys have already taken their first flights. Jim is blasé about it. John still gets a thrill, and both intend some day to follow the path of their father. Mrs. Doolittle will not stop them. Motoring and flying are on one level to her—or perhaps it would be better to say almost on one level. Rather does she envy them because Jimmie, though he will take her for short flights, and, like Al Williams, believes flying is as safe as a buggy ride, yet doesn't think he ought to take his wife far across country. Something might — not that it would, but something might happen.

THE END

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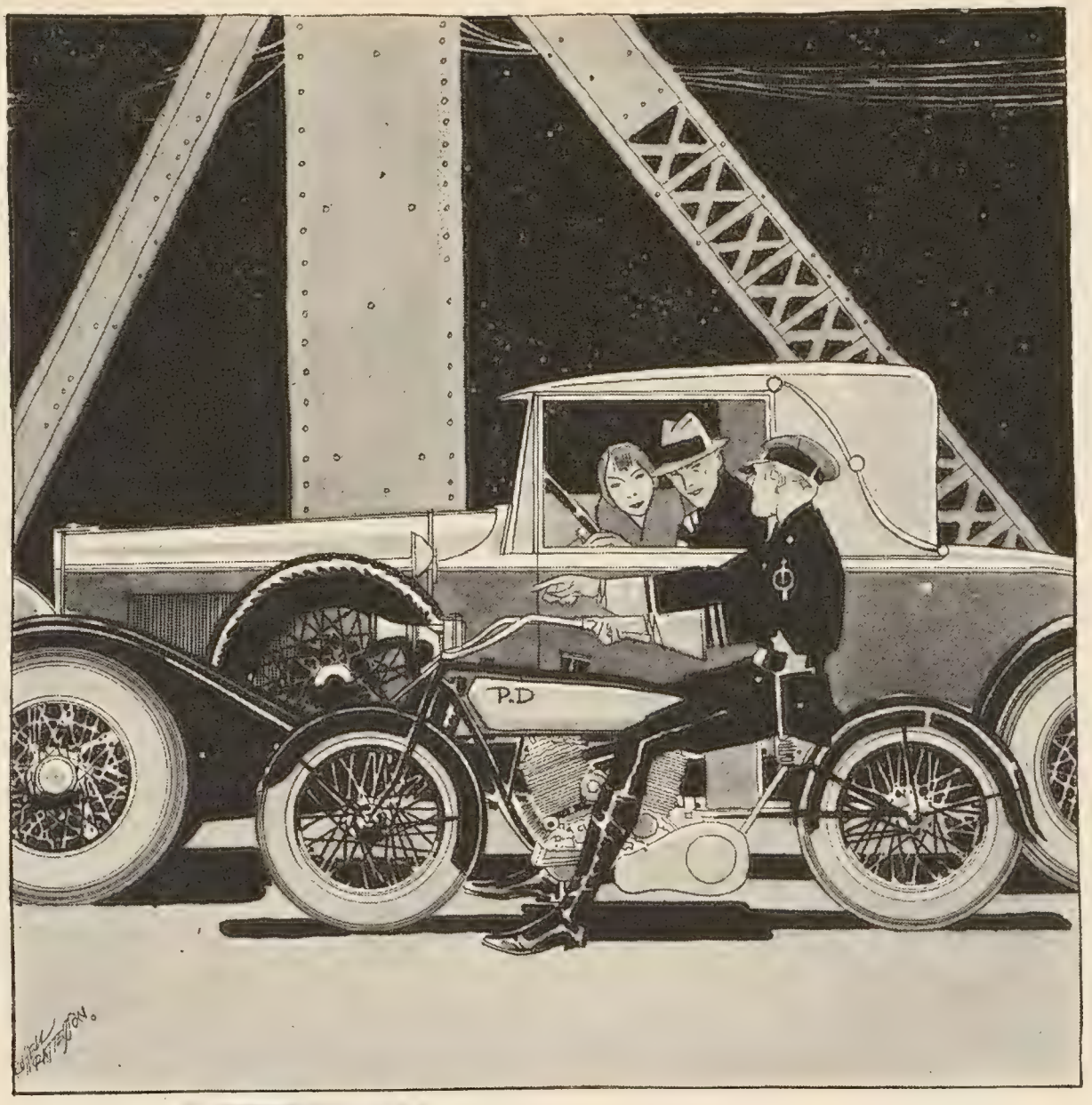


Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

That's how I got arrested for parking on the Queensboro Bridge.

The Frame-up

A Story of Love and the Double Cross

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

WHY have I got to appear in court tomorrow? Because I got arrested. What did I get arrested for? For parking on the Queensboro Bridge. Why did I park on the bridge? Well, it was this way:

I was driving into town with Julie Strong after a party on the North Shore. As you know, I've been panting after Julie for years, but never could catch up with her. About the only chance I get to see her is when I'm taking her somewhere or bringing her back.

"Didn't I notice that Alice Walsh was somewhat cool to you this evening?" I asked her.

"Cool? Cool?" she repeated. "We cut each other dead, if that's what you mean. Where're your eyes?"

"They're all right," I assured her. "I was just being polite. I didn't want to appear nosey. You two used to be Ruth and Naomi, and naturally I was surprised."

"I thought you knew we had stopped speaking."

"No, I didn't. I'm sorry to hear it."

"Well, you needn't be. Looks can't kill and I can deliver a pretty effective visual blizzard myself. As long as she doesn't resort to firearms I shan't worry."

"I can't believe it's as bad as that," I objected.

"It's worse," she insisted. "But I don't believe she can shoot straight."

Julie always tells me everything of interest. She says she has to talk things over with somebody to keep from blowing up, and I'm the only thoroughly reliable person she knows. She calls me her safety valve. This arrangement suits me very well as it saves the money I might be spending on the tabloids.

It would never do to appear curious, so I waited patiently until she got ready to talk, and then she told me the whole story. Here it is as she gave it to me:

YES, as you say, Alice and I were old friends. We'd been thicker than thieves ever since we decided to marry John Barrymore when we grew up. We'd worn each other's clothes and jewelry ever since we had any of either. We've always managed to continue as friends in spite of trials, tribulations, and visiting firemen, because we had an agreement to leave each other's men alone. Once in a while Alice would fudge on me, but I didn't mind. She was always the one to regret it, not me.

Anything that can be stolen from under your nose

isn't worth bothering about. I was always glad to find out they were traveling men. Of course, it takes a good man to resist Alice. She knows how to remind them of Mary Pickford in a Gene Straton Porter picture. When she gets innocent and helpless and doesn't know what to do with her hands, she could fool Casanova. That's the best thing about you—you old walrus—she can't vamp you. And don't think I haven't seen her try. But neither can I, so I haven't filed my mortgage yet. But if I hadn't warned you about Alice's wiles, I expect you'd be in her clutches right now. And you can bet I'll continue to keep you posted.

I saw you up on the balcony with her tonight and you had a sheepish look on your face that meant you were getting a demonstration to prove that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. I'm going to have to keep better watch on you.

When Alice married Jerry I was maid of honor; you know that. You ought to remember it; I had to hold you up during the ceremony. Which reminds me, you haven't kissed me since. It must have been the likker. Or is it dandruff? I'll have to read the advertisements more closely.

Anyway, for the past two years I've practically lived with them. Papa said he was going to increase my clothes allowance because he didn't have to feed me any more. Jerry was away a lot and Alice insisted on my staying with her as she was afraid to be in the country alone, and Jerry didn't like her to go into town. Everything was fine until a month ago when Alice came to me with a worried look.

"You've got to do me a favor," she announced.

"Certainly," I agreed.

"I'm in trouble," she went on, "and you've got to help me out of it."

"You came to the right place," I assured her. "I'll do anything for you but eat starches. What's on your mind?"

"You remember that party last week at the Holts'?"

"Perfectly," I admitted. "I ought to. I had to resist a cave man. I finally spilled a pitcher of ice water down his shirt front, which seemed to cool him off sufficiently."

"WELL, there was an aviator there, you remember. He'd just flown across the Atlantic."

"No, it was the Pacific," I corrected her.

"Well, anyway, it was an ocean and he'd just flown over it. Jerry was in St. Louis, so he offered to take me home afterward."

"Yes, I remember that. You stole him from me," I reminded her. "But let that pass."

"Well, it was just the cool of the evening," she went on, "and we didn't want to go home that early. We felt like dancing, so we stopped in at Joe Smallwood's for a while. I guess we stayed longer than we should have, but I didn't realize the hour. About halfway home, we were coming around that blind turn near Westbury, and right in front of us was a car on the left side of the road. There was no way we could avoid a collision and it's a wonder we weren't hurt.

"Then we had a very unpleasant time. The man in the other car was hurt, but not seriously, and a motorcycle policeman came up to investigate. The aviator had quite evidently been drinking and the policeman started to lock him up. He would have if the other car had been on the right side of the road. As it was, he took us all down to the police station for identification, and then I went home in a taxi. It was daylight before I got in.

"THE police took our names for record, but they didn't get in the papers and that looked like the last of it. I thought everything was all right so didn't tell Jerry about it when he came back.

"Then the man who was in the other car went around to the aviator and demanded a big sum for his car and his injuries. As it was his fault for being on the left side of the road, the insurance company wouldn't pay him anything. He said he was going to sue and the aviator told him to go ahead. He said he'd call me as a witness. You see, he'd found out who I was and thought it was an offside party and he'd get a little blackmail. The aviator told him to do his worst, but he'd never get a cent from him and left the matter to his insurance company. He didn't realize that if Jerry found out about it, he'd chase him across the Pacific and the Atlantic too.

"I would gladly pay what the man asks, but I'm afraid to do it now, because that would just lead to further blackmail and would practically be an admission that I was offside."

"Well, where do I come in?" I asked. "Do you want me to say I was in the car instead of you? All right."

"No, you can't do that," she said. "The police and the man in the other car both know me. There's no way to hide that part of it. But I've got to do something before Jerry finds out about it."

"What's your idea?"

"It's a bit complicated. Jerry is sure to find out about it, and he'll be in a terrible rage. You know how he is about such things. I've got to get him on the defensive before he gets wind of it. I've got to get something on him first."

"What do you want me to do? Shadow him?"

"No. We haven't got time for that. There's a dance tonight at the club and I've got to act now. This has got to be done quickly. I want you to go out and get in the car with Jerry during the dance. Get affectionate with him and I'll come out and catch you at it. He'll expect me to kick up a big row about it, and when we get home I'll be very magnanimous and forgive him. I'll be so sweet and understanding about it that when he hears of my trouble there'll be

When she opened the door she got all the evidence she wanted and then some.

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FRAME-UP
Continued from page thirty-nine]

nothing for him to do but forgive me my trespasses as I forgave him for trespassing. Get me?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I do. But you don't get me. It's a dirty trick on Jerry and I won't do it."

"Never mind Jerry. I can't help that. But you've got to do it. You remember the time I saved you. That was sort of a dirty trick on me, but I did it just the same. You can't go back on me now. This won't hurt Jerry any and will save me."

That settled it. When she threw that in my face I had to give in. For she certainly did save my skin then.

That happened years ago when she was staying at our house. We had all gone to bed early one night, or, at least, that was the theory. Papa was usually a very heavy sleeper, but that night he woke up at five o'clock—just at the right time to see me crawl in my window.

He raised a terrific row the next morning and would certainly have packed me off to a reformatory if Alice hadn't stepped up and admitted that she was the one he saw. Of course, he couldn't tell in the dark which one of us it was. I had on Alice's coat anyway. So there was nothing for him to do but storm about the younger generation and send her home. He didn't tell anybody about it, though he said he ought to warn her parents. In a couple of months he had forgotten all about it and no harm was done, but if he had known it was his daughter, he'd never have recovered. Alice was really quite splendid about it, but she got awfully mad when I wouldn't tell her what I had been doing.

So I had to agree to do whatever she wanted me to, now that she was in a hole herself, though I certainly didn't fancy the job.

"But I can't just drag Jerry out to the car," I objected. "He'd never suggest it."

"That's all right," she explained. "I'll fill the thermos jugs with punch and leave them in the car. When Jerry's dancing with you, say you want a drink and he'll take you out to the car to get it."

Alice came to me with a worried look. "You've got to do me a favor," she announced.

"BUT what if he doesn't feel affectionate toward me?" I suggested. "He'll think it strange if I suddenly pull a Mrs. Potiphar on him after all these years."

"Oh, pretend you're tight and sit on his lap. I'll park the car so I can see in the back window and you maneuver so as to be in the center of the back seat so I can tell when to come out. The light comes on when the door is opened, and I'll open it at the right moment. I'll serve a lot of cocktails before dinner and Jerry will be agreeable to anything. If he gets tight he won't object to kissing you a few times."

"Thanks for the violets," I remarked. "I hope Jerry will be able to stand that part of it. But how will I stop him, once I have deliberately got him started? You don't want his morals impaired, do you?"

"I'll take a chance on that," she snapped at me. "You just do what I tell you to do and never mind his morals. I'll look after them myself."

"And what about my tender sensibilities?" I inquired. "I must guard my honor."

"Be yourself," she told me. "Anything you and Jerry make off each other can be removed with soap and water."

"All right, then," I agreed. "I'll go through with it, but the consequences are yours."

That night Alice gave a dinner party and filled Jerry up with cocktails and champagne. That wasn't hard to do. We drove to the club afterward and she parked the car exactly where she wanted it.

Jerry was in a fine humor at the dance. It was a shame to take advantage of him, but there was no way out of it. The second time he danced with me he suggested that we go out to the car for a drink.

We went out and got in the back of the car and the rest was easy. Too easy. I was praying for Alice to hurry up.

WHEN she opened the door she got all the evidence she wanted and then some. She slammed the door and ran back in the club before Jerry realized what had happened.

I certainly felt sorry for him, but it was too late to back out and I couldn't double-cross Alice.

Jerry went into the club after her and they went home in a few minutes and left me to shift for myself. If you hadn't taken me in tow, I don't know what I would have done.

Julie paused to light a cigarette.

"It was a pleasure," I assured her. "But why is Alice mad at you now after you did all that for her? Did Jerry find out that it was all staged?"

"No," she explained; "but when Alice got him home she overplayed her hand. She delivered a speech that would have done credit to Solomon's wives when the Queen of Sheba went home with everything but the guest towels.

"Then she went into her injured innocence act and twisted the barb to make him realize what an atrocious crime he had committed. She became the wronged wife, trusting and loving, who had been betrayed at her own party—practically in her own home that was now wrecked by his flagrant infidelity.

"She had him crying like a baby and then forgave him so magnanimously that he broke down completely and confessed his sins. He's often like that when he's tight. And the poor fool not only confessed to what he had done that night, but told her we'd done the same thing before.

"Alice came over to my house the next morning and called me all sorts of names. Everyone has her limit and she soon reached mine.

"When she told me I had been angling for Jerry ever since she got engaged to him, I lost my temper and told her that I was out with Jerry the night she took the blame for me. Then I told her that as long as she was so proud of having stolen Jerry from me, I hoped she'd take better care of him. As for me, I considered him a nuisance and I wished she'd make him stop following me around. And if she ever wanted him led astray again, she'd have to get somebody else to do it. It was too easy to be interesting. I wanted a little excitement. A disappointed husband was not fair game. Anybody could have him that would take him.

"Oh, we had a lovely time! And I laughed right out loud when she told me the aviator had called up to say

that the insurance company found out that the man in the other car had a police record and had stolen the car. He had skipped and there would be no trouble."

I had to join Julie in a laugh at that myself.

"I don't know whether the joke is on you or Alice," I remarked. "You lost your aviator and Jerry and Alice all at the same time. All she lost was her temper and her complacency."

"Oh, I don't mind," Julie reassured me. "It turned out that the aviator hadn't flown anywhere. He was just a passenger while somebody else flew the plane.

"I was glad to get rid of Jerry. His conscience was a great bore and it was hurting me more than it was hurting him. Half the time he was trying to salve his conscience by lamentations and the other half he was trying to wear it out. I wasn't interested in either idea.

"And Alice will make up with me as soon as she catches him at something else or needs an alibi. She'll be afraid to stay on bad terms with me because I'm the only person who knows about the accident. She's got Jerry eating out of her hand now, so she's got no real kick."

"WELL, that's fine, Julie," I agreed. "Now I can have you all to myself with Jerry out of the picture."

"All to yourself!" exclaimed Julie, in astonishment. "Whoever said you wanted me all to yourself?"

"Nobody. But I do."

"Well, what's been stopping you?"

"I didn't think I had a chance against so much competition."

"Why, you poor old dear," she laughed. "Whoever would have suspected that you were suffering from a suppressed desire? But it's too late now. I've told you so many wicked things about myself that you'd never trust me out of sight."

"That doesn't make any difference," I persisted. "I guess it will be just as well if I don't trust you too much. And what I know about you isn't half as bad as what I suspect about the others. If you get restless and get into trouble that'll be my fault. But I'm tired of being in the chorus. I want to be head man in this show."

"Why, you sweet old thing, if that's what's bothering you, why didn't you say so?"

"I wasn't sure you'd forgiven me for the way I behaved at Jerry's wedding."

"How absurd!"

"Then suppose I go on from where I left off. And this time it isn't the likker."

"I think you'd better stop the car," Julie suggested. "We don't want to have a wreck, too. We might not be fortunate enough to run into a bandit. And I couldn't get Alice to help me out with an alibi."

And believe it or not, that's why I got arrested for parking on the Queensboro Bridge.

THE END

3 Days!

Teeth 3 Shades Whiter

by Using Kolynos on a Dry Tooth Brush

The Kolynos formula and the foaming action in the mouth make it the only dental cream that lends itself to use on a dry brush—and this is the method advocated by the highest dental authorities.

Using Kolynos on a dry brush, you use this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream *full strength*; also, the brush bristles then remain stiff enough to scrub the tooth surfaces properly, and to penetrate the crevices between the teeth and the pits and fissures in the grinding surfaces. This is a 100% measure for oral hygiene, and only Kolynos offers it.

A half-inch of Kolynos on a dry tooth brush fills the mouth with a tingling, antiseptic foam. This foam cleans out and disinfects those places where food particles lodge and cause decay. It neutralizes mouth acids and destroys germs.

Removes the "Yellow"

The active foam "works on" the mucin that coats and discolors teeth. It breaks it up and completely washes it off the teeth. The foam cleans the teeth down to the gleaming white, naked enamel. Get Kolynos at any drug store, or write today for a free trial tube. See your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days!

A half-inch on a Dry Tooth Brush, the amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, approved by modern dental science.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Two-Weeks' Tube Free

The Kolynos Co., Dept. LA1
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

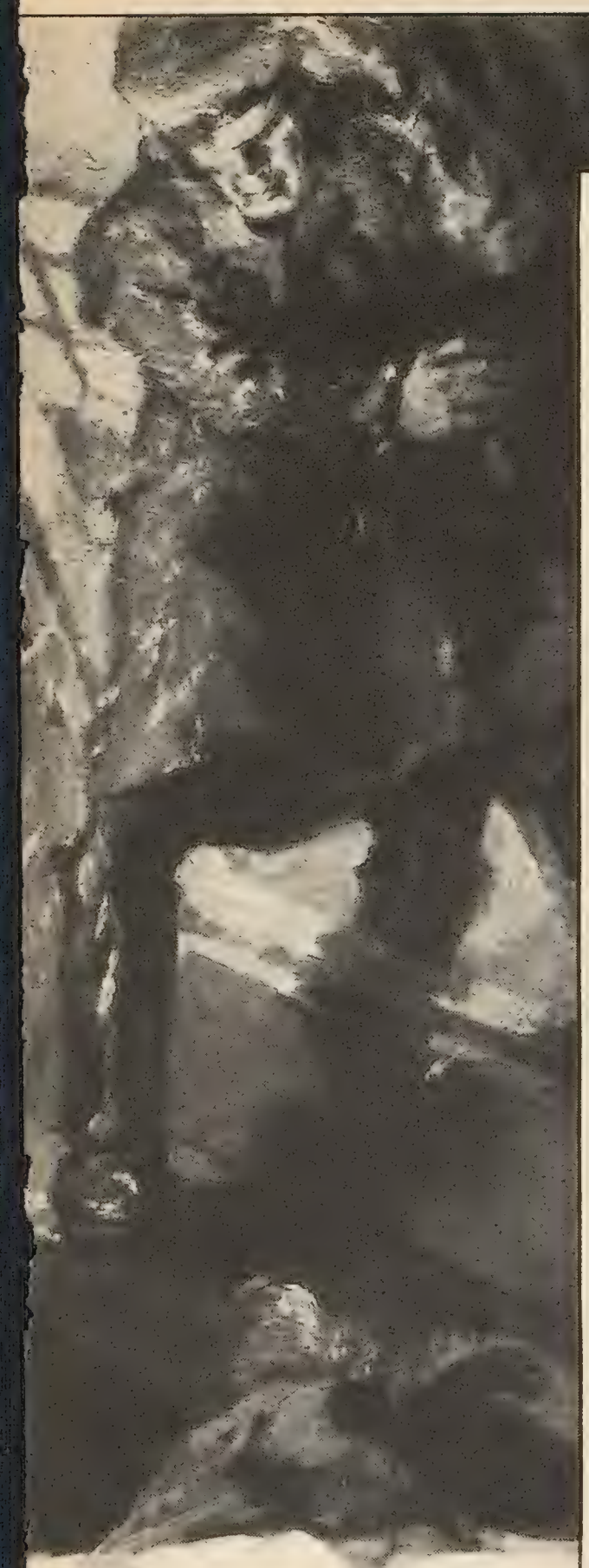
Name.....

Street & No.....

City.....State.....

Chester

MILD *enough for anybo*



What a cigarette meant there

Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending . . . till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

What a cigarette means *here*

Forty hours at the curing-barn— the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later ageing and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

...field

. . . *and yet* THEY SATISFY

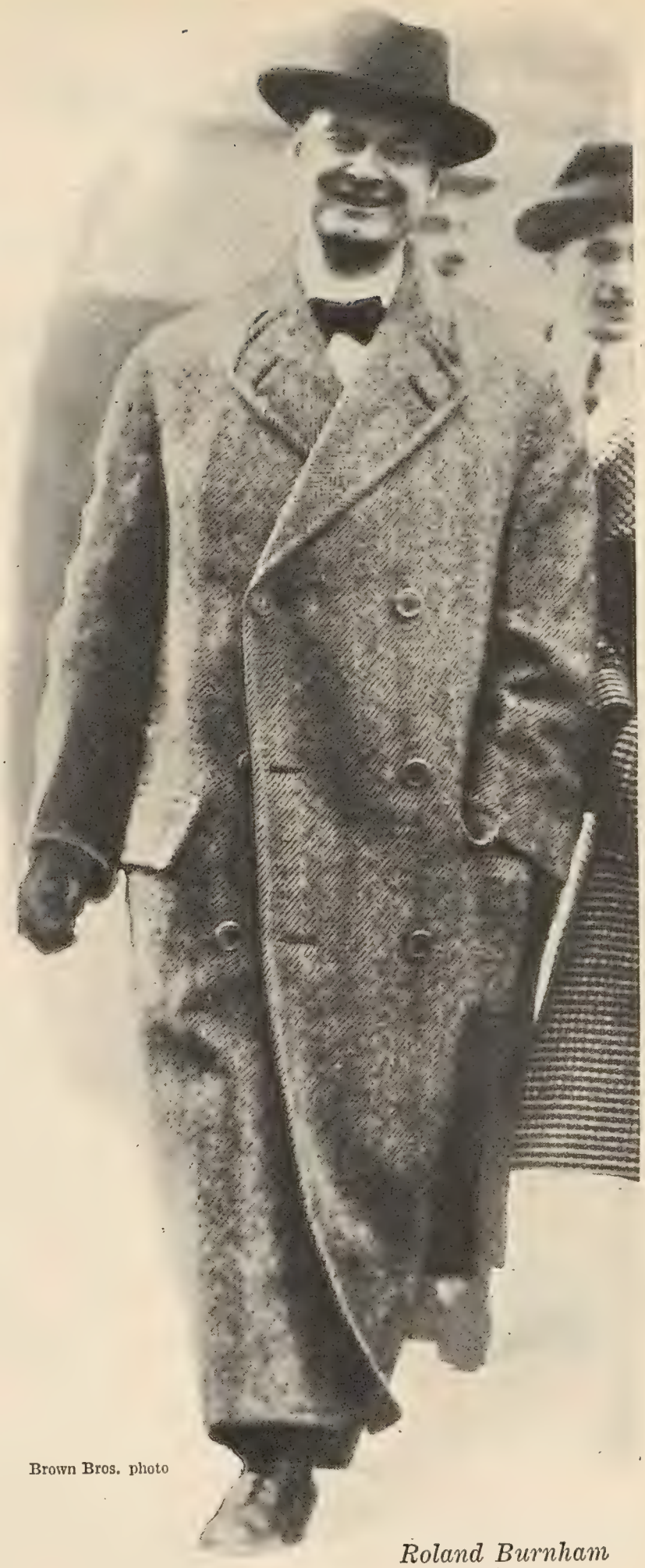
The Mystery of the

POISON *Christmas* GIFT

Did Molineux Murder a Woman He Never Heard of?

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND



Brown Bros. photo

Roland Burnham Molineux.

AN elderly widow, Mrs. Katharine J. Adams, awoke about 9 o'clock in the morning of December 28, 1898, with a throbbing headache. With her daughter, a divorcée named Mrs. Laura Rodgers, and a boarder, Harry S. Cornish, physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, in New York City, Mrs. Adams had been out late the night before at a Christmastide party.

A little after Mrs. Adams had bound her head with a towel, Cornish arose and left his room to get the morning newspaper at the front door. He saw the landlady, sympathized with her misery, and said he would give her a dose of bromo-seltzer.

He returned to his room, got the little bottle—it had come in a pretty silver holder the morning before Christmas—and he and Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Rodgers mixed a glassful of water and a teaspoonful of the powder. Mrs. Adams almost drained the tumbler, remarked that the mixture tasted strange, and handed the glass back to Cornish, who drank the rest of the potion.

"Oh, that stuff's all right," he said as the two women returned to the kitchen. He sat down in an easy chair with his newspaper.

A moment later he heard a loud cry, the thud of a body falling to the floor, and a scream from Mrs. Rodgers: "Harry, come quick! Something's wrong with mother!"

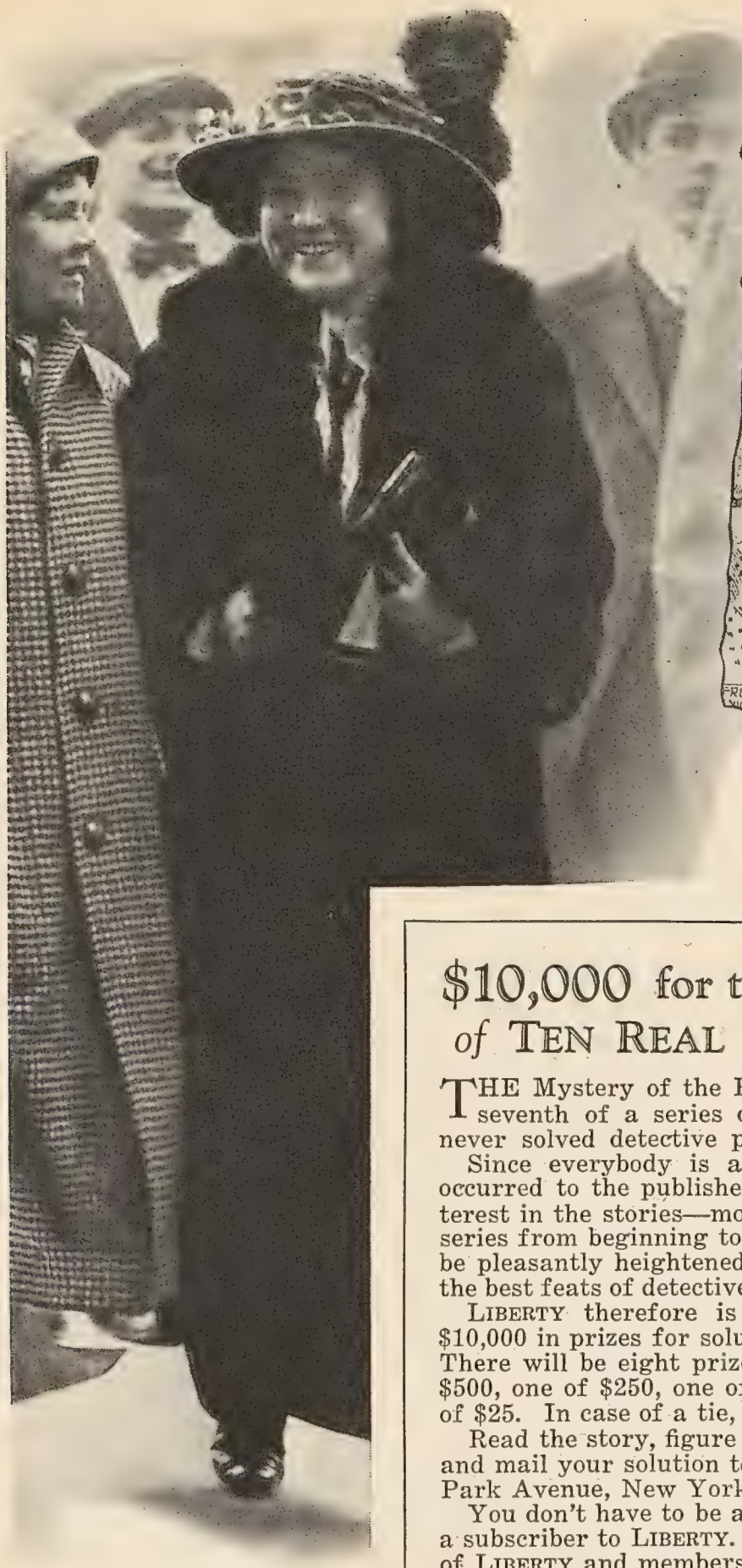
Cornish leaped to his feet, but his knees buckled under him. He staggered to the kitchen and found Mrs. Rodgers wringing her hands, her mother writhing on the floor, the older woman's face a bluish pallor, her body trembling with anguish.

Between them they lifted her to a couch in the dining room, and Cornish sank dizzily into a chair. Mrs. Rodgers commanded a servant to run for a doctor, but before he could reach the house Mrs. Adams was dead, Cornish was gravely ill—and one of America's most amazing murder mysteries was launched on an incredulous public which never was to learn its solution.

Let us go back to the commencement of this weird case.

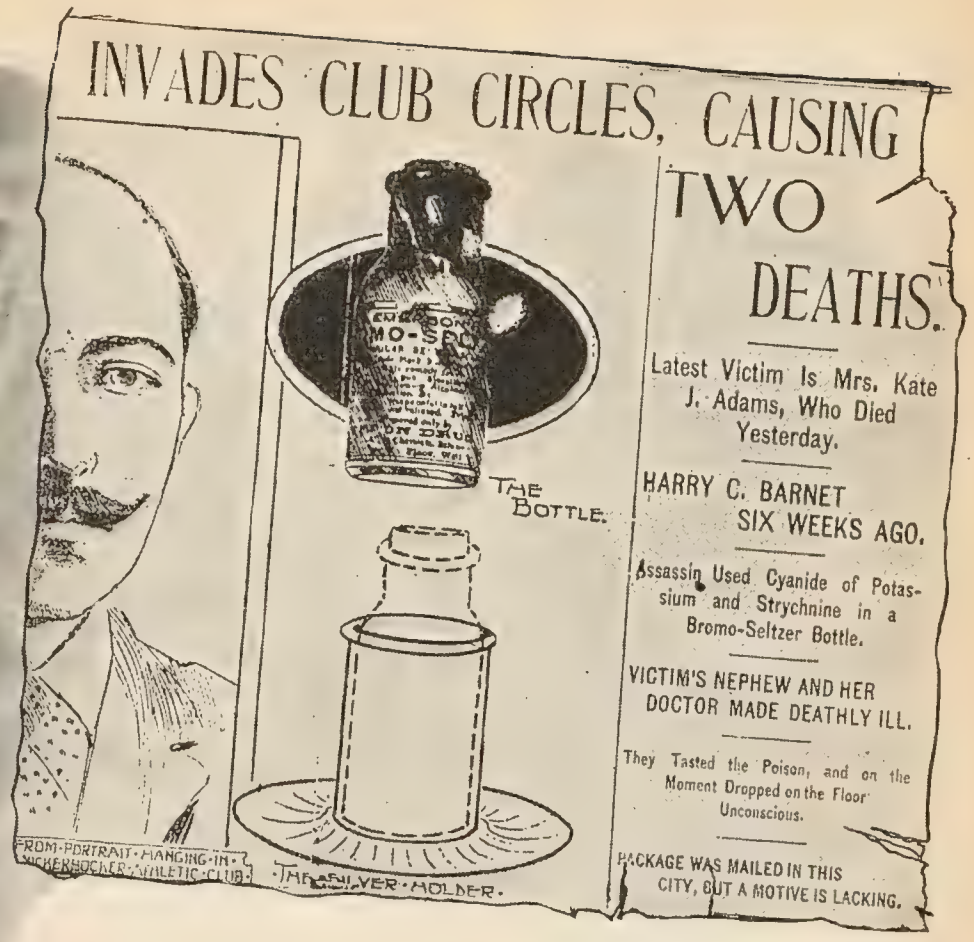
Edward L. Molineux was born in England in 1833. As a young man he came to America, and when the Civil War began immediately enlisted. He was a lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment, New York Volunteers, and then commanded the Seventh Regiment. He was brevetted a major general of volunteers and received the thanks of Congress for intrepidity and useful services on the field.

Later he helped organize the New York National Guard and became major general of its Second Division. He was an exemplary and valuable citizen of his adopted country.



Brown Bros. photo

Mrs. Molineux, the former Blanche Cheeseborough, at the time of the investigation. She stood by her husband during his trials.



The famous bromo-seltzer bottle and a diagram of its silver holder, with the New York World's headlines on the sensational news of Mrs. Adams' death.

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of Ten Real Life Mysteries

THE Mystery of the Poison Christmas Gift is the seventh of a series of ten stories of celebrated, never solved detective problems.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which are told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

LIBERTY therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, figure out who sent the poison gift, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think was the poisoner.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine. SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

In 1861 he had married Harriet Davis Clark of Mansfield, Connecticut. Miss Clark was nineteen years of age. In May of 1867 a son was born to them, and they named him Roland Burnham Molineux. In 1898, at the time of the tragedy that impoverished and wrecked this splendid family, General Molineux was part owner of C. T. Raynolds & Co., manufacturers of colors in New York City.

Young Molineux was given a fine education, and specialized in chemistry, studying that science for two years after his graduation, at Cooper Union. When he was fifteen years old he was sent out of town to avoid his being named as corespondent in a divorce case. When he finished at the Union he went to work for his father's firm, and by 1893 was so fine a chemist that he was made superintendent of Morris Hermann & Co., makers of dry colors, in their large factory on Jersey Street in Newark, New Jersey.

BY 1895, when Molineux' career became entangled with the principal characters of the drama, he was a tall, slender, handsome chap, with a culture and charm so fascinating that they became renowned in his business and social orbits. He was likewise an excellent athlete, so good on the parallel bars, flying rings, and other accouterments of a gymnasium that a number of exclusive New York clubs vied for his application to membership.

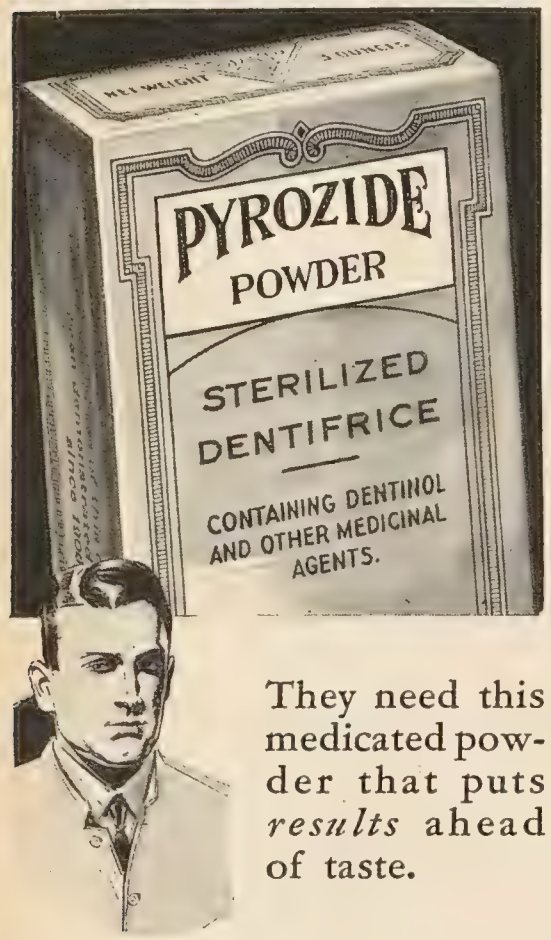
Young Molineux chose the Knickerbocker Athletic Club at Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. (The club passed out of existence years ago.) He lived with his parents in their home at 117 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn.

Henry C. Barnet lived at the club. A bachelor, he was a broker with offices in the Produce Exchange in the Wall Street district. He was about forty years of age, a stocky, powerful chap, and weighed about 180 pounds. Wealthy and debonair and good-humored, he was popular with men and women. He and Molineux became close friends.

Harry S. Cornish, when Molineux joined the Knickerbocker, was superintendent of the club and manager of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor



They need this medicated powder that puts *results* ahead of taste.

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles steadily increase. No wonder! As your dentist will tell you, soft, easily-irritated gums need the stimulating action of a powder that concentrates on *results* instead of taste.

Pyrozide Powder has done this for twenty-two years. It is not flavored. It contains *only* those gum-stimulating and tooth-cleansing agents that dental clinics have proved most effective. It is medicated with Dentinol, used by dentists to promote gum healing. Its distinctive taste comes from its Dentinol medication.

Scientifically compounded, Pyrozide Powder allays gum irritation and helps make soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white by removing the daily deposits of salivary secretions which, if not removed, harden and form tartar.

Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever are turning to it for gum protection. If you wish, begin by using it for just one of your daily brushings instead of your usual paste. The improvement in the condition of your gums will soon be so noticeable that you will use this sterilized, medicated powder exclusively. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Free sample sent on request

The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co.,
Sole Distributors,
1476 Broadway, New York City.

[THE MYSTERY OF THE POISON CHRISTMAS GIFT
Continued from page forty-five]

its restaurant, as well as physical director. He was impulsive, irritable, fearless, and he was often tactless in his relations with the members. Because of his efficiency, however, his quick temper was condoned.

In 1896 Molineux was placed on the house committee and given special charge of athletic entertainments. He soon clashed with Cornish. In April, 1897, they quarreled over an amateur circus, the member saying the employee had ignored or disobeyed his orders. Following Molineux' protest to the club officials, Cornish's provinces were curtailed until he was athletic director solely. He bitterly resented this demotion.

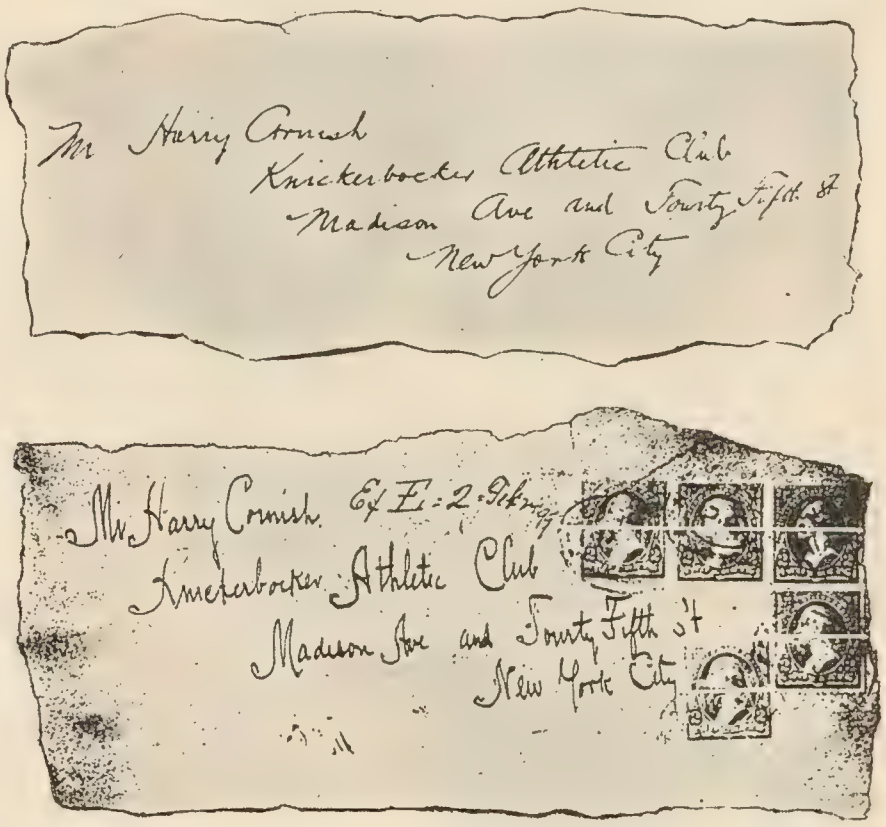
A few months later Cornish wrote a letter to Bernie Wefers, the famous sprinter, in which Bartow S. Weeks was severely criticized on an unimportant matter of interclub athletics. Weeks was a celebrated lawyer and was a director of the New York Athletic Club.

Molineux got hold of this letter, and being a friend of Weeks', he went before the Knickerbocker board of governors and demanded the expulsion of Cornish. Aware of the antagonism between the men, the board contented itself with apologizing to Weeks and kept Cornish on.

Cornish taunted Molineux the next time he saw him and referred slightingly to the legitimacy of his birth, but Molineux merely laughed and walked away. Cornish didn't appear to be willing to drop the matter, because, according to Chairman Hughes of the house committee, he accused Molineux of being a rum seller and associated with a house of ill repute.

MOLINEUX finally went to John D. Adams, secretary of the club, and told him that unless Cornish were discharged he would resign his membership. Nothing was done, and on December 20, 1897, Molineux resigned and joined the New York Athletic Club. But he brooded, and wrote several clubmen about town letters in which he adversely commented on Cornish's prowess and character.

His new club not having living quarters available, Molineux fixed up some rooms over the Newark factory and moved in there. A handsome young forewoman at the factory, Mary Melando, was hired by Molineux to keep his rooms in order. In these rooms he had a chemical library and laboratory, and in this laboratory he kept, among other chemicals and colors, Prussian blue, chrome yellow, English vermilion, dry mercury, arsenic, and other substances from which poisons could be produced. By merely boiling some of these colors together, one of the rarest and most deadly poisons known to science—cyanide of mercury—could be obtained.



A reduced facsimile of the address on the poison package, and above, the same words written by Molineux at the request of the authorities.

THE woman in the case now strides forward for introduction. Blanche Chesbro was born in 1873 in Westerly, Rhode Island. She was the fourth of five children. Her mother died when Blanche was a little girl, but her influence had been a good one. Her father was an erratic individual who devoted all his time to inventions.

When Blanche was ten years old a boy playmate accidentally struck her in the right eye with a stone, and the eye was removed. She never had but one photograph taken after she grew up, one showing the left view of her profile in a Rubinstein Musical Club group picture.

Courtesy N. Y. World
Harry S. Cornish.

Mr. Chesbro moved the family to Minneapolis, where some of the children still live with their own families. Then he took Blanche and her brother Frank to Louisville, Kentucky, where one of his inventions made some money. Blanche at once was given singing lessons. In 1894 the three went to live at 149 West Twenty-third Street, New York City. Frank went into the insurance busi-

ness in Boston, and sent his sister a regular allowance, the sire's money having been spent by this time. Blanche sang in the choir of Dr. A. O. Behrend's church in Brooklyn, and was paid ten dollars a week. Her father moved back to Rhode Island, became a religious crank, and died.

Blanche was tall and dark; her charm was striking; she was not a beauty, but she was extremely attractive in men's eyes. She changed her name to a more aristocratic spelling, Cheeseborough. In the summer of 1897 she went to visit her sister, who had married Frank Stearns of Boston, at her home in Jamestown, Rhode Island, and while there went on yachting trips.

One of the trips took the party to Portland, Maine, and there she met Roland Molineux. He immediately became infatuated, and when they were again in New York City he became a constant courtier. That winter he asked her to marry him, but she declined.

The next year he introduced his good friend Barnet to her, and Barnet often took her to theaters, to dinners, to dances, and so on. Once he took her to a carnival at his club, and while there she went to his quarters and drank wine with him. Molineux admitted all this on the witness stand the following year, and insisted it was with his knowledge and approval.

YET there must have been certain things of which Molineux did not approve if they existed in fact and he was aware of them. I find, in looking up the official record of this perplexing murder case, that the Appellate court of New York commented at length on certain testimony which was introduced at the murder trial, permitted to remain on the record for a month, and then stricken out by the trial judge.

Colored servants testified that Blanche moved from the Marie Antoinette Hotel to a fashionable boarding house owned by a Mrs. Bell at 251 West Seventy-fifth Street, staying until January, 1898. While there, these servants said, she lived with a man under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseborough. "Mr. Cheeseborough" was identified as Henry Barnet.

Blanche next moved to Mrs. Bellanger's rooming house at 257 West End Avenue.

It is nowhere shown that Barnet and Molineux became estranged as a result of their pursuit of Blanche. In October, 1898, Molineux asked her again to marry him and she consented. Yet she continued to see Barnet, and when he became ill she sent him flowers and wrote to him. The letter, to quote the Appellate bench, certainly justifies an inference that their relations were on some plane remote from that of a purely platonic friendship. Here is the letter which was found in Barnet's desk after his death:

I am distressed to learn of your illness. I arrived home Saturday and am so exceedingly sorry to know that you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

That Extra Fat

Ask your slender friends how to end it

Don't starve—

don't follow follies—correct the cause

SOME years ago, Science made a great discovery in respect to excess fat. A cause was found in a defective gland—the thyroid gland—which largely controls nutrition.

The thyroid secretion, when normal, helps turn food into fuel and energy. When it is scant, too much food goes to fat.

Many tests were made on animals which were over-fat. The reports proved that feeding thyroid brought reduction. It also brought new health, new energy. Then tests were made on people, with like results. Now physicians the world over combat excess fat in this way.

A 21-year record

WHEN this method met scientific approval, it was embodied in the Marmola prescription. It is compounded under direction of some of the greatest gland experts.

Now Marmola has been used for 21 years — millions of boxes of it. You can see in every circle how conditions have changed. Excess fat is far less common.

Marmola has been a leading factor in that change. Users have told others about it. The use has grown to enormous proportions. Now most folks have friends who can tell and show them what Marmola does.

No radical means

USERS of Marmola do not starve by rigid diet, though moderation helps. They do not overtax the heart by exercise. They do not spend time and money on mere follies, which never can reduce.

They aim at the cause, and seek to correct it in a scientific way. They take four tablets of Marmola daily. They know just what they are taking, and why. Each box of Marmola contains the formula complete. Also the reason for all good effects.

With reduction comes new vitality, new youth. Ask anyone about you who grew slender in this way.

Do what they did

TRY the method which has served so many for so long. Methods wrong and ineffective come and go. This right method grows and grows in favor as more people learn about it.

Go get Marmola, for the sake of beauty, health, vitality and youth. When you see all its good effects, tell your friends about it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets — *The Right Way to Reduce*

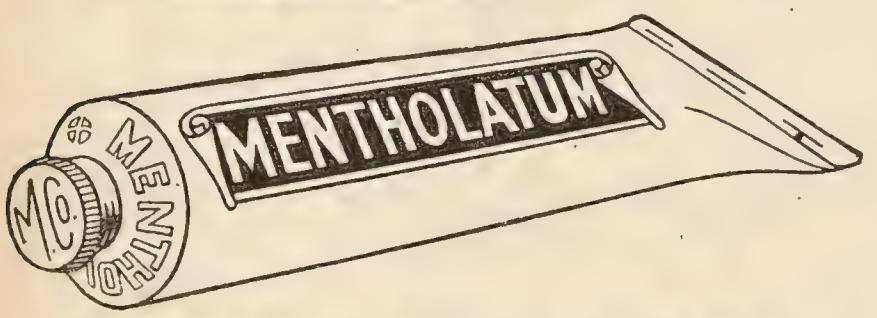
Goodbye COLD

INHALATION: In a teacup of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel. Mentholatum is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure—it will not stain clothing or linen.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

Get Mentholatum at any drug store in jars or tubes



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

Just write Dept. G N 4,
Mentholatum Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

[THE MYSTERY OF THE POISON CHRISTMAS GIFT
Continued from page forty-seven]

have been so indisposed. Won't you let me know when you are able to be about? I want *so much* to see you. Is it that you do not believe me? If you would but let me prove to you my sincerity. Do not be cross any more. And accept, I pray you, my very best wishes.

Yours, BLANCHE.

Brown Bros. photos
Gen. E. L. Molineux.

When Barnet became ill on October 28, he called in Dr. Phillips, the club physician. Phillips called Dr. Douglass, who diagnosed the ailment as diphtheria and treated Barnet for it. One day the doctor noticed a box of Kutnow powders on the table. Barnet said it had come in the mail and that he felt sick after he swallowed some of it.

On November 4 Dr. Douglass took the powders to Guy P. Ellison, a chemist. He made a qualitative analysis and said the powder contained cyanide of mercury. This box later was turned over to the detectives, but no wrapper ever was found.

Barnet seemed to be convalescing, when he suddenly died on November 10. Dr. Douglass signed the certificate which attributed death to "cardiac asthenia, caused by diphtheria." The doctor had ample warrant for his erroneous conclusion, because in certain stages of mercuric poisoning the symptoms are identical to diphtheria. Barnet's body was exhumed on February 28, 1899 (though this is ahead of our story), and it was then discovered that he had died of mercuric cyanide poisoning.

ON November 29 Molineux and Blanche were married at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, near Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. For two weeks the honeymooners lived at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, then moved to the fashionable boarding house of Mrs. Bellanger, where Blanche had lived before. Later they moved into the home of General Molineux in Brooklyn. They seemed to be very happy and their friends regarded the marriage as an ideal match.

On the morning of December 24, 1898, Cornish received a small package in his office at the club. Inside he found a blue box from Tiffany's, a pretty little silver holder containing a small bromo-seltzer bottle with its label, and a gift envelope. He opened the envelope and found it empty.

"Evidently my friend forgot to enclose his card," he mused, and cut the written address off the wrapper, so he might study the handwriting and try to identify and thank the giver. A day or so later he took the box and contents and wrapper to his room in Mrs. Adams' boarding house at No. 61 West Eighty-first Street. He had moved there—Mrs. Adams was a distant relative—after Molineux had resigned from the club.

Cornish and Mrs. Rodgers were good friends, and he gave her the little holder and kept the bottle on his dresser.

On the morning of the 28th, as you have been told, Mrs. Adams drank the "bromo-seltzer" and died. Dr. Hitchcock attended to Cornish and then wet his finger tip and tasted some of the powder. He at once detected the peculiar odor and taste of almonds, characteristic of the cyanogen group of poisons, of which prussic acid is the base. Becoming slightly ill himself, he drank a stiffish jolt of whisky and was all right.

The doctor took the bottle, holder, box, and wrapper, and with Cornish went first to an undertaker's and then to his home, while Cornish went on downtown to tell District Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner all about it.

Mrs. K. J. Adams.

That afternoon the bottle, etc., were turned over to Dr. Weston, the coroner's physician, and following the analysis, which showed the bromo-seltzer powder contained cyanide of mercury crystals, Captain McClusky, chief of the detec-

tive bureau, took hold of the case.

The hunt was on for the murderer of Mrs. Adams, no link being detected at that time between this murder and the death from "diphtheria" of Barnet.

Who hated Cornish so bitterly that he would send him a subtle and lethal poison so artfully concealed? The box was soon traced to Tiffany's and the little empty envelope to Tiffany's stationery department. Molineux had a charge account there.

The silver holders were traced, and finally one of them was found to have reached the shelves of the Hartdegan & Co. store in Newark, near Molineux' factory. On December 21 it had been sold to a man described as tall, gruff of speech, and red of beard. The clerk was never able to identify Molineux as the purchaser.

The poison package had been mailed at the general post office on the afternoon of December 23, at an hour when it was customary for Molineux to be in that vicinity.

THE day after Mrs. Adams died, an afternoon newspaper printed a facsimile of the poison wrapper, and officials at the Knickerbocker Club saw it. Cogitating over this unknown enemy of Cornish's, they remembered Molineux and testified that they were at once struck with the resemblance between the address and such specimens of Molineux' writing as they had in the club archives.

They called Cornish's attention to it, and Cornish, delighted at finding his foe tumbling into his lap, immediately phoned McClusky. At last the ferrets had a known quarry, and they began to investigate Molineux in order to prepare for the inquest.

Thirty years ago it was the practice of certain shopkeepers in New York City, particularly stationery stores, to rent private letter boxes where persons could receive their mail. Nicholas Heckmann testified that in May, 1898, he kept such boxes for rent at No. 257 West Forty-second Street, and that on Friday, May 27, about 6 P. M. Molineux came in and rented box No. 217 under the name of H. C. Barnet.

Thereafter Molineux had called about twenty times and got mail addressed to Barnet, often from patent-medicine houses. One box contained Kutnow powders and another contained Von Mohl's Calthos. In the late summer Barnet received in his office downtown a box marked Calthos with pink capsules. A similar package was found in his desk after his death.

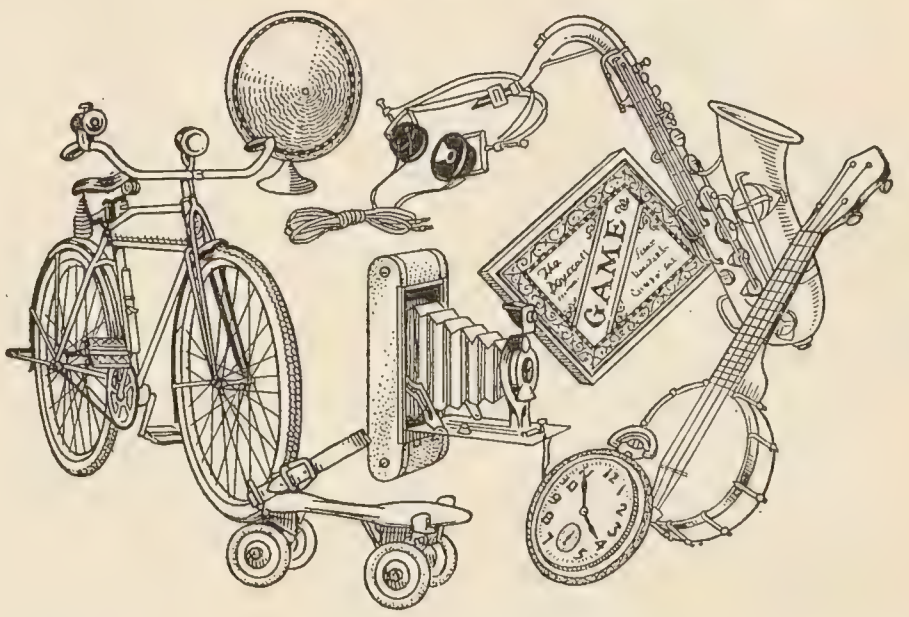
Heckmann testified that many letters were not called for, and these letters and letters written to various chemical firms and signed H. C. Barnet were introduced at the inquest and the trial. Mostly they related to treatment for impotence, and one asked for a pamphlet called Guide to Marriage.

One of these letters contained a diagnosis blank, and the answers to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Say Boys!

These Prizes are for You



BOYS! Just look at these prizes—given to you free—in addition to the regular money you earn for selling LIBERTY Magazine. Think of it! These prizes and hundreds of others are included in our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. Join the LIBERTY Boys at once. No experience, no money needed. Work as you please—on Saturdays, or in any other spare time. No interference with your study or play. Work right in your own neighborhood. Just send the coupon and we will mail you full instructions telling you how to begin earning money the very first day. We supply everything—magazines, bags, etc. Thousands of boys throughout the United States and Canada are making money every week selling LIBERTY. So can you! And you can get wonderful prizes free! Just fill in the coupon and mail it. Send it now!

Mail today

LIBERTY Magazine, 3-9-29
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

In this swift age

save yourself investment time and worry this way

An airplane rushing a busy executive to an emergency engagement is but an outward indication of the fast tempo at which we live today. In other ways—less dramatic, perhaps—you try to make every working hour count for more. But possibly you haven't realized how much time and worry you can save in the all-important matter of investing your money. The National City Company, for instance, maintains offices in over 50 American cities to furnish quick investment contact with busy men. At any of these offices our representatives will gladly help you check over your present holdings or select additional investments. Their recommendations are backed by over 115 years of National City experience and all that this implies in the way of financial knowledge and sound judgment.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY — NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING — NEW YORK

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Offices in 50 American Cities, Interconnected by 11,000 Miles of Private Wires. International Branches and Connections.

[THE MYSTERY OF THE POISON CHRISTMAS GIFT]
Continued from page forty-nine

the firm's queries about "Mr. Barnet" described Molineux and not Barnet.

J. J. Koch testified that he had for five years conducted a private letter-box agency and published a magazine called Studio. On December 31, 1897, Molineux wrote on his firm's stationery for a copy of this magazine.

On December 21, 1898, a private box was rented to a man—not identified by Koch as Molineux—under the name of H. Cornish. Four pieces of mail were received there: three were samples of Kutnow and Calthos powders, and the fourth was a letter from Frederick Stearns & Co. of Detroit, Michigan. That company then dug up a letter written to it and signed H. Cornish—which Cornish never wrote.

It told the company that A. A. Harpster had applied to the writer for a job as a collector and given Stearns as a reference. Harpster had once worked for Stearns, but later was employed by the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, where he was known as a friend of Cornish in the latter's quarrels with Molineux. Cornish later testified that in New York City only he and Molineux knew that Harpster had ever worked for the Detroit company.

All the letters signed "Cornish" were on a peculiar paper of egg-blue tint bearing three small crescents entwined. The same paper was used by Molineux in a letter which he admitted writing to a doctor.

Mary Melando said that Molineux kept such paper in his rooms, and that she stole three sheets for herself. This paper was sold in four large New York department stores and at two places in Newark, at one of which Molineux' firm had a charge account.

Brown Bros. photo

Roland B. Molineux in gymnasium togs. He was an expert and versatile gymnast.

THE inquest began on February 9, 1899, and ended February 27, and at its conclusion Molineux was arrested on a charge of murdering Mrs. Adams.

The trial was held later in the year, General Molineux rallying to his son's cause with all his fortune, and employing four celebrated lawyers of the period: John G. Milburne, Bartow S. Weeks, George Gordon Battle, and H. Snowden Marshall. Assistant District Attorney Osborne conducted the prosecution, helped by several aids, among them David B. Hill.

All of the foregoing was introduced and hashed and rehashed during the sensational trial, Blanche standing stanchly by her husband. Circumstantial as most of the above-mentioned facts and implications were, the trial hinged largely on the testimony of handwriting experts.

More detailed reference to what these experts said will be made when I record what the Appellate court decided.

On February 16, 1900, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty, and Molineux was sentenced to die in the electric chair at Sing Sing. In those days it was not customary to notify prisoners of the date of their execution, and consequently men in the death house had no way of

knowing whether every footfall heard down the corridor might be the guards coming to take them to the chair.

Molineux remained in his cell there until October 15, 1901, when the higher court unanimously reversed the lower bench and ordered that Molineux be given a new trial. It was decided by the upper bench that the trial had been crammed with errors, among them these:

Barnet's statement to his doctor that the Kutnow powders came through the mail was incompetent and reversible error by admission into the Adams death trial.

All testimony about the death of Henry C. Barnet was prejudicial error.

Brown Bros. photo

A snapshot of Molineux as he appeared at the time of his first trial.

Testimony of the experts for the state about comparison of Molineux' conceded writings with writings not conceded by him was illegally admitted.

Molineux' writings made at the request and under the instruction of Expert Kinsley were inadmissible.

The court had erred in its charge to the jury and in refusing to charge the requests submitted by counsel for the defendant.

Ergo: the defendant did not receive that fair and impartial trial to which he was entitled under the law.

IN more detail the Appellate justices alluded to the state's experts. There were fourteen of these, nine being men who made the study of handwriting their profession and five being employed in banks because of their expert knowledge as to signatures.

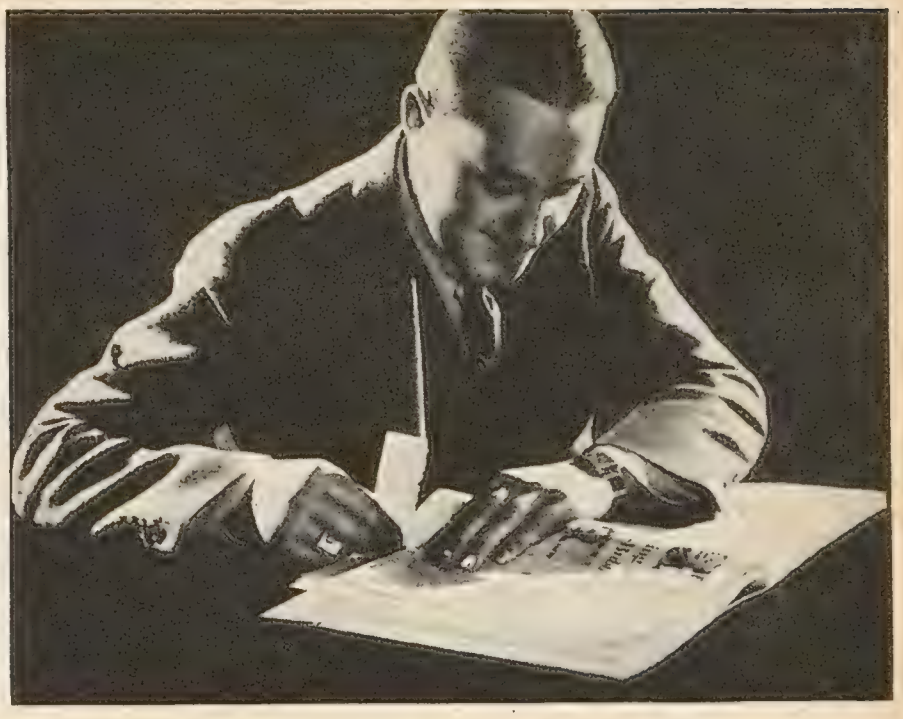
They all agreed that Molineux wrote the poison package address. The various "Barnet" and "Cornish" letters ran from A to R in the exhibits. The conceded writings were exhibits 1 to 63 inclusive, including the so-called "request" writings.

The history of these latter writings is that on February 17, 1899, Molineux at the request of the police department wrote them in the office of the district attorney, in the presence of Osborne, Attorney Weeks, Police Sergeant McCafferty, and Expert Kinsley, for the state, and D. N. Carvalho, for the defense.

Molineux was to copy the poison package address and other papers in the case from typewritten memoranda prepared by Kinsley. These memoranda having been misplaced, Kinsley dictated from memory. Molineux' writing was not satisfactory to him, so on February 20 Molineux wrote seven more specimens, used later as exhibits.

I don't know whether it was emphasized at the trial, but you will notice in the reproductions of Molineux' conceded writing and the poison package address, on page 46, that the "Fourty" in "Fourty Fourth" Street is misspelled twice. If Molineux wrote his address while looking at the poison address, it might or might not establish his guilt, because he could see the word was incorrectly spelled, and might be copying it. If he wrote it from audible dictation by Kinsley, or from a typewritten address with the word correctly spelled, and he still misspelled it, that would be different, because some people simply misspell a certain word every time they write it.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Why delay, men, getting acquainted

with* small-bubble *lather and a longer-lasting shave?

IT costs nothing to make this comparison. After a seven-day trial, we feel certain you'll thank Colgate chemists for their many years of research. They've proceeded along natural, common-sense lines, creating a moisture-laden lather utterly different from the ordinary air-filled lather. New friends are being won daily to Colgate's, not by lurid claims, but by vastly superior shaves—smoother, closer shaves that last longer—keep you well-groomed from morning until midnight.

Compare with ordinary lather

We invite a critical comparison—your present lathering contrasted with the Colgate way.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below.

A WEEK'S SHAVES ***FREE***

COLGATE, Dept. B-1741, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

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You have confidence in your physician because of his experience, his established reputation, and a record you respect. Physicians have the same thought about the preparations they prescribe, and for 50 years they have endorsed Phillips Milk of Magnesia. For sour stomach, biliousness or indigestion, it offers quick comfort and real relief. Do you know of anything more soothing to an ailing stomach? Get *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia. It is the genuine product.

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Milk of Magnesia

The Capital Is Moved to St. Louis!

Karakhan of Kazan, Tartar and Mongol, sets out to conquer the world . . . His red hordes overrun all Europe . . . The United States is invaded . . . In desperation, every warship we possess is assembled to turn back the combined red fleets of half the world . . . Don't miss

THE RED NAPOLEON

by Floyd Gibbons

Look for the first chapter of this great story, SOON!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[THE MYSTERY OF THE POISON CHRISTMAS GIFT]
Continued from page fifty-one

The transcript of the first trial ran to 12,000 pages of testimony, or about 2,500,000 words; and nobody knows how much it cost the state and the defense. It is believed that General Molineux was almost penniless when friends helped furnish the funds for the second trial.

Following a long but briefer trial, Molineux was found not guilty on November 2, 1902. Blanche had stood silently by him through his crisis; but that same month she went to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and divorced him. Two years later she married Wallace D. Scott, a lawyer of that town. She has not since appeared in newspaper type.

Molineux was free, but he was a marked man. He brooded over the years he had spent in the Tombs prison and in the death house, and he began to write articles and plays about the unfortunate lot of convicts. On November 7, 1913, he married Miss Margaret Cornell, who had been his secretary in writing a play called The Man Inside. Belasco produced the play the same month, and it ran a short time and expired. It wasn't much of a play.

A month or so later, Belasco had to request Molineux to keep away from the theater. His excited outbursts in the lobby were annoying the spectators.

His mother died that winter, and Molineux began to be regarded as crazy. He asked the police to forbid traffic near his house at No. 155 East Eighteenth Street; and when they refused his request, he tried to get in William Muldoon's health farm upstate. He was furiously angry when Muldoon rejected his plea.

In September, 1914, Molineux was prevailed on to enter Mac Levy's sanitarium near Babylon, Long Island. He escaped on the 7th and ran down the streets of Babylon in his trousers and athletic shirt, beating men and women and children. When recaptured, three doctors examined him, and he was committed to the New York State Hospital for the Insane at Kings Park, Long Island.

"All we can do is hope and stand by our boy," said the venerable general as he stood weeping beside his maniac son. The general died on June 10, 1915.

On November 2, 1917, Molineux died hopelessly insane, his wife and baby daughter standing at the foot of his bed when he breathed his last.

In January of this year, Cornish was known to be living on Hobart Avenue, Los Angeles, the last known survivor of the famous Molineux mystery.

Next week Mr. Sutherland will tell the story of another real life detective problem.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-two)

1—What is the capital of Alabama; Arizona; Arkansas?
2—What is a jury-rigged vessel?
3—In what state is the Cascade Tunnel, which was opened to traffic on January 12, 1928?
4—What is verbiage?
5—What is therapeutics?
6—Where is the Saguenay River?
7—What is common to the following names: Cheyenne, Cayuga, Pueblo, Nez Percé?
8—According to the Bible, who inherited the mantle of Elijah?
9—What pagoda is mentioned in Kipling's Mandalay?
10—On a slope of what mountain was the oracle of Delphi, of Greek mythology?
11—Where does Wall Street, in New York, get its name?
12—Where is New Zealand, with reference to the Australian continent?
13—Elsie is a diminutive of what name?
14—What does eleemosynary mean?
15—Who is the president of the German Republic?
16—What French actress appeared on the American stage after one of her legs had been amputated?
17—By what names are the National League baseball teams of the following cities known: Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis?
18—What is a howdah?
19—What is mayhem?
20—What city of a South Atlantic state bears the name of the capital of ancient Egypt?

The Back Seat Driver

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE luxuriant Florida palms waved lazy *au revoirs* as the warm wind swayed their fronds of satin sheen. "Do come again, my dears!" the grapefruit and orange trees seemed to say, coyly nodding their yellow and red gold fruit. "Ditto!" said maids, porters, attendants, waiters, and chefs. Lil and Sandy had paved their showy exit from the expensive southland with five spots.

"You should've bought a covered Ritz-Ritz," Lil was complaining as they sped northward. "The wind and sun will ruin my face and I'll get wrinkles from squinting. Tell me each time we pile up another hundred miles, dear, so I can stop off in the nearest town for a facial."

This week's cover picture.

"Don't crab," Sandy told her. "Be thankful if you don't get brained with a grapefruit. Some speed—!"

"Speed?" Lil screamed, not bothering to add the *ing*. "You're clipping a neat fifty now. Stop at the Stop-Look-Listen signs and draw up if you see an oculist. I want to buy some goggles or my eyeballs will be blown flat."

She talked in jerks because Sandy wasn't slowing down for any thank-you-ma'ams, wide, narrow, shallow, or deep.

They whizzed in silence for thirty miles. Farm tenantry barked, mooed, and cock-a-doodle-dooed.

"Go slow in Georgia," Lil shouted at the Florida border, "or they may keep you in Atlanta for life. I never could spend all our money alone, dear." She wondered if a lifer's estate went to his wife.

She sank deeper into the luxurious red upholstery. They leaped over a narrow bridge lined with fishing optimists and did an unknowing good turn to a knock-kneed horse by scaring flies out of his ears.

"Damn those ducks!" Sandy suddenly yelled. The white flock parted in the middle like the waters of the Red Sea, the red Ritz-Ritz carved a bloody path, and eight drakes paddling in a near-by pond automatically became web-footed widowers. "How many did I kill?"

"If I looked back I'd faint," Lil gasped.

"Wheeeeeeeeee!" Antoinette called from her corner of the back seat. "*Vous avez tué un putois d'Amérique!* Wheeeeeeeeee!"

Now Lil and Sandy didn't need to know French to understand this foreign sentence. Their sniffing noses proclaimed a dead skunk, the odor lingering at sixty miles an hour. The car stole down a hill and silently brought destruction to a sleek gray squirrel's fluffy tail. He was out a-nutting and, unfortunately for his tailpiece, had paused in the road.

"Horrors!" Lil cried as they crossed the Tennessee border. "I think you killed a black hen. That's a bad sign, a terrible omen, like walking under a ladder or sneezing thirteen times. Yes, you did kill a black hen!" She was hanging over the back, staring at her speed demon husband's dusty wake.

"Wanta go back?" Sandy asked. "Lots of fricassee!"

Poor Lil sank back in her corner. She closed her eyes just before the car made soup of a turtle who was hurrying for the first time in his life and a Welsh rabbity looking mess of a poor cottontail.

"Onward, ye speed fiends," the tires seemed to purr. "On to destruction!" The calm of Florida was now a dream. Lil and Sandy were speeding home to cold March blasts, crackling ground, and creaking nude trees.

"*Sandy!*" Lil shrieked, eying the speedometer. "*You'll kill us all! Seventy miles, with a curve ahead?*"

The back seat driver!

(*Next week's cover adventure: Home Again!*)

Vox

A Militant Minister Speaks

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Are editors ever surprised? Well, this communication may be something of a shock, but here goes. I want to congratulate your magazine on its stand in regard to war and peace. I like your war stories, for they are informing, and this spite of the fact that I am a preacher of more than twenty years' service!

This may be a surprise to you, seeing how the churches nowadays have taken up so vociferously the fad of "world peace."

Because it is just a fad I've never taken any stock in it. To me, those leading ecclesiastical advocates of this will-o'-the-wisp are just so many surpliced ostriches who refuse to see things as they are—who substitute their own imaginations for stern realities.

Of course they mean well, but they certainly don't study the picture of humanity painted by the Bible. Nor the teachings of their Master who predicted "wars and rumors of wars." He knew humanity and what human passions lead to. They seem to think that saccharine slogans and brotherly phrases pasted on the world's billboards will, overnight, transform the wolf into a lamb.

Of course war is not a church tea party; my experience of three wars taught me that. But neither is an operation for appendicitis. And the history of America's unpreparedness in all her wars is proof enough that folks who oppose constant preparedness are the ones who are guilty of sending to the field of fight men who know neither how to fight nor how to take care of themselves.

Think of the thousands of sick and dead in the Spanish-American War who owed that fate not to bullets but to ignorance or carelessness!

We would have had a similar experience in the last war if we had not been able to take our time by letting the others carry on, and even then we had to buy or borrow, from the French, most of our artillery and airplanes.

But there are folks, still, who resemble the Bourbons in that they "never forget anything or learn anything."

And so, today, we have our pacifist Federal Council of Churches lobbying in Washington, still working for the "ostrich" policy. They do not represent the churches as a whole, only a noisy, sanctimonious set of busybodies who deplore the dangers of war, but have nothing to say about the 8,000 deaths every month in our land by preventable accidents!

In fact, their policy seems to be aimed at making our country a doormat on which to welcome invaders, as illustrated by Bladensburg in 1814. And with a defenseless America this would not be unlikely to happen when the world's standing armies contain over 6,000,000 men, and more than 25,000,000 reserves!

The real objective, then, should be not a jellyfish policy but a wise purpose, and plenty of power. That is the only argument understandable by the present world, and must be until the causes of war are eliminated. And their elimination is the real business of the church, not playing lobbyist.

So I wish you all success in your manly, common-sense attitude, and may it help to preserve our nation from selfish mollycoddles, who would smother our youth in the silken cocoon of luxurious helplessness.—*R. C. McAdie.*

Just Fair, Adolf; You Probably Could Be Funnier

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.—Come on editors, give in! Tell the American Peepul, the uninitiated throng, that among your forthcoming Real Life Mysteries you will include the mystery behind the reason for LIBERTY'S origin and existence.—*Adolf Frisby.*

Well, Don't Do Anything Rash

GALION, OHIO—If it were not for fear of missing future copies of LIBERTY I believe I would end it all. — *H. J. Merrens.*

He Doesn't Review Fair, Poor, Rotten Ones

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—I've been watching Frederick James Smith's system of rating photoplays by stars. He says: "One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary."

Now, that would be all right if he sometimes left out the stars altogether. But I've never seen one of his tabloid reviews without at least one star above it. How about movies that are fair, poor, and rotten? Of course, there are films that are worse than rotten, and couldn't be characterized by any known letter or symbol—only by brutish growls and howls.

Our optimistic Fred, seems like, has never seen a film that's worse than "fairly good."

His name ought to be: Frederick Pollyanna Smith, the Glad Boy.—*Man Who's Seen Bad Movies.*

Advt.

CHARLES CITY, IA.—

My dear—
It's just *too* awful—
That Delmar person!
And such articles!
It slays me—no kiddin'.
Between I and you (girl to girl)
That Ralph Barton
Is worth ten cents of my
Nickel.
I really mean it—
You know I
Ac-tu-all-y
Do.

—*G. Campbell.*

It's Been Done

CHICAGO, ILL.—Just read a little article in LIBERTY. Short, but what a whale of a lot it said! I mean "He Made Prize Fighting Safe for Society," by Edwin C. Hill. The best summing up of Tex Rickard I've seen yet.

I met Rickard, though I can't claim to know him. When I began going to prize fights people gave me to understand that I was doing a kind of a low thing. But, lately, when I've gone, all I've heard is: "Wish I had tickets, too."

And, mind you, it was Tex who did it! Fashionable dames used to look at prize fighters as if they were dirt. Now, boxing has become so popular that I wouldn't be surprised to see two of those females from the Four Hundred put on the gloves and start mixing it with each other!—*Jim Miller.*

Pop

There's Something Subtle in the Signature to This Second Letter

PORTLAND, ME.—Don't try to tell me LIBERTY pays for stories like "Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court," by P. G. Wodehouse. If you do, there's an easy way for me to make money. I'll only have to write a story like that one every week.—*Liberty Fan.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Have just finished reading "Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court," by P. G. Wodehouse. Unpleasant and *how!* Whatever gave that Wodehouse the impression he or she could write?—*Direct Ancestor of Patrick Henry.*

PUTNAM, CONN.—Please give us more like "Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court." It was *good.* I would appreciate it if you would cut out the murder stories and put in more stories by P. G. Wodehouse.—*J. I. S.*

Aw, Read the Phone Book

MUNHALL, PA.—A magazine is supposedly a medium for relaxation and not an invitation to torment one's brain.

You are offering us articles in which no one except detectives, or one with a homicidal mania, is interested.

Why not give your vast audience the privilege of feeling that to read LIBERTY is a sign of good taste, and not an admission of the criminal instinct?—*W. H. P. Lewis.*

Do Husbands Talk Back?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Isn't it funny, and tragic, how you're supposed to get to know a man through being engaged to him, but don't really know him till you're married to him?

Reading Avery Strakosch's article, "Why I Married Three Times," put that thought in my head, and reminded me of my own experience. Mrs. Strakosch hit the nail on the head when she said: "Men and women are similar to chemicals. Some mix, some don't."

I was engaged to a man and adored him. Then I married him, and hated him.

Next time I marry (if any) I'm going to get hitched up to a scarecrow, or an old-fashioned cigar store Indian. It's so much safer! And neither of 'em could talk back.—*Woman Who Tried, Once, and Failed.*

Rec'd Too Late to Be Included in the Springs Dope on Page 10

NEW YORK, N. Y.—So Captain Elliott White Springs has done it again: another pickled yarn in "Babes in the Woods."

Each author has his own method of working. Springs' method is this: He takes a couple of dozen sheets of typewriter paper, a little portable typewriter, six oranges, a lemon, a little vermuth, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a quarter of a bottle of gin. He dumps 'em into a great big cocktail shaker. He shakes. And out comes a short story.

The captain doesn't write a story. He shakes one up.

Springs' idea of heaven is a place where bottles, full of the Right Stuff, grow on trees. And where the angels carry corkscrews instead of harps.—*L. Johnson.*

Okay—When Will You Be In?

BOUNDBROOK, N. J.—When a child does wrong, does a clever mother kick it and send it weeping on its way? No! She explains, and guides the child.

Well, LIBERTY is only a child, just starting on its career: one of our youngest magazines. Give its editor a chance. Give him a kiss and a pat on the head. Don't kick him.—*Connie.*

Julieta's in Jail

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Let's have more of Grace Robinson. "The Girl Who Went Wrong" was worth while reading. Julieta (who went wrong) surely must have been wonderful company. A trifle expensive, but worth while meeting. . . .—*Dr. H. H. Bauman.*

P. S. Tell Julieta to stay away from Cleveland. Too much competition. . . .

Oh

OMAHA, NEB.—Your editorials approving the exploitation of the animal kingdom for the benefit of the human were scarcely believable. The theosophists have the right slant on this matter. All life is One.

Where the animal now stands in evolution we once stood.

It is our duty to protect, aid, and assist animal evolution onward, rather than to torture them, murder them, and devour their corpses to satisfy a superstitious appetite and childish vanity.

The life evolving in the animal kingdom is destined to one day reach the human level, and we shall have gone on into the superhuman kingdom, but not nearly so fast, so long as we think as does the editor of LIBERTY.—*W. T. F.*

You Don't Know Elsie's Mother

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—The article, "Mother Still Knows Best," by Elsie Janis, sure handed me a good healthy laugh. Of all the applesauce, that was the limit.

Just to show how inconsistent it was, let me quote a part:

"My Mother hasn't one cent in her own name. If I walked out on her tomorrow she would be high and dry," etc.

Then, in the next mouthful, Elsie said:

"I saw the house on a Monday—and murmured that I would love to have it. On Wednesday, I went to the theater for my matinée, and when I returned Mother informed me that the house was mine."

Now, how could "Mommer" possibly purchase a house without one cent of her own?—*A Vox Mommer.*

Is This a Threat?

MARIANNA, FLA.—What's become of this bird called Robert W. Chambers? Better call him in for another one of his brilliant effusions, or you won't just change the *form* of LIBERTY. You'll change its *name* to "Finis," as well.

A nickel is not much money, but I expect something for it.—*C. D. May.*

Try Reading Something Else

CORDELE, GA.—Why all the rewrite about Bryan? The same old stuff we've read for years—too old for news—not old enough for history.

Give us something we haven't seen every day since 1896.—*O. C. Montgomery.*

Rawhide

A Story of Desert Justice

Pictures by FRANK HOFFMAN

By ALMA *and* PAUL ELLERBE

IT was still on the Mesa Blanca where the ranch house was; still on the timbered mountains to the south; on the naked desert to the north—still for a thousand miles. The whole great southwest lay like something etched beneath a geometric moon.

It was a night that didn't even stir the cottonwoods. The old adobe house, freshly whitewashed that spring, shone out of them almost as white as the moon; and everything about it slept; Judith Yawger with her head on her arm in her bedroom; Stephen, her brother, solidly on his back in his; the shepherd dog with its nose on its paws in the patio; the horses, heads adroop, forelegs a little bent, in the corral; and the cows in big rounded mounds behind the barn. There was nothing to hear at the Yawger Ranch but the quiet breathing of things that slept. Until—

At first it scarcely seemed a sound. It was more as if a quality of suffering had come into the silence. A yearling colt became aware of it; started up and stood with ears pricked forward; trotted lightly to the corral fence, rousing the horses. Then the dog, being old and wise and considerate, rose silently; and the girl stirred in her sleep. Stirred and sat up, listening. Along with the honey-sweet odor of Ramona sage and the clean, fresh smell of greasewood from the distant desert, the sound came in, faint but clear, through her open windows—a sort of whimpering jibber—and she jumped from her bed.

"Steve," she cried sharply. "*Steve!*" And caught up her dressing gown as she ran to his door. "Somebody's hurt out there and nearly crazy! Did you hear?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm going." He swung open the door in unlaced boots and trousers and the shirt of his pajamas. "I thought at first it was an animal."

He walked through his sister's room and out of the other door to the cement-floored porch. The dog came in from the patio.

"Don't let Mike follow me," he said, and strode off over the hoof-bitten ground into the shadows of the cottonwoods. When he came out of the other side he looked like a piece of them detached. Judy dropped her hand to the dog's head and watched him go off across the mesa, and beyond him, she thought, something moving, though it might have been rabbit brush.

"HERE!" he called in his deep voice. "This way! Who is it?" But the whimpering jibber didn't stop or louden or change. It seemed past control.

And then she saw him break into a run and lost him in the vague forms of the rabbit brush.

The dog looked up at her and whined. "Steady, old man," she said, and made a light. And the two of them waited until Steve came walking heavily back, looking enormously tall against the westering moon, his long shadow wavering on ahead of him and the whimpering thing in his arms.

"It's Willie King," he said.

And somehow she thought that she had known that it would be.

"Bloor beat him up," Steve said, "because a steer he was driving in went wild and fell over the edge of Stinking River Cañon and broke its neck."

They sat at a table in the big, worn, old kitchen, with the wall lamp turned low and a mesquite fire glowing behind the bars of the cookstove. It hadn't seemed worth while going to bed, so Judy had got breakfast. Through the deep-set windows in the adobe wall they could see the east greening toward another day. Steve had put the boy to bed in the spare room and dressed his bruises and given him something to make him sleep. Judy hadn't helped much, because her brother's big sure hands had seemed to carry the greater comfort. It was like that when the animals were sick.

"And then," Steve said, "Bloor put him in the woodhouse where that big brindle dog of his that's more'n half wolf was chained up, and left 'em there

HE sat there . . . his little piggy eyes shining, and watched me with no more expression than a rock.

I WHIPPED him with my quirt till he fell on his knees and slobbered. He promised most everything.

—well, Willie doesn't know how long—without anything to eat. A couple of days, maybe. The chain let the dog get so close that the kid got the slobber in his face."

Bloor was their neighbor on the west, ten miles away. Judy had felt him there ever since he moved in: a huge, lumpish, mule-faced man who liked to see things suffer. Once they had found him torturing a wolf that he had caught in a trap. Steve had shot the wolf between his hands, and the man had slunk away with a look that stayed with Judy like a bruise.

"God A'mighty!" Steve had said, sweating heavily and breathing hard. "I'd ought to've killed him too!"

And now, Judy thought, with a sudden tightening about her heart, he might have to. Or get killed himself. For the law in Sawtooth County had gone bad that year and Bloor had helped it do it. The sheriff had had need of him, had used him, and rewarded him. There'd be a clean-up in the fall and Steve would help put it through, but in the meantime there was no place in jail for Bloor.

Men were forgetting their grievances or settling them on the spot; and it wasn't likely that Steve could forget this: a frail, peaked boy, scarcely fifteen years old, beaten black, jibbering there in the other room just this side of lunacy. Uneasiness had lain upon them like a blight ever since they heard that a boy had drifted in at Bloor's ranch and was staying there. It wasn't any place for a boy. Nor, for that matter, for any human being. The man lived like a hog.

Steve drank the last of his coffee and rose.

"Something," he said, with that peculiar mildness that fell upon him in the face of danger, "something's got to be done about Bloor."

Judy rose too and looked at him. She was a tall, clear-eyed girl who had trod his stride from childhood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[RAWHIDE
Continued from page fifty-seven]

She put two strong, brown hands on his shoulders and faced him toward the light.

"You're not going to do it alone. And you're not going to let it come to shooting if you can help it. Promise, now."

Steve nodded. "I'll get Derick. We'll ride over there together and tell him Willie's staying here now and to lay off him. That's all I was aiming to do—this time."

"Yes," she said, "you ought to do that"; and he went on out through the patio to saddle a little hook-nosed gray horse named Parrot Face.

Derick Cameron's ranch "cornered" with theirs. His house was five miles away.

In the fall, when he'd sold his steers, he and Judy were to marry.

"Tell Derick," she said, going out to Steve when he stopped beside the kitchen door, "that his sweater's done. And"—she laid her hand on his knee—"be careful, Steve."

"Sure," he said, and patted her hand, and went trotting off toward Derick's place just as the long lances of the day came shaking up over the mesa's edge.

She stood in the door and watched him go. When he spoke in that quiet voice, as if he had no more feeling than a rope or an ax or a gun, she had never seen him stopped. She had been afraid he'd say he'd go alone.

He came back alone about noon, riding slowly, with his face grave and set, and Judy's heart stood still at sight of him.

She had some ado to get out a question.

"Where's Derick?"

When she had said it she sat down on a bench just outside the kitchen door.

"I went without him. He wasn't at home."

And just then, along the road from town, singing a peaceful, midday song, Derick came ajingling, his fair hair up-ended by the wind and the glint of what was going to happen in the fall when he'd sold his steers in his eyes and voice.

He had a fairish tenor, and the Mesa Blanca knew it well. "'Way high up in the Mokiones,'" he sang, "'that top hoss done his best; mid whippin' brush and rattlin' stones from cañon floor to crest'"; and flapped his hammer-headed, rat-tailed bay into a gallop with the hat he held, and pulled up with a shower of pebbles.

"If I was asked to dinner," said he, "if both of you said at once, now, fair and proper: 'Mr. Cameron—'"

But Steve let all the fizz out of him.

"Bloor's pretty nearly flailed the life out of Willie King," Steve said, and told him all about it.

Then: "And so," Steve said, shifting a little in the saddle—Derick, too, remained mounted and Judith looked up at them with the sun in her face—"And so I went on over there, you being out . . .

"HE'S a heavy eater, you know, and lazy. He was still at breakfast when I got there. I got down and walked up the steps and into the room, and he just sat there, hunched up over his plate, and watched me with his little beady eyes. That dog of his got up behind his chair and showed his teeth and his hackles stood up stiff, but didn't either of 'em make a sound.

"'Willie's going to work for me,' I said. 'If you ever touch him again or scare him, I'll whip the hide off you, see?'

"His mouth was all stuck out with bread and fish—some sort of salt fish—you could smell it. He sat there with his knife in one fist and his fork in the other, and his little piggy eyes shining, and watched me with no more expression than a rock. But there was something about him told me his gun wasn't on him.

"Well, after a minute he began to chew. And then he swallowed. And then he said: 'Willie's nothin' to me.' And I said: 'You said it! And don't you ever forget it!' and turned around to go on out again, when he made a little clicking sound and the dog jumped.

"I'd halfway expected it, I guess. Anyhow, I sidestepped and turned and shot him twice in the air, and he fell across the doorsill so hard it rattled the dishes on the table, and died there, kicking like he was hunting rabbits in his sleep.

"'Stick 'em up!' I said, but Bloor'd done it already. He'd reached for his gun on a shelf over his head, but he changed his mind in time to save his life. Which was a pity," Steve added deliberately. "Anyhow, he kept his hands up where he had 'em, and moved away from the shelf so's I wouldn't shoot.

AS they rode, they searched the desert with puckered eyes for something moving.

"I TOLD him to walk, and he stepped over the dog and went outside, keeping his hands up. There were some pieces of rope on a nail in the wall of the house. I took 'em and tied his hands behind his back.

"'I'll show you how it feels,' I said, and I whipped him with my quirt till he fell on his knees and slobbered. He promised most everything. But," said Steve, pushing his hat back with a troubled gesture, "I don't see any reason for believing any of it.

"After I'd untied him and got his gun, I sat in the saddle and took a good look at him. There wasn't anything more in his eyes than a pig's; I might as well've been talking to a 'dobe wall.

"'If I have to 'tend to you again,' I said, 'I'll make it final. And if anything happens to me, Derick Cameron'll do it.'

"And then," said Steve soberly, "me and Parrot Face came on home."

"Hmm," said Derick; and Judy expelled a long and troubled breath.

Over in the cottonwoods a little Sonora dove began to coo in its strange fashion, behind tight-closed beak. The horses stamped and swished. For a long moment no one spoke. And then,

"What do you think?" Steve said to Derick.

But Derick didn't hear him. He had one leg in the air, getting down. He went inside to the telephone and began calling their neighbors. He called every man in a radius of twenty miles—which was exactly five.

And late that afternoon the seven of them went to Bloor's place, and helped him pack every movable thing he had on to a truck he owned, and rode beside him on their horses to the county line. There they made up a purse and paid him for what property he hadn't been able to take with him (it wasn't worth much; he had recently sold most of his cattle and he had always been shiftless), and told him never to come back. And—

"This mesa," Derick said, as he and Judy walked out that night to meet the rising moon, with Derick's horse trailing along behind, "has got a plumb different smell now that that skunk ain't on it."

And Judy agreed that it had. And kissed him good night and talked about how it would be in the fall when he didn't have to ride away from her any more of nights to his little lonely house. And kissed him again, and clung to him for fear that—

She didn't tell him, but shivered as she watched him ride off through the rabbit brush. Walking back to the old white house, she felt something lying over it still that had seemed to come into the air of her great clean mesa when they found Bloor with the wolf—though Bloor was gone. She couldn't feel that they were done with him. For the first time since she had been born there, she was afraid.

Five days later, word came that Bloor had been seen in the Blackwater country, which was a long way off—was thought to be looking round for a homestead there. But still her fear remained, like a taint in the air; grew; possessed her. She couldn't control it. She thought that Bloor was coming back.

And so did Willie King.

WILLIE was happy at the ranch, and useful. Good at fixing things. He was somehow kin to churns and pumps and radios, rifles, windmills, and telephones. The various mechanisms about the place worked as never before. And it was plain that Willie did too, and liked it there. But every now and then Judy saw his fear flash into his face.

The bay mare shot out of the trees.

He wouldn't get within a rope's length of the deep arroyo that came in past the corral, because he thought that Bloor—who had roped him when he had beaten him—was going to creep up through the arroyo and lasso him from the bushes at the top of it. He stayed near Steve or Derick whenever he could; and when he returned to the ranch alone and thought there was no one else at the house, he hid somewhere and looked the place over before approaching it.

He used to hide behind a big prickly pear patch that surrounded an old car that Steve had bought once, secondhand, for the sole purpose, Judy thought, of proving what everybody else knew—that you can't run an automobile without roads. Nobody else on the mesa had ever tried it but Bloor, and his truck had been broken down half the time. Steve's car was broken *all* the time, and he soon abandoned it; pushed it into the prickly pear patch to get it out of the way. Its tires whitened, the prickly pears got up through the floor boards, and a bear ripped the stuffing out of the cushions. Willie's white, fear-sharpened face peering through it all made a sight that none of them liked to see.

"IT might've been better"—Derick said, as he and Steve and Judy came jogging along home together one late afternoon, spurs jingling, the twelve hooves falling in a comfortable rataplan—"it might've been better if somebody had accidentally killed Bloor the other day."

And Judy startled both of them by saying quietly, "I wish somebody had."

On a morning so blue that it looked like an exaggeration, Willie left the ranch early to go to a neighbor's place on an errand for Steve. And then a little later Derick came over and got Judy and they rode off to see some cliff dwellings that Derick knew about, leaving Steve at the ranch alone. On a day that looked peaceful in every direction for a thousand miles.

During the most peaceful part of it, while it was still dewy and cool there in the mountains, and even the desert, lying faint as a dream far off and far down in the north, had scarcely begun to simmer, Judy and Derick came out of the cedar trees and rode swinging toward the house, with joy in their eyes and joy in their hearts. Wherefore they sang a doleful song.

"'Oh, bury me not,'" they sang, "'on the lone prairee, where the wild coyote will howl o'er me'"; and the horses in the corral lifted their heads and whinnied.

They trotted past the corral, singing, "'In a narrow grave just six by three, oh, bury me not—'" and stopped dead. Their horses reared and snorted and then came down and stood prick-eared and uneasy, and stared at the freshly skinned carcass of a steer.

"Now, what in Sam Hill did Steve do that for?" Derick said slowly.

"We don't need any meat," Judy said.

"Maybe"—Derick ran his hand into his hair and frowned—"maybe he wanted the hide for something or other. Funny way to get it, though—killing a full grown steer!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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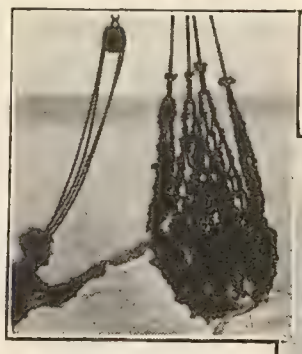

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RAWHIDE
[Continued from page fifty-nine]

"Why didn't he pick a skinny one?" Judy said, the fear growing in her eyes.

Derick saw it and tried to blow it away. "We'll ask him," he said, and lifted his voice like a peacock and sent it searching through the quiet morning: "Hey, Ste-e-ve!"

The face of Old Peter Mountain threw it back, and four seconds later an eagle screamed. Then the one-piece silence that belonged there slipped back over the ranch, the rocks and trees, the mountains behind, and the far, shimmering desert in front.

"Steve!" Judy called suddenly in a voice that quavered a little. "Steve!"

"Oh, well! It's nothing. He'll come loping up in a minute and tell us—" Derick was looking down. He paused ever so slightly and then raised his eyes as if he hadn't seen anything; "—and tell us what it's all about." But the sweat stood out on his forehead.

"What'll he come loping *on?*" said Judy, gone a little white. "All the horses are in the corral."

But Derick had started for the house.

HE came out almost immediately, and Judy pushed aside the tails of his coat. He had strapped on Steve's .45.

"*Why* do you think it was Bloor?" she said.

He hesitated and then pointed to fresh but unmistakable tire tracks on the hard ground. "There's never been but two cars on the mesa, and the other one's over there in the prickly pears."

He stopped, listening. The faint beat of hoofs came through the quiet air.

"Somebody's coming," he said, and led the way around to the front of the house.

He cocked his head into the wind. "It's Willie. That bay mare drags one leg a little when she's tired.

"And she's tired now, all right!" he said a moment later.

They stood in silence until the bay mare shot out of the trees, lathered from nose to tail, swaying as she came, nostrils wide, running in a sort of dead desperation with Willie bent low on her neck. His hat was gone. His straggly, tow-colored hair waved in the wind. His face was as white as the summer clouds above him.

As he pulled up the mare stumbled and almost fell.

"Easy, boy! Easy now!" Derick caught the bridle and looked up at him with steady eyes. "What's the trouble?"

"B-B-Bloor's got Steve!"

Willie and the mare shook together. He had bitten his lip until it bled; there was a red line down his dead-white chin. His hands twitched and fluttered. But he told his story swift and straight, with an eager hanging on to Derick's eyes.

"I seen him from the top of Parson's Hill. Standin' in the road by his truck. Headed the other way."

"Did he see you?"

"No; I rode up in the trees. His truck was broke down, and St-st-steve was in it!"

"Where'bouts in it, and how?"

"Tied up on the floor in the back. There was a piece of tarpaulin over him, but the wind blew it up and I saw him. He didn't see me. He was layin' with his head turned the other way. I—I couldn't do nothin'! Bloor got the truck fixed and—and went on—t-towards the desert!"

Derick's hand tightened on the bridle rein and pinched the mare's mouth until she backed away from him.

"Could you tell what Steve was tied with?"

"Rawhide," Willie said, so low that they could scarcely hear him. "Fr-fresh rawhide. There was blood on it."

Derick let go the bridle rein. His face grew dark and the veins in his temples stood out. He strode quickly around the house to his horse where it stood beside Judy's, and mounted.

DERICK rose and fired twice. The roar of the heavy .45 rolled like thunder among the rocks.

They seemed to sweep around the house with the movement that swung him into the saddle.

"Telephone everybody you can get. Tell 'em all to meet at the pass."

Willie nodded. "Yes," he said. The Yawger house was nearer the pass than any other; he knew the telephoning was an off chance.

Derick looked at him and looked away.

"There's nothing else I can do, but ride for it."

Willie slipped limply out of the saddle and stood clinging to the horn of it, looking pinched and blank.

"Maybe I can head him off by taking the trail. It—it's just possible," Derick said.

JUDY came riding around the house adjusting her revolver, the .32 that Derick had given her to shoot spruce cones and tin cans with!

"You couldn't help me," Derick said gently. "This is not a woman's—"

But she gave her horse the spur and was gone.

Derick rode after her, leaving Willie clinging to the saddle horn beside his drooping horse as though this new world he had found were breaking beneath his feet.

They took the trail that was a short cut to the pass, through which the road by Parson's Hill and the Blackwater road both went down into the desert—the pass through which Bloor would have to go on his way down and his way back. Took it in silence, not daring to talk of the thing that each was thinking of, and had been thinking of since they found the skinned steer:

An Indian who had lived for a while near Bloor and who had killed a steer and skinned it and tied a man up with thongs of the fresh rawhide and taken him into the

BLOOR whirled against the sky, his big arms went wide, he took one staggering step and toppled.

desert and hobbled him and turned him loose. And how the man had walked toward the desert's edge with little hobbled steps. Until the sun shrunk up the rawhide, and he died.

The ride began with a sort of hope. There is hope in action, in rhythm, in the pound of horses' feet. They were riding against the sun. If they could head Bloor off and force him to lead them back to Steve before the sun—

THE first hour of their way lay through trees and their hope grew, because they couldn't see their antagonist. And then the trail coming out above the desert's rim, brought them face to face with it—pitiless, intolerable to look upon—and as they rode, they searched the desert with puckered eyes for something moving, and saw long-legged, long-tailed road runners and antelopes, and ravens spiraling like black arrowheads into the fierce, bright blue; and nothing else; and the terrible, white sun, slanting into the worst hours of midafternoon, poured a flood of visible fire across the desert's face in shimmering coils, and hope was burned out of them. Until their bowed heads and tight-shut mouths, and the pain in their eyes that dared not meet, acknowledged that if they found Steve now, it would be too late.

But still they rode. Still their horses climbed like cats, and sat on their tails and slid; strained their tough flanks and panted and sweated and struggled.

Until suddenly the trail twisted as it approached the pass, and there upthrust upon a rock, seemingly of superhuman size and too rudely made for flesh and blood—more like some accidental formation of the rock—a man stood black against the sky.

"It's Bloor!" Derick whispered, throwing out a hand that checked Judy's horse as he pulled in his own. "He must have got as far as the place on the Blackwater road where you can see the desert and must have seen somebody—"

"Seen somebody pick up Steve." Judy forced the words past the commotion of her heart. "And then he came back to—to lay for him?"

"Yes," said Derick quietly, backing the horses into the shelter of the trees. "Stay with the horses and keep 'em still."

And he swung himself down and was gone through the trees as silently as a bobcat.

BUT Judy couldn't stay. She led the horses out of earshot and tied them and followed him.

The trees gave way to an open space of glaring white shale. It was spotted with stunted bushes. In the shadow of one of them she could see Derick, bent and motionless, waiting.

She stepped behind a clump of juniper and waited too.

It was still on the white shale except for the lizards etching their swift hieroglyphs; and still overhead in the thin, fiery air except for the ravens; and Bloor was as still as his rock.

Why didn't Derick shoot?

Bloor moved a little, and her heart climbed into her throat, but he only bent farther forward to see better into the pass, and his pistol arm didn't move.

Derick crept on to another bush.

The silence seemed to eat into the fibers of her flesh. . . .

Bloor raised his pistol arm, and Derick rose out of the shadow of his bush as swiftly as a sprung trap and fired twice. The roar of the heavy .45 rolled like thunder among the rocks and came back again and again in echoes from the farther hills.

Bloor whirled against the sky, his big arms went wide, he took one staggering step and toppled. He fell down the side of the rock, gaining momentum as he went. He bounced and ricocheted and turned over and over like a log in a stream. And then far down at the bottom of the cañon he lay still against a cedar tree.

The smoke drifted lazily through the thin, bright air and Judy walked stiff-legged and unreal over the white shale. She and Derick hurried into the pass together, and into the narrow road before them, up from the desert below, Steve's old car came climbing, creaking and groaning and swaying, with some of the prickly pears still sticking to its leaking capless radiator, and Willie King clinging to the wabbling wheel with which he had steered the long way round by the road, down into the desert

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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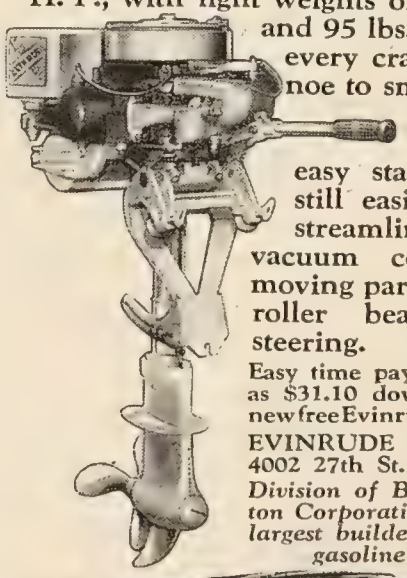

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

[RAWHIDE
Continued from page sixty-one]

and back again. And beside him—

"*Steve!*" cried Judy with a strangled sob.

And Derick made an inarticulate sound in his throat and they ran forward.

Derick ran faster and got there first as Willie came to a bumping stop. He laid his hand on Steve's shoulder and blinked and looked away and said something unintelligible in a strange heavy voice.

JUDY put her head down in Steve's lap—there were no words in her anywhere—and Steve laid his hand awkwardly on her hair.

He was a little listed, like a house that has been shaken by an earthquake, with eyes still strange and stern from having looked so straight at death, and a queer stiffness over him.

"I'm all right, sis. Willie got the old bus going just in time. He'd been tinkering with it on and off for a week, he says."

"I never thought I could do it quick like that! But when I come to after you two'd left an' thought—an' thought of Steve—"

"Forget it," Steve said gently. "I'm as good as new. The point is now—"

But Derick took the words out of his mouth. "Bloor's dead," he said quietly.

It was still that night at the old ranch house; still on the timbered mountains to the south, on the naked desert to the north—still for a thousand miles. And the cold, thin air of Judy's mesa hadn't a taint in it anywhere.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 52

1—Montgomery; Phoenix; Little Rock.
2—One that is rigged for temporary service, usually in an emergency.
3—In Washington, on the line of the Great Northern Railway Company.
4—The use of many words without necessity, or with little sense.
5—The branch of medical science which treats of the discovery and application of remedies for disease.
6—In the province of Quebec, Canada.
7—All are names of American Indian tribes.
8—Elisha (II Kings ii. 13).
9—The old Moulmein Pagoda.
10—Parnassus.
11—From the old wall which extended along it when the city belonged to the Dutch.
12—About 1,000 miles southeast.
13—Alice.
14—Relating or devoted to charity.
15—General Paul von Hindenburg.
16—Sarah Bernhardt.
17—Cubs, Reds, Pirates, Cardinals.
18—A seat or pavilion, generally covered, fastened on the back of an elephant for a rider or riders.
19—The criminal disabling, disfiguring, or mutilating of a person.
20—Memphis, Tennessee.

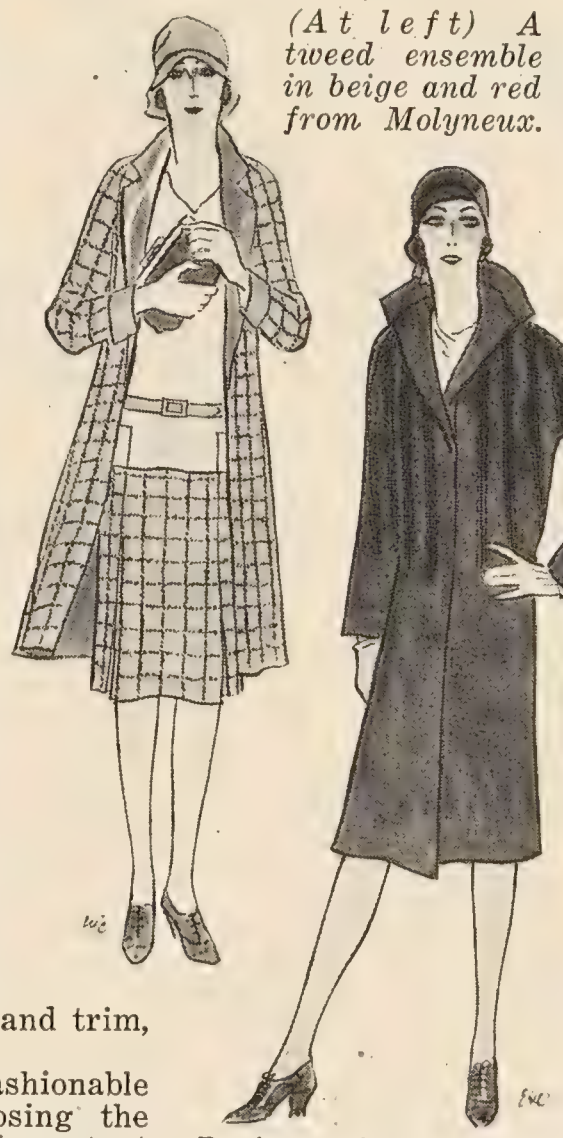
Smart Relations for SPRING Styles

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

PARIS is courting her smart relations now that spring has come. The first snapshots of springtime fashions show clearly that every member of the style family is on intimate terms with all the others. The two leading members—the dress and the coat—as well as all the littler details, sweetly play up the chic qualities of the rest. And at the same time each in its own way is distinct in character. Yes, that's where the novelty and the art come in, also the thrill.

You see, it's this way. There are short coats, long coats, medium coats, straight and flared coats and jackets, all of them important members of the ultrasmart Paris style family. And there are two-piece, one-piece, tailored, girlish, and formal frocks. Each draws its own color line. Then bright or neutral hats, trimmed or untrimmed, small or large, enter into the picture, as well as gay little slippers and trim, quiet pumps.



(At left) A tweed ensemble in beige and red from Molyneux.

Paris prefers a separate coat in dark color, without fur, for wear with bright dresses.

A great many fashionable Parisiennes are choosing the short jacket as an important member of their sartorial families. It is worn morning, noon, and night. In wool it goes over the sports or street dress. In lustrous material, silk or woolen, it accompanies the smartly girlish or formal afternoon frock. And in lamé, satin, or moiré it is a constant companion to the evening gown.

Lady Mendl, one of the most distinctively gowned women in Europe, wears a short jacket of shiny black broché woolen, like the one shown in our third sketch, with her simple daytime frocks of dull-finish woolen. She has adopted a black satin, cravatlike scarf, also shown here, and, so great is her fashion influence, this novel detail is becoming a leading accessory in smart circles. The short straight jacket, like the Molyneux wrap shown, will be worn with the simple springtime frock of red, green, yellow, beige, or blue. Such jackets in novelty woolens with a satiny pattern of self-color are a powerful aid to smart relationships in the daytime wardrobe.

Where your figure is not sufficiently tall and slender to admit of wearing a short jacket, your choice of the Paris coat family for general daytime wear would be a three-quarter or full-length coat. Our second sketch shows a long daytime coat of the type that remains chic, and gives cachet to almost any simple dress. Its warm brown color makes it an extremely smart companion garment for a red, green, white, or pumpkin-yellow dress.

Worn with a separate frock, Molyneux' jacket of black broché makes a smart spring ensemble. The beige wool frock, from Bernard et Cie, has bands of red, blue, and black for trimming.

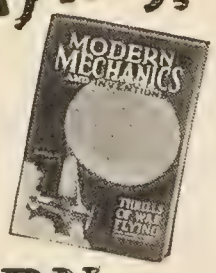
CHANTAL, who created this coat, made it of crêped woolen, and cut it on lines that are slender but with no tendency to be fitted. The vertical welted seams of the upper coat and sleeves, and the standing collar are smart details. The furless coat is the preferred type.

Our first figure shows the conservative springtime ensemble that many smart Parisiennes are wearing. The checked tweed of this Molyneux suit is beige, cross-barred with red. Lady Pearson, for whom this was designed, wears it with a blouse of jersey. The blouse that many smart women are wearing with such suits is made of piqué or linen. This suit has the flared coat that Paris has adopted with such enthusiasm.

Even a single frock has its own fashionable interrelations this spring. Dresses are being trimmed with gay colors, or if they are in bright tones themselves, they are set off with dainty lingerie or georgette details. You choose your own trimming colors, and carry them out in the details of bag, shoes, and hat.

Our fourth sketch shows a Bernard et Cie frock made of beige transparent woolen trimmed with navy blue and bright red crêpe de chine with a touch of black.

Thrills of War Flying!



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Doubles your pep. Heals as it cleanses. Those who know are "crazy" about it. Made No. 1 liquid—No. 2 ointment. Knocks head colds, piles, eruptions. Trial will convince. **Made and guaranteed by makers celebrated Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic.**

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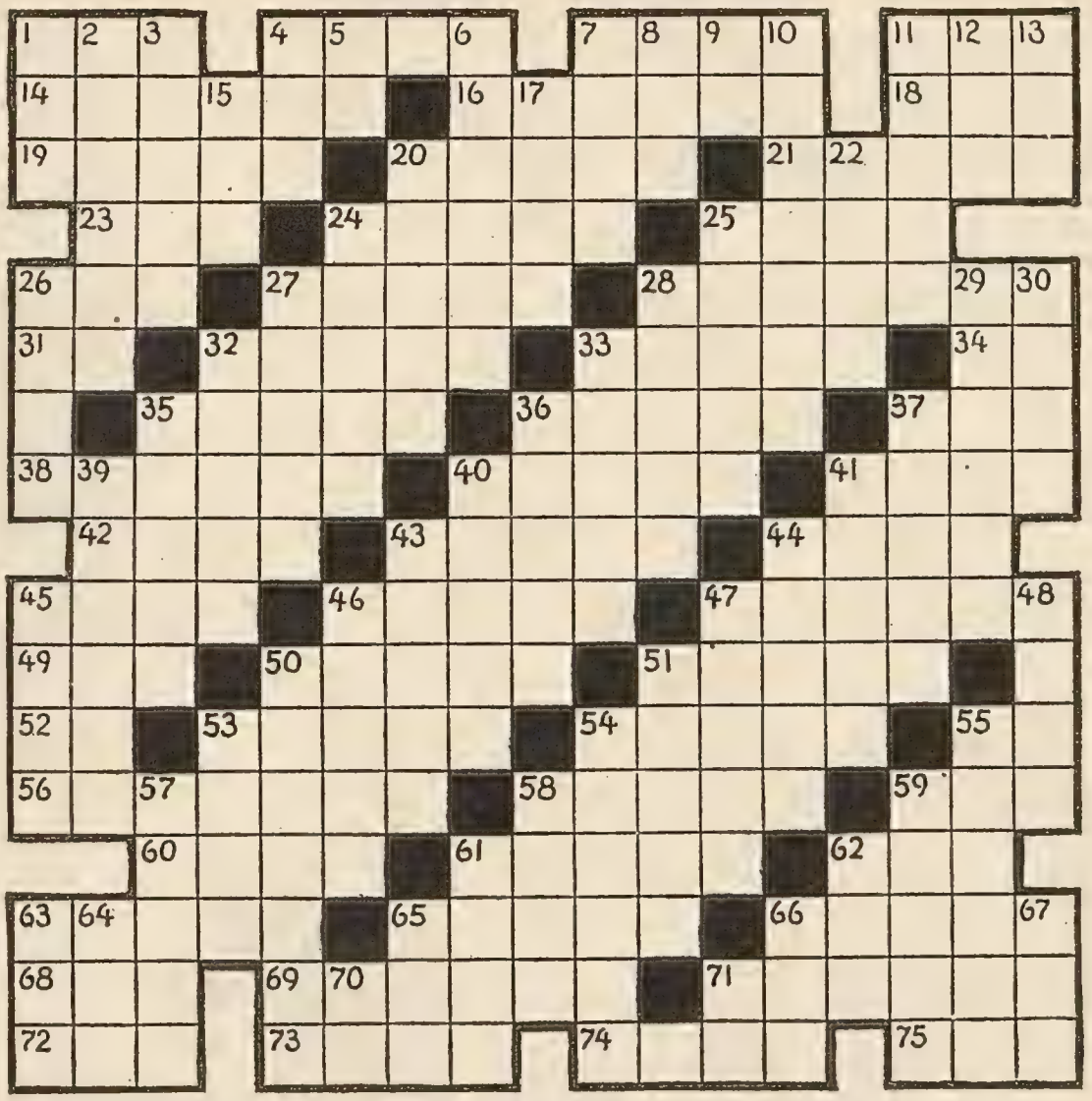
Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. **Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 310-B Security Savings and Commercial Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.**

An *Easy* Puzzle—

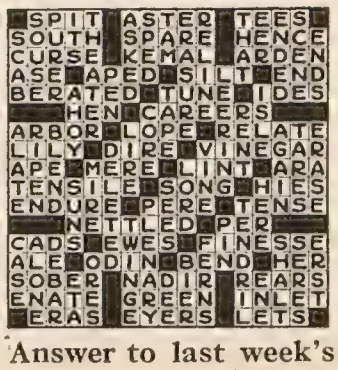


HORIZONTAL

1 Commotion
4 Simians
7 Departed
11 A color shade
14 A water bottle
16 A city in Ohio
18 Reverential fear
19 A river in England
20 Jeopardy
21 Yours
23 A street boy
24 Rasped
25 Niggardly
26 Small plot of ground under cultivation
27 One of Columbus' ships
28 Sulphate of barium (plural)
31 Carplike fish
32 Clues
33 More artful
34 A note of the scale
35 Deals out in small portions
36 To set upright
37 Domestic animal
38 Climbed as by a ladder
40 Small rodent
41 County in New York
42 Crude metal (plural)
43 To color
44 A clique or party
45 Has obligation
46 Glides through the air
47 Herds
49 A youth
50 Twirls
51 A fruit
52 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
53 Images
54 Irregular, as if gnawed
55 Greek letter
56 Redolent
58 Flaps
59 Obstruct
60 Fastening device
61 Moves nimbly
62 A mortal
63 Light-colored
65 Disposition (plural)
66 A shade of red
68 Always; ever
69 Issue forth
71 A fruit
72 An affirmative
73 A Scandinavian
74 Gainsay
75 Put in place

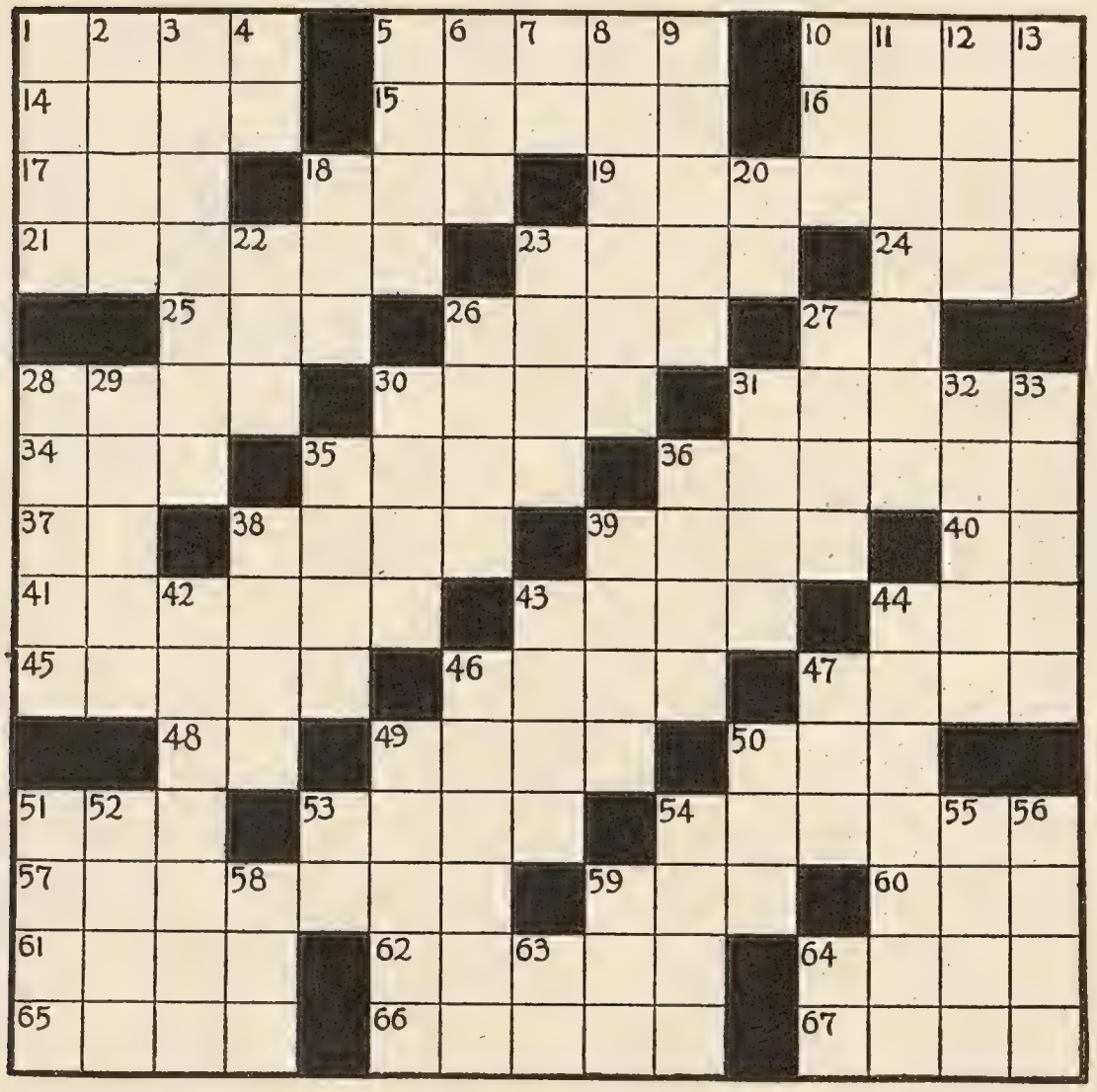
VERTICAL

1 Deed
2 Shot rapidly along
3 Mountain nymph
4 Toward the stern
5 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
6 A fish (plural)
7 Gridiron
8 Any greasy liquid
9 Not
10 Penetrated
11 Corrupt or defile
12 Beard, as of wheat
13 Born
15 Too
17 District
20 Liquid measures
22 Outgrowth of an animal
24 Mulcted
25 A state
26 Offers to pay
27 Stacks
28 Violent gust of wind
29 Woman's name
30 Satiate
32 Cavities
33 Stupefies
35 Risked
36 Dirties
37 Long for
39 A craven
40 Conduits
41 Abscond
43 Aches
44 Crude; coarse
45 Combining form: oil
46 Part of a teapot
47 Liquid globules
48 Slime
50 Reprimanded
51 Grasps firmly
53 A metal
54 Struck out
55 Conduct; control
57 Wind instruments
58 Tailless amphibian
59 Mends by weaving
61 Rent
62 Extinct bird of New Zealand
63 Arm of the sea
64 Caustic alkaline solution
65 Pieces used in chess
66 To shout
67 Permit
70 A parent
71 Over and in contact



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

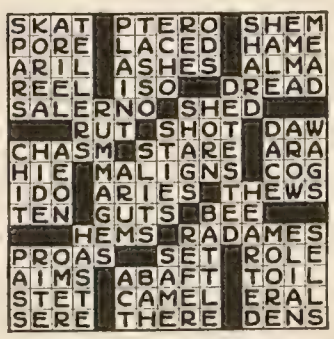


HORIZONTAL

1 A pronoun
5 Teutonic deity personifying the sea (Teutonic mythology)
10 To breed and raise
14 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
15 One terminal of an electric source
16 Accompanied melody sung by a single voice
17 Demon in Teutonic folklore
18 Printer's measures
19 Certain lines used in weather maps
21 Becomes exhausted
23 Anything proverbially small
24 Comprehend
25 Man's name
26 Moccasins
27 Exist
28 The southwest wind
30 Of a size smaller than usual
31 Reproach coarsely
34 A color
35 Menthaceous plant
36 Sacred books of the Zoroastrian religion
37 An Egyptian deity
38 Unconcealed
39 Wear away by friction
40 While
41 Classify
43 Digits
44 Small cubical body
45 Mode
46 Whey of milk (plural)
47 Fasteners
48 Note of the scale
49 Let it stand
50 A container
51 A cuckoo
53 On
54 Having rhythmical fall
57 Edible flesh of a wild animal
59 Proverb
60 A matter; a point
61 Hence (Latin)
62 Rosin
64 A new star
65 A kind of leather used in bookbinding
66 Triple
67 Ridges of drift (geology)

VERTICAL

1 Light two-wheeled carriage
2 Constrain to go along
3 Deprived of contents
4 A progenitor
5 Old German measure of liquids
6 Being, in the most abstract sense
7 Pass from one spot to another
8 Extreme mental deficiency
9 Reposes
10 Jewish title of respect
11 Masculine name
12 River in England
13 Scratch out or off
18 Bird of prey
20 A digraph
22 Attention
23 Consisting of a great number
26 Extremity of the earth's axis
27 Incite
28 A city in France
29 Elaborate meal
30 A kind of wine
31 Certain beads of a rosary
32 Disgrace; taint
33 Facilitates
35 Shave off
36 Superficial contents of a figure
38 Variety of friable earthy clay
39 Stronghold
42 Genus of oleaceous shrubs
43 Suffix; and ten
44 Coin of Peru (plural)
46 Device for pitting
47 Cushion
49 Diversion
50 Cry of a rook
51 Assert
52 Roman emperor
53 A pronoun
54 A staff
55 River in Russia
56 An autocrat
58 Electrified particle
59 Babylonian moon god
63 Note of the scale
64 Not any



Answer to last week's hard puzzle

REGINALD DENNY

Famous Universal Pictures Star

Uses Hair Groom—tells why

He says, "Everyone of us is playing a part in life, and we all have to stand 'close-ups'. Looking your best from head to toe includes your hair! My stand-by for neat, obedient hair is Hair Groom."

A little Hair Groom in the morning will keep your hair combed and glossy all day without making it sticky or greasy. Hair Groom comes in two forms—cream and liquid—both greaseless and nice to use. A liberal sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip the coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 2 L 39
578 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. **FREE**

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Every pound of OVERWEIGHT adds *drudgery* to your *Heart's work!*

IF YOU are definitely over your weight limit lose no time getting back to normal. Every excess pound means a strain upon the heart, a tax on vitality—and decreased efficiency.

Overweight is associated with diabetes, "high blood pressure" and other serious conditions; in fact, authorities are suggesting it may even be the cause!

More common results of obesity include mental and physical sluggishness, lack of endurance, and an unattractive appearance. And, following obesity often comes "faddy" reducing diets, causing a serious type of Acidosis due to incomplete burning of body fat as one loses weight.

If weight is to be reduced, Acidosis must also be reckoned with. The proper method of reducing therefore, is of first importance because the heart may become weakened and Acidosis so aggravated as to expose the system to any one of many minor maladies, forerunners of graver consequences.

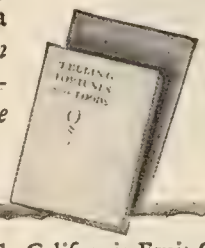
You have it on eminent authority that "a reducing diet must not violate the principles of a normal diet, one of the most important of which is the liberal use of sugar-containing foods, preferably fruit and vegetables, to completely burn the fats." The only change is to reduce fat in the diet to a minimum *and draw upon excess body fat to supply additional energy not obtainable from diet.*

Citrus fruits such as Oranges and Lemons—free from fat and low in caloric values—will help to supply sugar to burn fat; help supply needed minerals; help to meet vitamin requirements of the diet; help prevent constipation; help preserve the necessary acid-base diet balance and help supply fluids.

Those desiring to reduce safely should also note the helpfulness of Orange and other fresh fruit salads, fruit for dessert, *fresh* Orange Juice, *fresh* Lemon Ade and other natural fruit juice drinks between meals and *fruit* salad-dressings instead of mayonnaise.

Safe Reducing diets prepared by the authority mentioned are presented in detail in the booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Reduce safely under these directions and with the added assurance that the scientifically *balanced* diets will correct or prevent Acidosis conditions.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods"—sent free if you mail the coupon—discusses Acidosis in its many forms and tells you that Oranges and Lemons are among the most potent correctives and preventives of the malady known to Medical Science. These fruits, though acid to the taste, *have an alkaline-reaction in the body,* especially valuable in preventing the more common acid-ash type of Acidosis.



California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. Look for trade-mark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
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Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

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Where the THROAT Begins

By

EILEEN BOURNE

The perfect throat. It belongs to Muriel Finley, a Follies girl and a famous model.

WITH all the little stars and arrows pointing vulnerable spots at you from billboard and magazine page, it takes a firm chin to keep from trembling over its impending fate. The skull and crossbones of piratic familiarity are mild promises of discomfort compared to an arrow directed at a crêpy, crisscross-lined, or cushion-padded throat.

So keenly aware are women themselves of the vicissitudes of time upon this particular feature of the anatomy that the reminders in advertising form are but conscience stabs. Why haven't they done something about forestalling the age imprint on throat and chin? Why aren't they doing something about it now before youth pulls up its last stakes and steals away?

Some artist of sufficient repute to be quoted on the subject of beauty said not long ago: "So long as the older woman can keep her head high and her throat young she may sit in the front ranks with beauty."

One wonders just where in the shuffle of years that satin-smooth, slender throat of girlhood disappears. At just what age does it begin to lose its velvety smoothness and its fine architectural proportions?

It depends upon the age at which fat is permitted to coarsen it, underweight to shadow and hollow it, or neglect to encourage the deep circular wrinkles to run around it or emboss those queer "hanglings" beneath the chin.

With the popularity of the bob has come more and more neck consciousness. With good reason. The shorter the hair, the sharper the throat's outline—the clearer its beauty or lack of it. The shadows furnished by fluffed-out long hair, behind which the age signs of the throat might hide their early development at least, is lifted. The frank revelation should force a woman to study her neck as conscientiously as she does her face for threatening lines and wrinkles.

One might wager with perfect surety that 60 per cent of the women who cold-cream their faces daily venture no fraction of an inch beyond the chin and jaw line with their fingers greased for action. The care of the skin usually ends immediately where the throat begins.

Our object at this time is not to go into detail about how to care for the neck, but to aid in the propaganda for younger looking throats. The success of this depends, in my opinion, upon a wider acceptance of the skin surface of face and neck as one surface, not as two separate parts.

If you're making any beauty resolves, determine that when you cold-cream, wash, massage, and use an astringent on the face, you will continue the good work just as conscientiously and consistently to the base of the throat.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....134

Pio Mora was waiting for her. He placed in her hand a stiletto.

Pictures by
DALTON STEVENS

Death Strikes Again
in

The Murders on the Roof

A Serial of Mystery on Broadway

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

TED MOREHOUSE was a powerful young Middle Westerner. With his bare fists he started a scrap at The Corsairs Club that startled even that notorious New York cabaret. Before he was forcibly stopped he had punished the face of Pio Mora, the club's star singer, and beaten up Carozzo, its owner.

Ted was in a fury of jealousy. These men had been making love to Molly Sommers, the girl he loved. Molly was a singer at the club, under the name of Eileen Drew. To Ted she was a pearl before swine, though he knew the splendid motive that had brought her there.

A murder had been committed in that gilded dive. Spots Larkin, a man with a huge diamond to sell, had been stabbed with a steel spindle. Anthony Sommers, Molly's father, was discovered near by, in a sodden sleep.

In a wastebasket the police found a wad of gum with a fake diamond embedded in it, and a blood-soaked handkerchief marked "A. S." Sommers was held, tried, and sent to prison. His defense had been that The Corsairs

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from preceding page

Club ring—Carozzo; Carozzo's girl, Marcia Caponi; Pio Mora; and a ruffian, Mickey Finn—had framed him.

Molly, out West, reading the account of the trial, believed they had. She went to New York, determined to find the real murderer. She sought for, and secured, the job of Corsairs Club singer. Deliberately she tried to fascinate—and succeeded. Carozzo grew mad about her. He even promised her the Larkin diamond, hinting that he knew where it was.

She led him on. Geoffrey Platt, rich young bachelor, she did not lead on. He adored her. Clearly he knew more about the murder than he was willing to tell. Still, Molly trusted him.

It was he who shielded Ted from the police, after the fight. Labor lost, for Morehouse had not had enough. He attempted a second visit to the club, but Carozzo's guards kept him out.

In desperation he climbed an unfinished building across the street from the club—up and up—then crawled out on an uncompleted bridge between the two structures. He walked a beam, and with ten feet of space between him and the club terrace below—jumped.

Part Eight

"MY countenance hath deceived him to his destruction, and yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile and shame me."

All day long, and all the evening, and all during the show, the triumphant song of Judith banged against Molly's mind like a shutter in the wind. Sometimes it brought her an echo of her mother's voice and a memory of her mother's eyes. Sometimes it brought her a little hope. But mostly it mocked her.

She would be thinking of her father, thinking that he could not possibly have left the penitentiary; she would be thinking of Platt and trying to find him; she would be thinking of Ted—and suddenly that song of Judith was singing in her brain.

She had not seen Platt, though she had searched New York for him. He was not at the club, though he was giving a party there this morning. His guests, a dozen or more newspaper men, sat at a long table near the dance floor, but Platt did not appear.

She had not seen Carozzo, though he had sent word to her that he was better and was expecting her after the show. She had not seen Marcia save during the few moments when the girl was singing:

"Fish gotta swim;
Bird gotta fly;
I gotta love—
One man till I die."

They had almost gained the door, when it opened, and Geoffrey Platt bade her a courteous good morning.

Marcia stood in the balcony as she sang, with the strong light on her, and Molly could see agony in her face—an agony that no paint could hide. The patrons below her drank and talked and laughed, unconcerned, unheeding. The song stopped, and Marcia fell, and lay quiet. Two waiters had rushed up the steps and borne her down, and taken her out on to the roof. Molly had seen no more of her.

Molly had seen Babe as soon as she entered the club. Babe had been waiting for her, worrying, nervous. And yet, her only words were reproaches.

"You oughta be ashamed of yourself," she began, "staying away all day. Where you been?"

"I can't tell you."

"I guess you don't want to," Babe said sullenly. And then she seized Molly's hands and her tone altered.

"Listen, Dearie, I'm not knocking you for trying to get all you can out of that old buzzard. That's business. And if a girl can get away with it decent—that's swell. But when you throw over a boy like this Morehouse for that wop—Dearie, it ain't right. And if you go through with it—"

"Yes?"

"I'm offa you for life. Huh! Him ready to wreck New York for you. And you—"

"Please don't talk about him," Molly begged.

"Oh, damn it, kid, I can't stand to see you do this!" And Babe ran away from Molly, crying noisily.

Pio Mora Molly had encountered after her last song. He was waiting for her outside the dressing room door. His discolored eyes showed through the white paint of his clown make-up. The painted smile he wore was a hilarious one; but he was solemn, even pathetic, she thought.

He placed in her hand a stiletto with a silver blade and a gold handle freckled with red stones. On the handle was an etching of her face, and the words, "Memento Mora."

"Madonna," he said softly, "it ees the leetla present I geeve you. No? For your wedding day I geeve it. Maybe some day—". His voice failed, and he left her quickly, his earrings jingling merrily.

She looked at the weapon. What a curious thing to give for a wedding present! And what a delicate way of putting it. Wedding! She sighed. "Maybe some day—" What had he started to say? Maybe you'll need this some day—to kill yourself? Maybe she would.

She read the inscription once more. "Memento Mora!" Remember Mora? How could she forget him. Memento Mora. The phrase seemed vaguely familiar to her. Where had she heard it before? Ah—*Memento mori:* Remember you must die! A Latin pun inscribed by a barbarian. She passed through the door and began to take off her costume.

THE girls were putting on their street clothes, talking, laughing, smoking cigarettes. Several of them were discussing Marcia, and one who had seemed to be Marcia's best friend called her a name that made Molly wince. Some day, she thought, people would apply that epithet to her.

"Yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile and shame me."

She was alone in the dressing room now, rubbing on her face and throat a creamy liquid that smelled faintly of almonds. The stiletto lay on the shelf before her. She wiped off the cream with a towel. Streaks of red and black and yellow came off with it. She looked at the towel as though it were a curious flag, and began massaging her skin with ice.

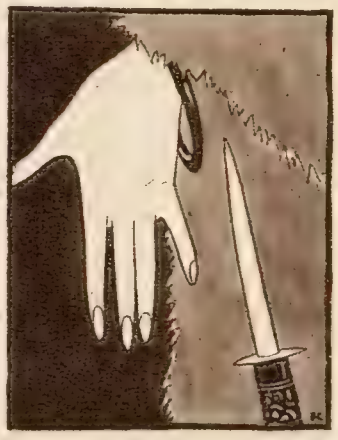
It seemed a long time since she had seen her face thus, without make-up. It looked strange to her—younger, fresher. It looked innocent. She dusted it lightly with powder, and rubbed her eyebrows with soapy water until they resembled the damp wings of a bird. She brushed her yellow hair straight back, leaving a widow's peak on her forehead. She brushed it over her ears, twisted it into a knot at the back of her neck.

"My countenance hath deceived him to his destruction."

She stepped into the simplest dress she had, a navy blue with flesh-colored collar and vest, and pressed a wide-brimmed hat of a dark hue over her hair, put on her shaggy camel's-hair coat.

Any man, she tried to convince herself, would take pity on such a girl as she now saw in the glass. Any man, her reason added, but Carozzo.

She lingered in front of the glass a long time, half tempted to steal out of the cabaret and take the first train to Sommerville. But that would be cowardice. That would be deserting her father. She tried to smile at the girl in the glass. At first she could only stare; then gradually her features assumed the smile she had learned in this dressing room. Without the powder and the mascaro and the rouge, the smile was a hideous grimace, the smile of the hard-boiled children of Broadway.



But even as she looked her face changed, and her own smile came back to her, and she felt herself again—unafraid, determined, able to cope with any situation that might arise. Men, even the worst of them, were but stupid children—and she could handle them. Even Carozzo she could handle.

The smile was still upon her face as she walked into his den, and found him in his morning clothes, sitting at his desk. The stiletto was hidden in the right sleeve of her dress.

THE room was bright with roses. Great masses of them bloomed on the desk, on the great oak table, in vases near the French windows, in vases on the card tables—long-stemmed American Beauties, white roses, pink buds, pale gold buds.

"You like them?" Carozzo greeted her. He came toward her slowly. "They are for you, Eileen. Twelve flower shops I bought out. All the roses they had. Eighteen hundred dollars they cost me. Just for you."

"They are beautiful," Molly said, inhaling the perfume of them.

"Eighteen hundred dollars' worth," he said again. "It is nothing—for you."

There was a shyness in him she had never seen before, an awkwardness of manner. They stood a moment, smiling at each other, Molly confident, serene, a little amused; Carozzo hesitant, puzzled at her bearing, puzzled at himself. Ah, this was a lady! And she was his. But why couldn't he take her into his arms at once?

"You are going away?" she asked, looking beyond him to an open suitcase.

"We," he said—"we are going away. On—on our honeymoon!"

She stepped back from him, looked at him as though she had never seen him before: a fat man in morning clothes; a greasy man who had evidently spent hours grooming himself.

"Our honeymoon?"

"But yes." He came closer to her, took her hands. She felt herself growing rigid.

"We are going to be married—this morning—my Eileen. We will have a little wine—a little toast to happiness. So. Then we will get into my car. It is waiting downstairs now. We will go to Greenwich. We will be married there. Everything has been arranged. Pio Mora arranged—arranged everything. You are not glad?"

Molly drew her hands from his, sat down in a chair near his desk.

"If I do not look happy," she said, "it is because I am ill. All day I have been worried, and all night too. My head aches—frightfully. And now you talk of marriage."

She looked away from him, took a rose from a cut-glass vase on the desk, fondled it, let it drop.

"A girl likes to know weeks ahead," she said, as if she were talking to a child. "A girl likes to plan for her wedding day, likes to think of it, to wait for it, to make little plans, to buy clothes, make her own arrangements."

"You do not wish to marry me?" he demanded.

His shyness had worn off. He was sulky, dangerous. She smiled at him, and he was awkward again.

"I thought you would be glad," he said stupidly.

"Would you have me married in this dress?"

"But yes. Any dress."

She laughed at him. It was good to be able to laugh.

"'The bridegroom was dressed in striped trousers and cutaway coat and spats,'" she said. "'The bride—'" She stopped with a forced laugh.

"But I will buy you all the gowns you want, Eileen," he said. "We will go to the shops before we start for Greenwich. You shall have whatever you need—and damn the price. And look!"

From his trousers pocket he took a pair of diamond earrings. He shot them out on the desk as he would have rolled a pair of dice.

"For my bride!" he said proudly.

"Give me time," she said, rising from her chair.

Before he could answer there was a knock on the door. Molly pretended fright. She put a finger across her lips. "Wait," she whispered, and darted to the bedroom, closing the door softly.

She sat on the bed and stared through the bars of the window.

Why did Carozzo want to marry her? It wasn't like him to want to marry any girl. Perhaps Qug knew something about this, she thought. Why, of course. Qug, the hoodlum, the gangster, had told Carozzo that if he didn't marry "this square dame" he might be killed.

Marriage to Carozzo! She wanted to laugh at the irony of the situation, wanted to scream at the horror of it.

She had almost brought herself to the point of giving herself—for a day, a week—for as long as it might take to worm out of Carozzo the truth of the Larkin murder. But marry him? That seemed more shameful yet.

To live with him here, to sleep with him here, be Mrs. Carozzo to all his world and hers! What a son-in-law to give her father!

Yet, for her father's sake, she was ready even for this last degradation. She would go to Carozzo now, and tell him. But Mora was still out there. She knew it was Mora by the jingle of his earrings.

"Memento Mora!" Her hand stroked the sleeve that concealed his wedding gift. "Maybe some day—" She knew now what Mora had meant to say.

Silence again in the den. She opened the door a trifle and looked out. She saw Marcia, and closed the door again. She did not want to hear what Marcia had to say to Carozzo. She went to the window, where she could not hear.

"How can I do it?" she asked herself. "How can I do it?" And she looked at the bars on the windows and found her answer there.

She was halfway to the door when she heard a shot.

She opened the door quickly and ran into the room.

Ted was standing near the desk, a revolver in his right hand. There was snow in his hair, snow and ice on his clothes. He was in his stocking feet. He was dripping wet. His hand shook, and his chest heaved like a bellows.

He was looking at something that lay at his feet.

She went to him, slowly, fearfully, knowing what had happened.

She saw the body of "Big Joe" Carozzo lying face upward on the carpet, his eyes open, his shirt front welling red.

There was a red rose in one of his outflung hands.

II

ACROSS the body of Carozzo, Ted and Molly looked at each other.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes."

"You must get away," she said quickly.

"You must come with me," he said.

They had spoken together.

"Come," she said, hurrying around that dread dead thing on the carpet to take his hand. "Hide the gun."

"Quick," he said. They started toward the door, when she stopped.

"Ted—suppose—suppose someone comes in! We—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page sixty-nine

we can't leave him like this. They'd follow us. We can't—" She looked all around the room for a rug, a shroud of some kind.

"The roses," she said. "Ted, the roses."

In her wide, frightened eyes he saw what she had tried to say.

He took the roses from a vase on the desk and threw them on the body. Molly took the flowers there were on the long table. They worked feverishly, pricking their hands with thorns, emptying the vases, piling the roses on the dead.

"Eighteen hundred dollars' worth of roses," Molly heard herself saying. "For you. Just for you."

She heard herself saying, too, the words of Judith's song:

"My countenance hath deceived him to his destruction, and yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile and shame me."

She felt guilty of this murder. Ted had killed him, but it was her fault. If the police caught Ted—

Carozzo was dead, and she could never free her father. But—but Ted might be put in the same penitentiary with him, if he were caught. Either that or—or the chair.

"Oh, come quickly!" she cried. She seized his big, cold, wet hand and drew him away—and remembered only then that she had dropped the stiletto that was in her sleeve.

"Wait," she said, hysteria in her voice. It wouldn't do to leave that weapon in this room. She must find it.

She saw its hilt among the roses, the red stones like drops of blood. She snatched it up, and once more it was in her sleeve.

"We'll never get out of here," she thought.

THEY had almost gained the door when it opened, and Geoffrey Platt bade her a courteous good morning.

Molly and Ted stopped where they were, hand in hand. Platt looked from one to the other. He seemed startled at Ted's appearance.

"I didn't expect to see you here," he said, a light laugh sugaring his words. "Have you been walking around the roof all night?"

Ted met his laugh with one equally light.

"I couldn't get up the elevator," he said. "They wouldn't let me. So I came up the skyscraper next door—and jumped across."

"Jumped?"

"Oh, we rigged up a girder for a springboard," he said. "I'm taking Miss Sommers home with me this morning."

Platt bowed politely.

"You'd better change your clothes first," he said. "And if I were you I'd take a cold bath!"

Something in his voice made Molly look at him sharply.

"A cold bath?" Ted asked.

"Cold," Platt said dryly. "There's blood on your hands, you know."

Instinctively Molly stepped in front of Ted.

"He cut his hands," she said.

She saw men in back of Platt—men she had never seen before. They were young men, but she knew they were detectives. What did it mean?

"I didn't mean to intrude," Platt explained. "I came to see Carozzo. Is he in the bedroom?"

They were trapped! They could not run out the door. She turned to the windows. Men were out there too, looking through the panes, waiting.

"No," Molly said; "he is not in there."

Platt looked suddenly at a spot on the carpet, near the desk. Molly followed the direction of his eyes; saw what he saw—blood.

He walked toward the desk, saw the mound of roses behind it.

Ted drew Molly toward him, and smiled at her. His left arm held her bright head to his cold, wet shoulder, and his right hand held out the revolver to Platt.

"I'm sorry," Platt said. "More sorry than I can say. I must place you both under arrest on suspicion of homicide. And I must warn you"—it seemed to Molly that he was fighting for control of his voice—"that anything you say may be used against you."

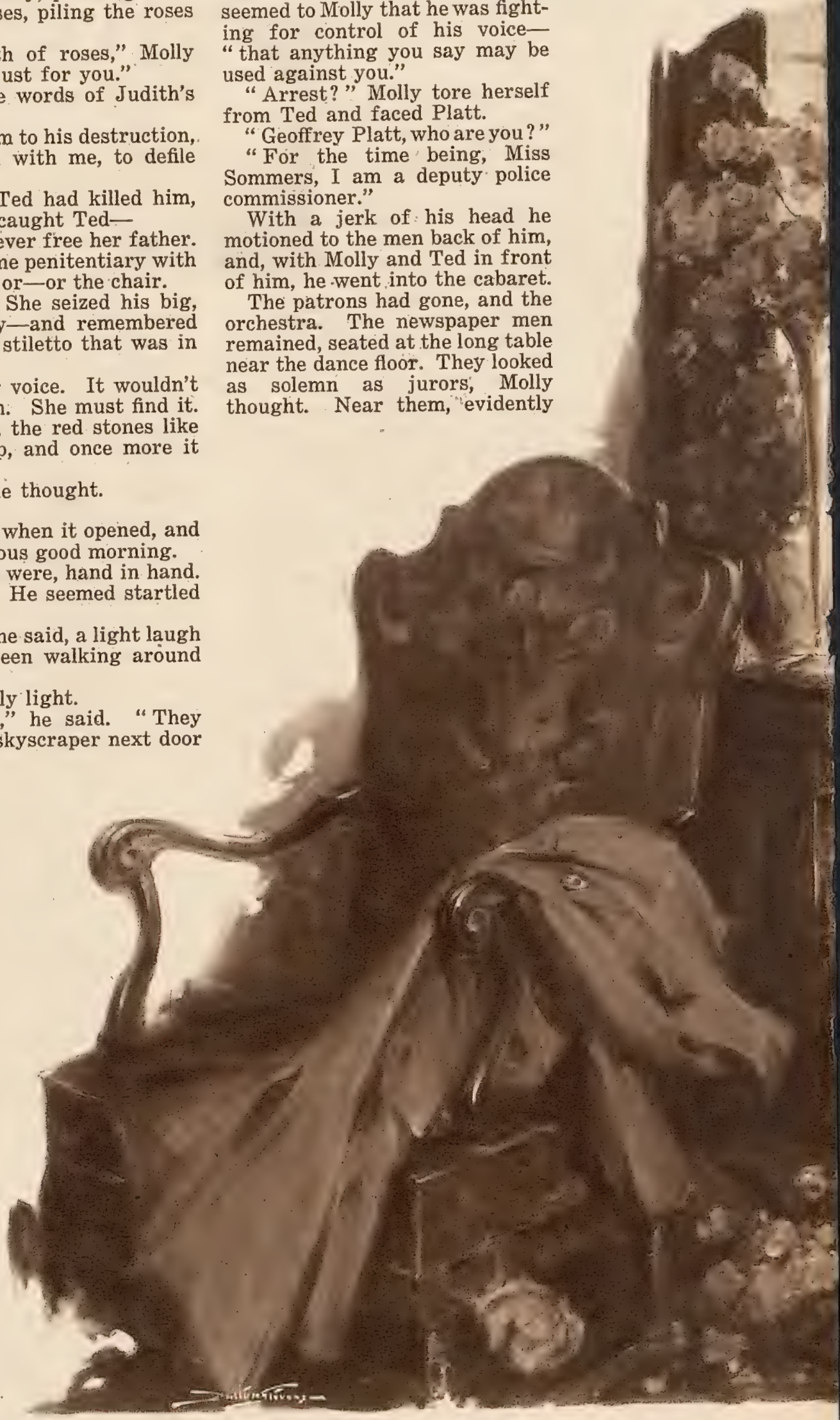
"Arrest?" Molly tore herself from Ted and faced Platt.

"Geoffrey Platt, who are you?"

"For the time being, Miss Sommers, I am a deputy police commissioner."

With a jerk of his head he motioned to the men back of him, and, with Molly and Ted in front of him, he went into the cabaret.

The patrons had gone, and the orchestra. The newspaper men remained, seated at the long table near the dance floor. They looked as solemn as jurors, Molly thought. Near them, evidently



He took the roses from a vase on the desk and threw them on th

under guard of detectives, were Mora, Theresa, Marcia, Mickey Finn, and the waiter, Flat Wheel.

The leering white skull that decorated a Jolly Roger rested above the head of Mickey Finn. Molly thought of Carozzo lying dead beneath his roses, and looked away from the flag, looked at the waiter.

Flat Wheel, she saw, was the only waiter in the place. There were detectives at all the doors, even at the door of the dressing room—detectives in evening clothes, detectives in plain clothes. And there were men in blue uniforms, too.

Molly had stopped a moment in the doorway, her hand tightening on Ted's. She started forward when she saw Henschell and Retticker getting up from their chairs.

took the flowers on the long table. They worked feverishly.

"Sit down, gentlemen," she heard Platt's calm soft voice behind her. "Please don't be impatient."

He gave a signal, Molly supposed, for a policeman came from the other side of the room and placed chairs for her and Ted, set them between the newspaper men's table and the chairs where Mora sat with his companions.

"Please sit here," Platt said, when he had ushered Molly to the chair. "Don't be alarmed, and don't say anything until I ask you questions."

He confided Ted to the care of two men.

"Take him to my room," he said. "Let him take a bath and change his clothes. You needn't handcuff him."

"I'm all right," Ted spoke up. "Don't bother about me, Mr. Platt."

Molly smiled at him. He didn't want to leave her, even for a moment.

"Go, please, Ted," she said. "And put on something warm."

Ted looked at Platt suspiciously.

"This isn't a trick to—to—"

"To separate you and get you each to tell a different story? No. I will wait until you return."

"Thank you. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Platt whipped the cloth off a table, moved the table directly in front of Molly, and sat down. The newspaper men were on his left, the others on his right. A young man, evidently a stenographer—because he carried a notebook and there was a sheaf of pencils in the breast pocket of his coat—sat himself at Platt's left.

"Gentlemen," Platt addressed the reporters, "I promised you the greatest story of your careers. You shall have it—in due time. I brought you here that you might right a great wrong—and I have stumbled on what seems to be a murder!"

Mora sprang up.

"Joe!" he cried in his terrible voice. The stenographer dropped his pencils. One of the reporters jumped. Marcia gasped and was silent.

"Be seated, everybody," Platt said calmly. "It is Big Joe—but—"

Several of the reporters started to run out. Platt motioned them to return.

"When Mr. Morehouse comes back," he said, "we will proceed. I know how eager you are to get in touch with your editors, to get out extras. But until this investigation is over—or we find it necessary to adjourn to the district attorney's office—I must ask you all to remain in your seats and to be quiet."

He stood up. He smiled.

And Anthony Sommers entered the room, walking with Deputy District Attorney Anson Keen.

MOLLY'S heart seemed to stop beating as she watched her father walk across the floor. He was strong, tanned, glowing with health. He was smiling, shaking his white mane, as he clasped Platt's right hand.

The newspaper men were staring at him, even as she, even as those others on her left. If they had seen a dead man come walking out of his grave they could have been no less shocked. But Molly did not see. She kept looking at her father's face—seeing every little detail of it.

How long it was since she had seen him last—at the little depot in Sommerville where he had kissed her good-by!

How cruel life had been to him since that day—and to herself. He had gone to New York. He had won astounding victories. His name had grown mighty, had become magic. He had been tried for murder, and found guilty. She had come to New York to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page seventy-one

save him. She had put aside love and honor and respect and everything that was dear to her.

And here he was, mysteriously out of his prison cell, greeting Geoffrey Platt, talking amiably with him and Anson Keen, who had sent him to prison.

That convict had been right. The warden had lied to her. His secretary had lied to her. And Platt—only Platt knew why.

Her father was coming toward her!

Now she found strength to leap up. She ran to him, took him in her arms, kissed him, fondled his hands. And her lips kept saying, "Father! My father!"

He was shocked at seeing her—as shocked as she had been at seeing him.

They sat side by side. They attempted explanations, but found they were merely mumbling incoherent words and exchanging looks of incredible amazement and delight.

Ted came back while they were still fumbling with words. He shook hands with Anthony Sommers.

"I can't say how glad I am to see you," Ted said. "You're the one man we need."

"Need?"

But there was no time for explanation. Platt was speaking:

"Gentlemen"—Ted sat down beside Molly as Geoffrey Platt looked at him—"you will please not consider this as any sort of court proceeding. It is merely a sort of investigation, and an explanation of a crime. I have been appointed, temporarily, as deputy police commissioner.

"It is unconventional, perhaps, to question witnesses in the presence of members of the press. I do not know that it has ever been done before, at least in New York. However, should anything develop that might be of a confidential nature, the publication of which would thwart the ends of justice, I trust you will omit it from your reports. I shall put none of these witnesses under oath. I shall force none of them to talk. That is—they are at liberty to keep silent if they wish. But I believe they will talk.

"Captain O'Malley of the homicide squad, a few of his men, and Dr. Korn, the medical examiner, are in the next room. A crime has been committed there, and I expect within a few moments to learn all the details of it. Meanwhile I propose to ask these witnesses a few questions."

A DETECTIVE came out of the den. He whispered something to Platt and Keen—the latter sitting at Platt's right. Platt nodded, gave some instructions, and—when the detective had disappeared into the den—turned to Mora.

"Mora," Platt said, "I warn you that anything you say may be used against you. And I ask you—when did you last see Carozzo? Remember, you do not have to tell me unless you wish to do so."

The stenographer looked up from his notes.

"I talk," Mora said. "I see Joe just a leetla while ago."

"In his den?"

"Yes. I was to be hees bes' man. Me! Hees bes' man."

"His best man? He was preparing to marry?"

"Correct! Me, I have make all thees arrangement. Joe he was gon' marry Mees Drew right away queeck thees morn'. I was to be hees bes' man."

"But you knew he had a wife—in Italy?" Platt asked.

"Yes, I know that."

"And another one in Sicily?"

"And one more yet in Mexico," Mora answered. "But *madonna*—she never know about thees thing. We never tell."

Molly did not dare look at her father.

"You thought it all right for Carozzo to marry this innocent girl?" Platt demanded. "You thought it decent?" Mora's only answer was a shrug of the shoulders. Molly looked at him, looked away from him quickly.

"What did you say to Carozzo?"

"I weesh heem good luck. I tell heem thees car she ees wait downstairs, and thees chauff' he ees freezing. He say he come right away. We have thees so leetla dreenk—to hees happiness. And I go. I never see him again!"

"You didn't kill him?"

"No! No!"

He shook his head violently, gold hoops jingling madly.

"Eef I find who keel Joe," he roared, "Santa Maria, I slit hees throat!" He started toward Platt. Two detectives jumped to stop him.

"With a spindle?" Platt asked gently.

Mora stopped. For a moment his face flashed white—as if it had been miraculously repainted with the make-up he had washed off. And then he smiled ingratiatingly.

"Excuse, please!" he begged. "I was excite'. I don't know what I say."

"I ask you again," said Platt, when Mora had taken his seat. "Did you shoot Big Joe Carozzo?"

"No," the subdued giant said, his voice scarce more than a whisper. "I did not shoot heem."

"Was there anyone else in the room at the time?"

"No."

"Did you see anyone in the bedroom?"

"I see no one but Joe. An'—we shake hands before I go. An' I say, 'Good luck, Joe,' and he say, 'I come right away queeck.' That's all!"

"Where were you when the shot was fired?"

Mora shrugged his shoulders.

"Did you hear the shot fired?"

"I hear nothing. I am gon' out of thees place when thees police they stop me."

"You saw no one coming into the den as you went out?"

Mora's only answer was made by the hollow hoops that hung from his hairy ears.

TED rose before Molly could restrain him.

"What's the use of all this?" he cried. "I fired the shot. You've got the gun. What else do you want?"

"He's trying to save me!" cried Molly, springing up to stand beside her lover. "He thinks I killed Carozzo. The revolver was lying there when Ted came into the den. I saw him pick it up. He thinks I shot him."

Platt gazed at the pair with something of a smile about his lips. He turned to Keen.

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked.

He turned to Molly.

"I told the deputy district attorney that you would try to take the blame to save him," he said, "and that he would confess to save you. It always happens that way. It's old stuff. Even your father knows that."

"I must request my daughter not to say another word," said Anthony Sommers, rising. "I appreciate what you have done for me, Mr. Platt, and what you intend to do. But my daughter's safety means more to me than anything else in life."

"Naturally," said Platt. "And if you will sit down and let me proceed, we will get through the sooner."

And now it was Marcia who had sprung up out of her chair. She ran at Platt—a scarlet streak.

"You are all trying to save her!" she cried. "You all love her—you, her father, Mora, Henschell, Retticker, him"—pointing to Ted. "You're all trying to save her. A roomful of her lovers! And she killed him. She killed him! She stabbed him through the heart!"

Her voice rose to a shriek. Her finger pointed dramatically at Molly, and wild lights burned in her eyes.

"How do you know he was stabbed?" Platt asked.

"Look at her!" Marcia cried. "Blood on her hands. Blood on her wrist!"

Molly glanced down at her right hand. It did have blood on it.

The stiletto fell from her sleeve, and stuck in the floor. The silver blade was red.

What can Molly say, or do, to avert the doom foreshadowed by that wet blade? You'll learn next week.

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

AFTER the first of his own nominations for President, the most dramatic hour of Bryan's life, as thus far recounted by Mr. Werner, came in 1912 when he deadlocked the Baltimore convention. The results appeared in last week's installment: the nominee was not Champ Clark but Wilson, who, being elected, repaid Bryan with appointment to the highest position in his cabinet.

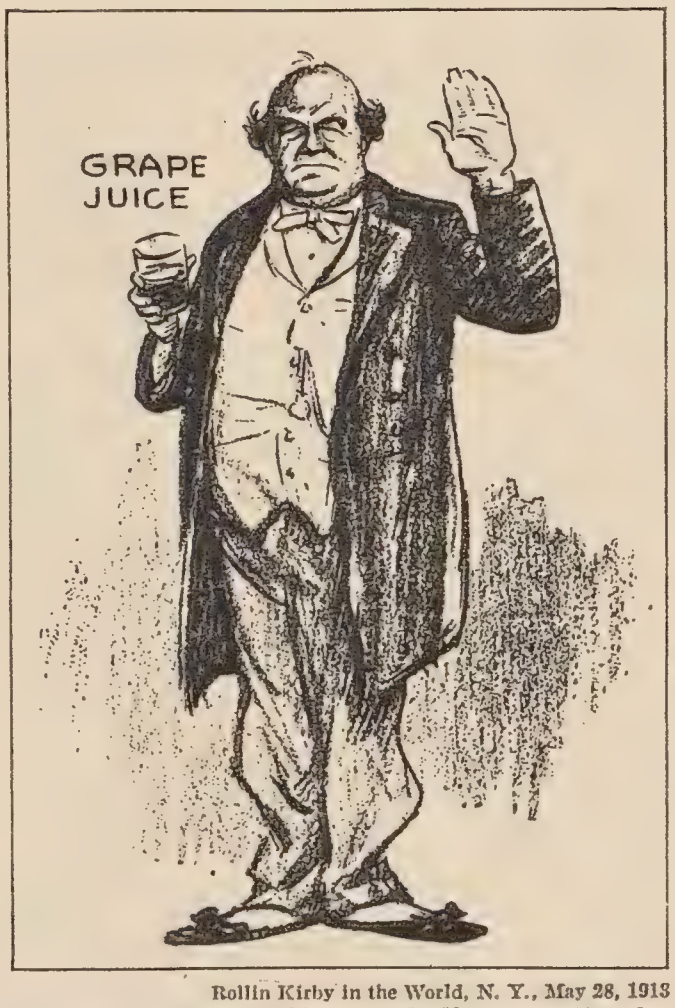
PART NINE—SECRETARY OF STATE

ON March 4, 1913, William Jennings Bryan found himself at last an important part of the government of the United States. He had spent sixteen years telling the public what he would do and what he would not do, should the people see fit to make him the head of that government. Thus far the public had only seen fit to make him a congressman, and now it was to be his fate to hold the highest post in the cabinet during an administration which established a currency system based on the reverse of the economic ideas which first brought him fame; and he, a confirmed pacifist, was destined to deal with foreign affairs while the world was fighting one of its most extensive wars.

Bryan, whose entire stock in trade thus far in his life had been the airing of his beliefs in public, found it necessary to chain his opinions and actions to diplomatic and political exigencies.

As one newspaper expressed it, he was compelled to sit on his crown of thorns.

This was not a comfortable position for a man to occupy for more than two years; yet, though he sometimes squirmed slightly, Bryan managed to smile benevolently and to bear it.



Rollin Kirby in the World, N. Y., May 28, 1913

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine" was the caption under this cartoon inspired by the grape-juice luncheon.

Many of his old habits had to be given up. For instance, there was the vehicle of his thought and propaganda, the Commoner. He and the President agreed that it might be better if he retired from the editorial management of the Commoner while he was Secretary of State.

Secretary Bryan's first concern was to find jobs for his Democratic friends and supporters, of whom there were enough to fill several governments. At the very first cabinet meeting Bryan was shocked by President Wilson's ideas on this subject.

But Secretary Bryan was not discouraged, and he made persistent efforts to find places for his political supporters.

Secretary Houston wrote in his memoirs:

"Bryan is an old-fashioned partisan. If he were President he would flood the department with his henchmen; and all his friends look alike to him. Each one is equal

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Mr. Secretary Bryan in 1913.

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-three]

to every other one. He has no sense of discrimination. His appointments would wreck the government, if it could be wrecked. He smilingly remarked that we need not be surprised if he asked us to find places in our departments for his supporters. He said that he was in a different position from any of us—that 6,000,000 people had voted for him for President three times and many of them would like to serve the nation."

The afternoon of the day of the first cabinet meeting Bryan wrote the Secretary of Agriculture a note asking if he could not find a place in his department for "Coin" Harvey, the man whose book had helped the free silver cause so much in 1896. Secretary Houston had no use for "Coin" Harvey.

The anterooms of Bryan's offices were crowded with office-seekers and admirers—men who happened to be in Washington and who had voted for him in 1896 or in 1900 or in 1908 or in all three.

Senator Tillman, Bryan's old friend from 1896, remarked: "The wild asses of the desert are athirst and hungry; they have broken into the green corn."

From The First Battle
(W. B. Conkey Co.)
"Coin" Harvey.

JUST before he was to sail for Turkey to take up his post as ambassador of the United States, Henry Morgenthau visited Secretary Bryan for his final instructions. "I looked forward to this visit with great expectations," he wrote. But Mr. Bryan had only one request. "Ambassador," he said, "when I made my trip through the Holy Land, I had great difficulty in finding Mount Beatitude. I wish you would try to persuade the Turkish government to grant a concession to some Americans to build a macadam road up to it, so that other pilgrims may not suffer the inconvenience which I did in attempting to find it."

Mr. Bryan was also very much concerned about the appointment of minister to China. He still insisted that a good Christian must be sent there. Charles W. Eliot had declined the post, much to Mr. Bryan's relief, for he felt that a Unitarian, no matter how distinguished, would not be able to impress the 400,000,000 Chinese with the virgin birth of Christ and His divine inspiration. Before the inauguration Bryan wrote to President Wilson:

"And, while on foreign affairs, . . . I suggest for your consideration the propriety of selecting men of pronounced Christian character for China and Japan—these nations furnish the most encouraging missionary fields."

And Colonel House was given the task of finding out how orthodox a Christian who was being considered for China really was. Colonel House gave a prospective minister an examination in religion.

"He did not seem to have any worth while," Colonel House recorded, and the appointment was not made.

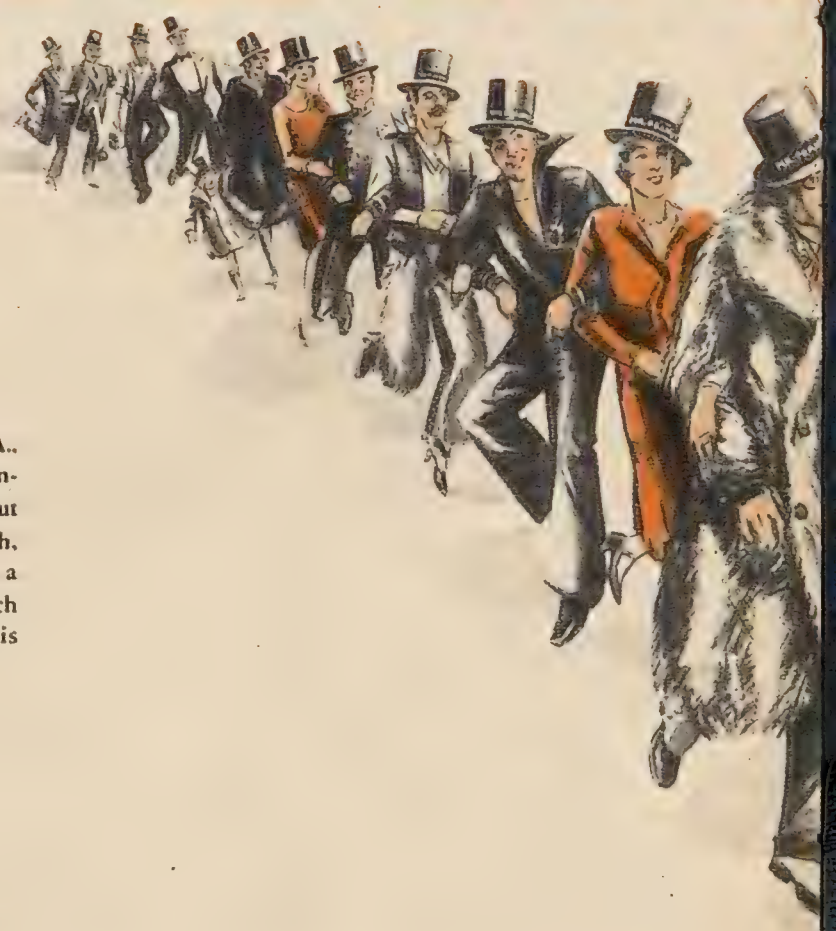
Secretary Bryan's carelessness in the award of diplomatic posts was illustrated early in the administration by his offer of the position of ambassador to Russia to Henry M. Pindell of Peoria, Illinois.

The correspondence of Senator Lewis with Mr. Pindell, when it was published, caused the first newspaper ridicule of Bryan as Secretary of State. Senator Lewis wrote to Mr. Pindell on August 15, 1913:

The idea of Secretary Bryan is that if you would accept the place of ambassador to St. Petersburg and all the honor which goes with the position, you could resign in a year—say October, 1914. There will be no treaties to adjudicate and no political affairs to bother with, for the administration will see to that for a year. And you would not be tied to St. Petersburg but would have trips to Berlin and Vienna and

PLANTERS

The most popular NUT



THE crowds follow MR. PEANUT because he brings them the big, golden salted peanuts—the pick of the crop from VIRGINIA, where the finest peanuts grow.

Roasted and salted, crisp and crunchy, by the original and exclusive PLANTERS process, and sent out all over the country from the big PLANTERS PEANUT factory at SUFFOLK, VA., in the very heart of the peanut growing country . . . PLANTERS makes everybody peanut lovers, for nowhere else can be found the rich, meaty taste that makes VIRGINIA peanuts a delicacy, as well as a food. The nickel lunch is the popular lunch, because PLANTERS is the most popular nut.

Buy a Bag Every Day

They are not PLANTERS PEANUTS *unless sold in the glassine bag with* MR. PEANUT *on it*

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SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA

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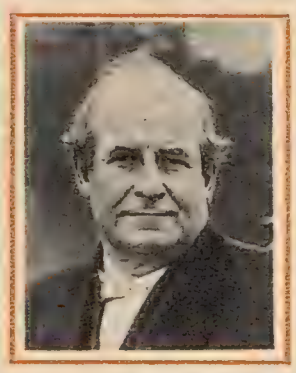
Canadian Factory, Toronto

the other capitals of Europe and all the attendant delights which go with such trips. . . . I think you have a little daughter. Think what it would mean to her all the remainder of her life to say that her father had been minister to Russia, and of all the honor and prestige that will go with it up to the third and fourth generation.

IT would have been difficult for Secretary Bryan to keep his promise that Mr. Pindell would have no diplomatic matters to attend to, inasmuch as the war happened along in July and August, 1914.

But nothing was productive of more embarrassment than Secretary Bryan's letter to his good friend W. W. Vick, who had been sent to Santo Domingo to collect the customs. It was Bryan's admirable ability at coining phrases that did the damage. "Now that you are acquainting yourself with the situation," he wrote to Mr. Vick, "you can let me know what positions you have at your disposal, with which to reward deserving Democrats. . . . You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when the campaign is on; and how difficult it is to find rewards for all the deserving." "Deserving Democrats" rang through the country for a few days, to the mortification of Bryan's friends and the delight of his enemies. "I am not ashamed of it," Bryan said. "The letter was written to an appointive officer whose office was not under the civil service, and the inquiry was made in regard to offices which were not under the civil service."



International photo

"Mr. Bryan," the New York Sun remarked, "middle-ages well."

At about the time when Bryan was seeking jobs for deserving Democrats, Walter H. Page wrote from London his first complaint to Colonel House: "The most confidential letter I have written was lost in Washington, and there is pretty good testimony that it reached the Secretary's desk. He does not acknowledge the important things, but writes me confidentially to inquire if the office of the man who attends to the mail pouches is not an office into which he might put a Democrat."

Early in his administration Bryan seemed to be falling into publicity hot water. One of the first instances was when he made a speech before a St. Patrick's Day banquet in Washington and declared himself to be in favor of Irish home rule. The English government and press were very angry. It was particularly indiscreet of Mr. Bryan at the moment, for President Wilson was trying hard to obtain the repeal of the Panama Canal tolls bill from a divided Congress, and he also wished to keep the relations of the United States and Great Britain as friendly as possible so that he might have an easier time solving the Mexican difficulties, in the course of which British subjects were sometimes shot and killed.

Bryan broke into the newspapers throughout the world soon after he took office when he gave a farewell luncheon to Ambassador Bryce and served the diplomats with grape juice and mineral water instead of with wine. Bryan in his Memoirs gave this account of what was known as the grape-juice incident:

When Mrs. Bryan arranged the table she had a glass of grape juice, not that we thought of drawing a contrast between wine and grape juice, but because the glasses for plain and mineral water looked a little lonesome. At her suggestion, I explained to the guests very briefly the reason for our departure from the official custom, and stated that we hoped that our hospitality would be so cordial that the guests would not miss the wine. It was rather an embarrassing occasion to us, because we had no desire to emphasize our views on this subject and I felt quite relieved when the explanation was finished. To my surprise, the guests applauded very heartily and we had a delightful time together.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-five]

But someone told the newspapers, and a flood of ridicule came down upon Bryan. When they did not like Bryan's policies thereafter many editorial writers referred to them as "grape-juice diplomacy." But Bryan kept up his practice of not serving wine, and humorists had to wait until his announcement of his intention to deliver Chautauqua lectures for more amusement at his expense. And there were no diplomatic difficulties as a result of the serving of grape juice. "The Russian ambassador," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "told his dinner partner, Mrs. Harrison, that he had not tasted water for years, but as he had been forewarned (Will had told him when we dined there), he had taken his claret before he came and so all was well."

When the newspapers learned that the Secretary of State intended to appear on the lecture platforms of the Chautauqua Institution, there was another uproar. Was it altogether fitting and proper, they asked President Wilson, for his Secretary of State and their Secretary of State to appear under tents on the same platforms with Austrian yodelers and Swiss bell-ringers? Following is a Chautauqua advertisement announcing the Secretary of State and other attractions:

Underwood & Underwood photo

One of the most striking photographs of Bryan the orator in action.

TEN BIG DAYS
AFTERNOON AND NIGHT—TWENTY RICH, ROYAL SESSIONS—LITERARY, MUSICAL, ENTERTAINING, INSTRUCTIVE, DEVOTIONAL, INSPIRATIONAL, AND LIFE BUILDING—UNDER THE GREAT PAVILION OUT IN THE OPEN—NEXT TO NATURE'S HEART.

New York City Marine Band.
Avon Sketch Club.
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William Jennings Bryan.
Elliot A. Boyl.
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ADULTS, TWO DOLLARS. CHILDREN, ONE DOLLAR.
COME ONE! COME ALL!

At one of the Chautauqua meetings during his tours Bryan was introduced by Mr. Alexander Harrington, principal of the high school of Seabrook, Maryland, who spoke as follows: "Not words, but deeds—lasting deeds for the uplift of humanity—constitute the record of William Jennings Bryan. Our Secretary of State stands for all that is best and truest in the advancement of civic righteousness. And with such men as William Jennings Bryan directing the affairs of this glorious nation of ours, there will be no place where only darkness reigns, for Mr. Bryan has said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'" Here is a description of the meeting:

Mr. Bryan appears, accompanied by a boy bearing an immense block of ice. There are two sentiments in the audience — one enthusiasm over Mr. Bryan, the other curiosity about the ice. The speaker is clad in black alpaca, and white shirt and collar. Last year, his story was of the "strategy of privilege" in the Chicago and Baltimore conventions. But his repertory is large, and his various addresses not mutually exclusive throughout. As he continues, the peak of his head glows under the canvas roof, yellow with heat, just over him, and he spreads one hand on the block of ice and then passes the chilled hand slowly over his head again and again. At the end of an hour and a half, Bryan and the ice disappear, and the orchestra resumes with Madame Sherry.

Bryan was perhaps most completely in his element before a Chautauqua audience. Colonel George Harvey wrote of him: "If Mr. Bryan were asked to designate his favorite hymn, we suspect that he would reply, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and after that, 'I dwell in tents below, and gladly wander to and fro.'" William James once lectured on the Chautauqua platform, and his letters to his wife give a valuable picture of the intellectual atmosphere:

I've been meeting minds so earnest and helpless that it takes them half an hour to get from one idea to its immediately adjacent next neighbor, and that with infinite creaking and groaning. And when they've got to the next idea, they lie down on it with their whole weight and can get no farther, like a cow on a doormat, so that you can get neither in nor out with them. Still, glibness is not all. Weight is something, even cow-weight. . . .

The Chautauqua week, or rather six and a half days, has been a real success. I have learned a lot, but I'm glad to get into something less blameless but more admiration-worthy. The flash of a pistol, a dagger, or a devilish eye, anything to break the unlovely level of 10,000 good people—a crime, murder, rape, elopement, anything would do. . . .

Mr. Bryan would not have agreed with Professor James, for he was so much like his listeners that there was little except his oratorical, personal magnetism to choose between them.

After his first Chautauqua lecture as Secretary of State, Bryan gave the following statement to the newspaper reporters:

This is my first Chautauqua lecture since becoming a member of the cabinet. It may not be out of place to say that I find it necessary to lecture in order to supplement the salary which I receive from the government. As I have lectured for eighteen years, this method of adding to my income is the most natural means to which to turn, and I regard it extremely legitimate. I know of no better audience than the Chautauqua audience. I did not think it improper to go from the Chautauqua platform into a Presidential race, and if I had been elected President I would have thought it no stepping down to return to the Chautauqua platform.

These meetings enable me to keep in touch with the people. I know of no better opportunity than they offer to present a message worth while to those to whom it is worth presenting.

C. B. Macauley in the World, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1913

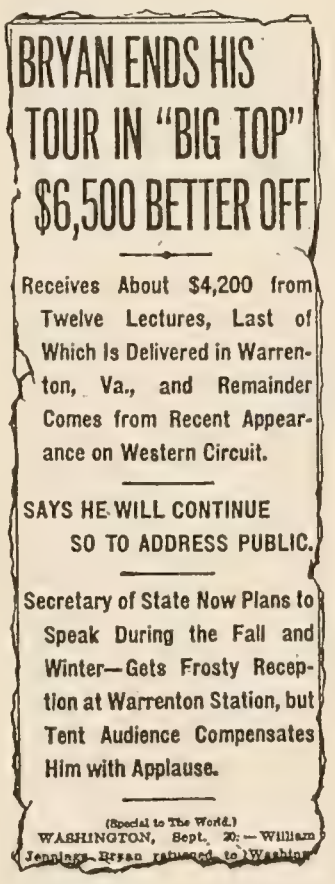
"His Crown of Thorns." The stems in the crown spell Chautauqua, an allusion to the criticism and ridicule that Bryan's lecturing had brought upon him.

BRYAN'S statement that he could not afford to give up lecturing and live as Secretary of State on his salary of $12,000 a year shocked some of the common people with whom he had associated, and who were ignorant of the cost of living as a cabinet officer in Washington. But Bryan himself must be blamed for their misconception, for it was he more than anyone else who had put into their heads the idea that government officials should not live expensively.

After he got to Washington, he found that the problem was not quite so simple as he had made it when he was sitting in his editorial offices in Lincoln, Nebraska. The New York World offered him $8,000 a year if he would remain at his desk instead of lecturing, and the Democrats of Texas started to raise a fund for the benefit of the Secretary of State by popular subscription. Senator Bristow introduced a satirical resolution into the Senate in which he detailed the salaries of the Secretaries of State from 1789 to 1911; mentioned that none of these Secretaries had been compelled to neglect the duties of office because of the meagerness of the salary; added that during 1911 the salary of the Secretary of State had been increased from $8,000 to $12,000; noted Mr. Bryan's explanation that because of the meagerness of this salary he was compelled to "neglect the duties of his office and go upon the lecture platform in order to earn a living"; pointed out that there were then pending before the Department of State matters of the highest importance, affecting foreign relations; and concluded:

Resolved, That the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to advise the Senate what would be a proper salary to enable the present Secretary of State to live with comfort and to enable him to give his time to the discharge of his public duties, for which he is now being paid the sum of $1,000 per month; and, be it further

Resolved, That the President be respectfully requested to give this subject as prompt attention as his convenience will permit in order that Congress may take immediate steps to relieve the country from the great loss which it suffers by being deprived of the services of the present Secretary of State, though it is now paying for such services at the rate of $1,000 per month.



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(Special to The World.)
WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—William Jennings Bryan returned to Washing-

Headlines from the New York World of September 21, 1913 — a specimen of the accounts of the lecturing.

Representative Britten, of Illinois, introduced a bill into the House making it a crime punishable by a fine of $10,000 or imprisonment for two years for a cabinet officer or other high official to lecture for money. Someone in the White House told reporters when they asked for the President's opinion of Secretary Bryan's lecturing activities: "The President isn't worrying about what is said by people who don't mind their own business."

WHEN the news of Bryan's lectures was cabled to Europe, it was enlarged to the appearance of the Secretary of State in a circus instead of on a circuit. The French papers spoke of his music-hall activities, the Germans of him as a variety star and the Russians as a circus performer. "His engagement," said the Reitch, of St. Petersburg, "is for twelve nights, and his pay will be $10,000 a night, exclusive of traveling expenses." And Ambassador Page kept complaining in his letters to Colonel House that his dispatches to the State Department were never answered, that information was given out in Washington which was to be confidential, and that he no longer dared send information to Secretary Bryan.

President Wilson, however, was not worried. He was content to attend to important things himself, with the advice of Colonel House, and, besides, Mr. Bryan was very useful to him. It must not be supposed that Bryan as Secretary of State did nothing but offer amusement for the Washington correspondents. He worked hard and earnestly to support the ideas of President Wilson and for the furtherance of some of his own heartfelt notions.

One of Bryan's first official duties as Secretary of State, ironically enough, was to order the American ambassador in Rome to hold funeral services for J. P. Morgan, who had died there. "If Mr. Morgan knew that Mr. Bryan was dallying with his funeral arrangements," wrote Mrs. Bryan—and the thought was so startling that she left it unfinished with three dots, and then she added: "The papers took notice of the circumstance."

The first important activity of Secretary Bryan was the part he played in the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, the most important measure of Wilson's first administration. At first Bryan was very much opposed to some of the features of the new currency bill, and he was firm in his opinion that the bankers should not be permitted representation on the Federal Reserve Board and that the banks should not be permitted to issue bank notes.

For a time it looked as if he would resign if the bill was passed with those features in it. President Wilson was worried, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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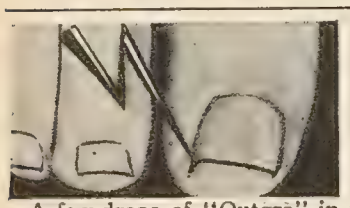

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BRYAN
[Continued from page seventy-seven]

he sent for Tumulty and told him:

"It begins to look as if W. J. B. and I have come to the parting of the ways on the currency bill. He is opposed to the bank-note feature of the bill as drawn. We had a long discussion about the matter after cabinet meeting today. In a thoroughly kindly way Mr. Bryan informed me that he was opposed to that feature of the bill. Of course you know W. J. B. and I have never been in agreement on the money question. It is only fair, however, to say that Mr. Bryan conducted himself in the most generous way. . . . He even went so far as to say that, in order that I might not be embarrassed in the handling of the bill, he was willing to resign and leave the country and make no public criticism."

"The President," wrote Tumulty, "then frankly discussed with me the effect of the possible resignation of Mr. Bryan." He suggested that Tumulty drop in on Bryan and discuss the currency question with him casually. Tumulty went to Bryan's house. Bryan was very happy with a new photograph of Wilson the President had just autographed for him. Bryan then said: "Who from Wall Street has been discussing this bill with the President? I am afraid that some of the President's friends have been emphasizing too much the view of Wall Street in their conferences with the President on this bill."

TUMULTY assured Bryan that this imputation was wrong, and that the President had not listened to the wicked Wall Street men whom Bryan hated so much. Bryan then convinced Tumulty that some of the provisions of the new currency act violated pledges of the Democratic party's platform. It was finally agreed that the government and not the banks should issue the Federal Reserve bank notes, and Bryan agreed to support the measure.

Those who were opposed to the new currency bill thought that they had Bryan on their side, and they were enraged when he made public statements supporting President Wilson's views. An effort was made to revive Mr. Bryan's passionate interest in free silver, but he refused to bite at the bait. Secretary Houston made an interesting statement apropos of the public hearings held by the currency commission created to put the Federal Reserve Act in force: "One thing was quickly demonstrated, as we suspected it would be; that is, that no one can be an orator sitting down."

The Federal Reserve Act matter also served to prove the wisdom of President Wilson's inclusion of Bryan in his cabinet, for if he had been a private citizen he could have done much damage by public statements concerning his disagreements. As a matter of fact, it was a democratic measure which Bryan should have supported; its effect was once admirably summed up by Charles A. Beard, who remarked that "The Federal Reserve Act is the greatest measure for raising the small man by his own boot straps ever devised by the mind of man."

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan with their guests of January 1, 1913, when they tendered a New Year's breakfast to members of the diplomatic corps.

Bryan was really quite ignorant of the financial and economic intricacies behind such measures as the Federal Reserve Act. Secretary of Agriculture Houston records, in his book, Eight Years with Wilson's Cabinet:

It was my custom to keep the President informed of the principal undertakings of the Department of Agriculture and of the course of legislation in the field of rural life. A bill had been introduced in Congress to lend the farmers two billion dollars out of the Treasury at 4 per cent. I mentioned the matter and said that, although it was an unwise measure and class legislation, I was afraid it was making headway.

"Why shouldn't Congress lend the farmers money out of the Treasury at 4 per cent?" Bryan asked belligerently. "You have created the National Banking System" (he referred to the National Bank Act) "in the interest of bankers, and lend the bankers money at 2 per cent. Why not lend the farmers money at 4 per cent?" This would have got a yell from a country audience. I said: "I seem to have been laboring under a misapprehension. I understood that the National Bank Laws were passed to assure good and safe banking in the interest of the public, and that,

not wishing to keep public funds tied up in the Treasury, we permit the banks to take the trouble and go to the expense of keeping them for us subject to withdrawal on demand, and make them pay us 2 per cent for the trouble." I then outlined the kind of legislation I thought we should have in the field of rural credits, giving the essentials of a good farm loan act. Bryan sat back

Underwood & Underwood photo

in his chair with a satisfied smile.

Ten days later, I mentioned the vicious measure again, indicating the terms. Bryan said: "Why not lend the farmers—" I gave my explanation again and he subsided, apparently pleased. A third time, the same thing occurred. When I finished, Bryan asked me if I would write out my statement for him. I did so that afternoon very carefully, taking four typewritten pages, and sent it over to him by a messenger. In the course of two hours, he called me up and said: "This is fine. May I use it?" I replied: "Yes, it is yours. Use it when and where you please." In due course, I received a marked copy of his paper, the Commoner, and I found my statement printed as his leading editorial, which was all right. I felt that I had done a good job, an educational one. I had the thing nailed down.

I was too optimistic. At the next meeting of the cabinet, when the matter came up again, and I stated that it had made progress, Bryan chirped up with: "Why not—?" I said: "Good Lord!" and gave it up.

THE other outstanding activities of Secretary Bryan before the outbreak of the European war were concerned with Japan, Mexico, and the negotiation of arbitration treaties with the leading nations of the world.

Soon after the Wilson administration came into office, it looked very much as if Japan and the United States would have serious difficulties over the laws passed by the state of California discriminating against Japanese subjects. President Wilson requested Secretary Bryan to visit California and use his influence and oratory to persuade the Californian legislators to treat Japan gently. Bryan made the trip and his influence did some good.

He also carried on numerous diplomatic conversations with the Japanese ambassador in Washington, most of which came to nothing but impasses. When the Japanese ambassador rose and asked if what Secretary Bryan had just said was his final word, Bryan with an unctuous smile said, "Nothing is final between friends," and the Japanese ambassador sat down and finally an agreement was reached.

Bryan always believed that it was this kindly word of his which saved the day, but may it not be possible that the imperial Japanese government did not feel itself strong enough at the moment to risk anything final? Bryan told Secretary Houston: "There will be no war. I have seen the Japanese ambassador, and I am letting the old man down easy."

ALTHOUGH Secretary Bryan was an ardent pacifist, he did not seem to think pacifism so necessary with our southern American neighbors as he did with the nations of Europe. Bryan always adopted the prevalent patronizing attitude that we, a stronger nation, adopt toward those who are compelled to accept it, though he would have been the first to deny that he felt so toward them. However, his speech welcoming the delegates to the Pan-American Conference in 1915 reeks with it.

In the course of the diplomatic difficulties caused by the unsettled state of affairs in Mexico, Bryan showed himself quite willing to use force, though he had made the statement that if he had his way he would cease to build battleships and instead would build two great peace ships and call them Friendship and Fellowship. However, when Mexicans began to indicate that they would behave as they pleased and would not take any special pains to protect the lives of Americans and other foreign residents, Bryan agreed with the President's determination to send an army and part of the navy to Mexico. Mr. Tumulty gives this picture in his book on Woodrow Wilson:

About 2:30 o'clock in the morning of the 21st day of April, 1914, the telephone operator at the White House called me at my home, and rousing me from bed, informed me that the Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, desired to speak to me at once upon a very urgent and serious matter.

I went to the telephone and was informed by Mr. Bryan that he had just received a wireless informing him that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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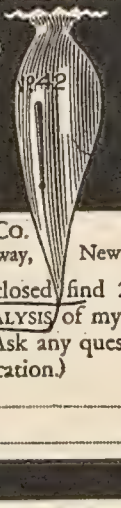

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[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-nine]

the German steamship Ypiranga, carrying munitions, would arrive at Vera Cruz that morning about 10 o'clock and that he thought the President ought to be notified and that, in his opinion, drastic measures should at once be taken to prevent the delivery of these munitions to the Customs House at Vera Cruz.

While Mr. Bryan and I were talking, Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, got on the wire and confirmed all that Mr. Bryan had just told me. Soon the President was on the phone, and, in a voice indicating that he had just been aroused from sleep, carried on the following conversation with Messrs. Bryan, Daniels, and myself. Mr. Bryan reported to him the situation at Vera Cruz and said:

"Mr. President, I am sorry to inform you that I have just received a wireless that a German ship will arrive at Vera Cruz this morning at ten o'clock, containing large supplies of munitions and arms for the Mexicans, and I want your judgment as to how we shall handle the situation."

The President said: "Of course, Mr. Bryan, you understand what drastic action in this matter might ultimately mean in our relations with Mexico?"

Mr. Bryan said, by way of reply:

"I thoroughly appreciate this, Mr. President, and fully considered it before telephoning you." For a second there was a slight pause, and then the President asked Mr. Daniels his opinion. Mr. Daniels frankly agreed with Mr. Bryan that immediate action should be taken to prevent the German ship from landing its cargo. Without a moment's delay the President said:

"Daniels, send this message to Admiral Fletcher: 'Take Vera Cruz at once.'"

International photo

Mr. Secretary Bryan at his desk.

WHEN, however, the Mexican difficulties were finally settled and President Huerta left Mexico, this scene took place, according to Mrs. Bryan, at a birthday party held for Secretary Lane: "When Secretary McAdoo came, Will told him of the retirement of Huerta. They embraced and danced about like a pair of boys."

That Secretary Bryan was not incapable of dramatic excitement and warlike fervor during some of the events of his administration is also indicated by an anecdote told by Franklin D. Roosevelt (now governor of New York), who was then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. One day Secretary Bryan rushed into Mr. Roosevelt's office and said: "Roosevelt, I want a battleship sent at once to Santo Domingo. I have a dispatch which shows a serious condition there, and I must have a battleship within twenty-four hours."

"It's a physical impossibility, Mr. Secretary," Roosevelt explained. "There isn't a battleship within five days' sail of Santo Domingo."

"But I must have one at once," Bryan insisted.

"There are no battleships in those waters," Roosevelt said. "It will take twenty-four hours to coal a battleship. I could get a cruiser there from Guantanamo, and that is the best I can do at present."

"I know nothing about the difference in ships," Bryan said impatiently. "When I said battleship I meant a ship with officers and guns and sailors. That is what I want."

BUT, in spite of these minor flurries of excitement, Bryan's main interest while he was Secretary of State was the negotiation of treaties of peace, and he took great pride in his accomplishments in that direction. We have seen that Bryan was interested in world peace when he traveled around the world, and even earlier.

Now that he was Secretary of State of the United States, he saw the opportunity to carry his ideas into application. "This is the day for which the ages have been waiting," he wrote in his book, Heart to Heart Appeals. "For nineteen hundred years . . . the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount has become more and more the rule of daily life. It only remains to lift that code of morals from the level of the individual and make it real in the law of nations, and this, I believe, is the task that God has reserved for the United States." It was characteristic of Mr. Bryan throughout his lifetime to believe that what he wished true was true.

The leading contribution of Bryan's peace treaties was that they required each nation which was a party to one of them to agree to wait one year after an international question arose before declaring hostilities against another nation which was a party to a Bryan treaty. During this year a commission of five members, in which each of the contending parties would be represented by a member of its own choice, was to investigate the justice of the controversy. The report of the commission would not be binding on the parties, but it was hoped that facts would be brought out during such investigation, and that the opportunity offered for "cooling off," as Mr. Bryan expressed it, would prove invaluable. Also, the force of public opinion throughout the world might be with the party for whom the investigation commission decided.

Soon after he took office Bryan got busy and drafted his treaties, and with the approval of President Wilson and the cabinet they were presented to the foreign diplomats in Washington. Bryan also conferred concerning them with the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, so that no tender feelings might be hurt.

Then, on April 24, 1913, all the diplomats gathered in Mr. Bryan's office at the Department of State. He presented each one with an outline of his plan for peace and he told them all a story: "A man was complaining to a friend that he found it impossible to drink moderately, because of the numerous invitations which he received from others. The friend to whom the complaint was made suggested to him that the difficulty might be remedied by calling for sarsaparilla whenever he found that he had all the whisky he wanted. 'But,' said the complainant, 'that is the trouble; when I get all the whisky I want I cannot say sarsaparilla.'" And then Mr. Bryan assured the diplomats: "It is difficult for a nation to say 'investigate' when it is angry." Thus Mr. Bryan killed two of his favorite birds with one stone, war and drink. The diplomats all went home better men and sent communications to their governments.

THEN Bryan negotiated the treaties separately with each nation which wished to be a party to one of them. Salvador was the first country to consent, and then Guatemala, Panama, Honduras, and Nicaragua signed Bryan treaties. The Netherlands signed quickly, for there was no reason why it should not. Then Brazil, Argentina, and Chile signed, on July 24, 1914.

A few days later the war broke out in Europe, but France and Great Britain, though they were very busy fighting with Germany, signed treaties with Bryan, and they were soon joined by China and Spain. Russia came in in October, 1914. But Germany and Austria-Hungary, though they expressed their polite approval of Mr. Bryan's plans, declined to sign his treaties. These nations had just recently been publicly embarrassed by their signatures to a treaty guaranteeing the inviolability of Belgium, which treaty they had found it inconvenient to keep.

Belgium also did not sign, for she was apparently sick to death of broken treaties. Japan did not sign, because she could not tell when she might find it necessary to fight for recognition by the United States of her equality with other nations, and a year was considered a long time to wait in case of an emergency.

In Bryan's treaties there was a clause providing that during the one-year period of investigation the contracting parties agreed not to increase their military or naval programs, unless they were meanwhile menaced by a third party, and that they must write each other confidentially and tell each other of their intentions. But the Senate of the United States thought that such a provision might sometime prove too embarrassing to this country, so that clause was stricken out before the treaties were ratified.

Thus when all the ceremonies were completed—they included a formal signing, with moving pictures, by Bryan and the ambassadors, and the unveiling in the State Department of an oil painting of Bryan holding one of his treaties—the actual accomplishment was slight, for treaties were negotiated only with those countries with whom there was little likelihood that the United States would be involved in difficulties. No treaties were signed with Germany or Japan. But no harm was done, and Mr. Bryan's pleasant efforts set up machinery and precedents which might some day prove of practical value.

After the ceremonies Bryan, with a characteristic touch, sent each of the diplomats at Washington a paperweight made for him by the Navy Yard out of melted swords. The paperweights were in the form of plowshares, and on the beam of the plow was Bryan's genial sentence to the Japanese ambassador: "Nothing is final between friends." On the blade of the plow was the familiar quotation from Isaiah 2:4, one of Bryan's favorites: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares." On Christmas Day, 1914, Secretary Bryan sent to all the ambassadors and ministers copies of his brochure, The Message from Bethlehem.

(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner)

Next week's installment will tell how Bryan resigned rather than be a party to the President's second Lusitania note; and how, after meditating a peace trip to Europe, he threw himself into the cause of Prohibition.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Fair-Minded Tommy

"I hear you made the football team at school," said the uncle of ten-year-old Tommy, who thought himself a potential hero.

"Well," modestly replied Tommy, "the other boys helped a little."—Miss Jane B. Buttler, 630 Moline Ave., Mill Valley, Marin County, Calif.

She Knew Her Fauna

"I wonder what part of the pig the chops come from," said Ann Louise ruminatively.

"Pooh, I know that," said Betty triumphantly. "Why, Ann Louise, haven't you ever heard about animals licking their chops?"—Bernice H. Widmann, Britton, S. D.

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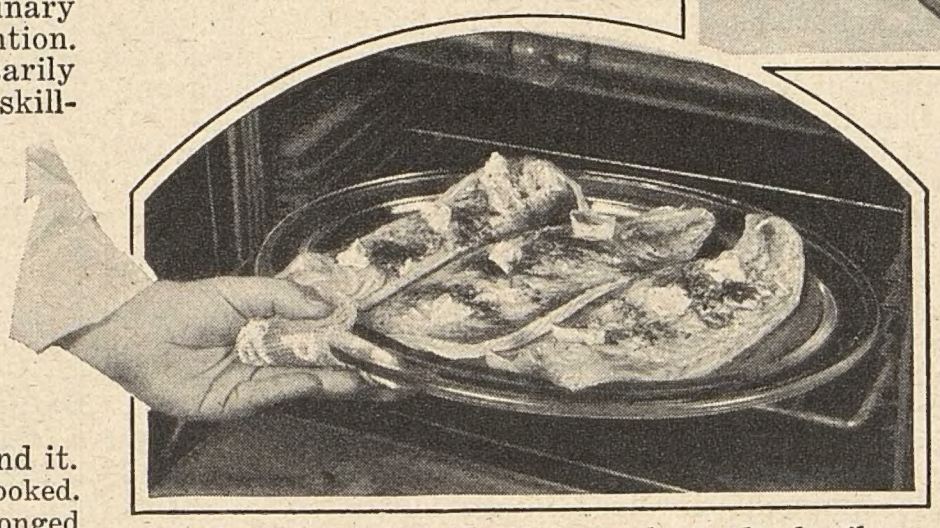
VIBRAPHONE CO., Inc., Station 314
Central Nat'l Bank Bldg. St. Louis Mo.

FISH *for* Lenten *Menus*

By ETHEL SOMERS

Salt fish should be raised up on a rack while it is soaking.

FISH cookery constitutes a distinct branch of the culinary art requiring special attention. Good meat cooks are not necessarily expert fish cooks, except that a skillful technique in one art may contribute to the proper method of attack in another. Lent affords a good opportunity to perfect your fish cookery through repetition and practice. Do not be satisfied with your achievements until fish comes to your table as a savory table delicacy that needs no sauce to recommend it.



Before inserting the fish, preheat the broiler oven from five to ten minutes.

Fish is quite generally overcooked. When it becomes dried by prolonged cooking it lacks the softness and delicious succulence of a superior fish product. Therefore cook fish quickly at a high temperature. Watch closely and remove it when it is just done.

Perfectly cooked fish is delicate rather than strong in flavor. Test by inserting a fork into the flesh with a light twisting motion. If the flakes are easily separated and are opaque in color, it is done. No exact time for cooking can be given, as this depends on the thickness and proportionate amount of surface exposed to the heat.

The connective tissue of fish, unlike that of meat, is gelatinous and tender. It softens at once upon heating. Fish also contains a thin albuminous substance that coagulates into a white curd on heating. Too slow heating allows this to ooze out and thus the fish product becomes tasteless and dry.

If you have difficulty in removing the cooked fish from the pan, that is a pretty good indication that at the start the temperature was not high enough, and this albuminous liquid oozed out, hardening as the temperature grew hotter and cementing the fish to the pan. Therefore, unlike meat, cook fish at a high temperature without fear of the fibers becoming tough.

Each species of fish has a flavor of its own, which should be as distinct as are those of pork and beef. People who dislike fish generally are tired of it because their cook so prepares it that all species taste alike. The cook must know whether fish is dry or oily in order to understand the possibilities of the variety she is cooking.

Dry-Meated Fish	*Oily-Meated Fish*
Cod	Salmon, especially Royal or King Chinook and Quinnat
Halibut	Sable Fish
Striped Bass	Shad
Haddock	Mackerel
Mullet	Herring
Red Snapper	Lake Trout
Pollack	Whitefish
Pike	Bluefish
Smelt	

Dry-meated fish may be broiled, steamed, pot-roasted, stewed, curried, or pickled.

For oily-meated fish quick oven frying is preferred to pan frying, broiling, or baking.

SELECT a method of cooking in accordance with the type of fish used. Rich, oily fish will become ragged and fall apart unless the proper method is chosen.

Like other foods, various species of fish are best at certain seasons. For the best results select only the fish that are at the height of their season.

Flat tasting fish sometimes results from improper seasoning. For the best flavoring salt the cornmeal or flour in which the fish is rolled before it is browned (one teaspoon salt to three tablespoons flour or four tablespoons cornmeal per pound of fish).

Fats that smoke at a low temperature (for example, butter) should be avoided when cooking fish. Brown in cooking oil, solidified oils, or lard, using them in the proportion of two to three tablespoons per pound of fish to be cooked. Such fats permit cooking at a very high temperature. For frying large quantities use the oven or wash out the fry pan between batches and do not crowd.

LEARN to do oven frying, since this is essential to success with the rich, oily fish. This involves less handling, less odor, and less fat, and produces more uniform results.

When broiling fish, preheat the oven from five to ten minutes to prevent an uneven heating of the oven and warping of the fish. Watch constantly to avoid any loss of the fish juices at the start and blackened splotches due to overbrowning. Should the fish brown before it is done, finish baking in the upper oven or lower the broiler rack.

Baked fish needs no basting, as it cooks in its own fat. Dry-meated fish when baked should be gashed and larded with fat salt pork to prevent splitting of the skin and to insure adequate self-basting.

Steamed fish is better than the poached or boiled product. For the most savory results, cut the fish into small pieces and spice and acidulate the water over which it is to be steamed (one quart water, one-half to one cup vinegar, one-quarter cup sliced onion, one bay leaf, two tablespoons peppercorns, one tablespoon whole cloves, and other spices as desired). If the slices are thick, turn them over when half done, to insure even cooking.

Next week—A Lenten Dinner Menu.

FRESH fish! On this page Ethel Somers explains the fundamentals involved in the distinct art of preparing fish. For actual working recipes for frying, baking, broiling, and sautéing fish, and for recipes for salmon loaf, fish croquettes, and fish sauces, see the LIBERTY cookbooks. If you haven't these handy little books send for them today. The price of each is 10 cents, and you may have all three for only 25 cents. Please use the coupon!

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of
☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
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[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]
I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
3-9-29

By James O'Shaughnessy

Economy is the life of advertising. In time, in effort and in cash outlay advertising is called upon to show a saving. It is capable of performing other great services, but ever and always it must justify its existence by its economies.

Every cost in the operation of advertising falls on the product. While each economy in itself may seem small, it is the total that tells the story.

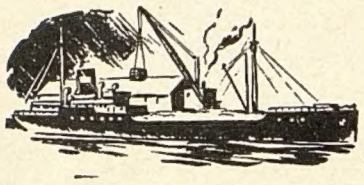
The greatest item in the advertising bill is the cost of dissemination.

Every waste at that spot is a vital concern. Whether it be in transportation, in paper or in ink, or in wrapping twine, if it is waste, it is not economy.

James O'Shaughnessy

LIBERTY has recently had great pleasure in announcing that Mr. James O'Shaughnessy, for many years executive secretary of the A. A. A. A., has been retained as advertising counsellor for LIBERTY. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's record, his ability, and his rare knowledge of advertising problems, have won him an enviable position in his chosen profession. LIBERTY considers itself fortunate to have enlisted this experienced counsellor under its banner.

More POWER *to your Advertising Dollar!*



ANY ONE who has followed the trend of advertising thought during the past year or two has noticed the emphasis placed on advertising economy.

Advertising cannot countenance waste! It must operate inside of its economies. If profits are to increase, sales costs must be lowered.

In production, machinery has replaced the old system of hand work. Time saving devices in manufacture have cut production costs to a point where any further reduction must be made at the expense of quality.

Economy in advertising and selling has lagged behind economy in production. But it was logically the next step in modernizing business. It is now the field upon which the manufacturers and advertising men are turning the spotlight.

The movement toward more efficient use of advertising expenditure has not been overlooked by LIBERTY. The publishers of LIBERTY first considered the matter of economy in production. They own timberlands, paper mills, ships to keep the cost of raw materials at a minimum.

Sales managers are trying to find economies in selling—to reach more prospects, to make more sales, without a proportionate increase in the expense of selling. Advertising fits into this situation. Circulation means contacts. Contacts mean sales.

Two methods for getting more contacts for advertisers were open to LIBERTY. It could have kept its present size and increased its circulation. That would have necessitated an increase in rates.

Or it could change its format, reduce the cost of production, and turn the saving into additional circulation. This method would require no change in rates. The manufacturer would receive more for his advertising dollar. A distinct economy in selling would be accomplished.

LIBERTY chose the latter method. Starting with the January 12th issue, LIBERTY made this change. Having decided upon this action, LIBERTY decided to do it quickly. It might have waited a year, and prepared everyone for the change. Or it might have added 100,000 circulation annually, and spread the increase over a period of five years.

But in the meantime, the immediate chance for so large an economy in advertising would have been sacrificed. When it was possible to effect the economy in 1929, it saw no reason for waiting until 1933.

And so LIBERTY is adding an average of 250,000 families for the first six months of 1929, and again an additional 250,000 for the second six months—half a million families. Yet rates remain unchanged. 500,000 new families in the major markets where distribution is greatest and where sales cost is lowest.

We believe it is the greatest move that any publication has taken in a decade to make the advertiser's money go farther and do more.

LIBERTY Guarantees 2.000.000 *Average Net Paid Circulation for the Second 6 Months of* **1929**

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Kohler fixtures in Spring Green—the paneled Mayfair bath and Fairfax vitreous china lavatory

A $5000 bathroom —and a $500 one

HERE are two bathrooms. One is richly luxurious. The other is unassumingly simple. *Both* are beautiful.

They are beautiful because they employ *color* beautifully—and because the decorator has found in Kohler Colorware a new artistic medium which enables him to make even the most modest bathrooms beautiful beyond all former standards.

Kohler Colorware is the very essence of the charm of these delightful modern bathrooms. Yet here is a surprising fact—even though this ware is somewhat more expensive than white, it adds comparatively little to the cost of the finished bathroom.

Color in the fixtures does not increase the cost of installing them; or of the Kohler fittings in gold or chromium plate; or of the floor, walls, and accessories. You can have Kohler Colorware in your bathrooms and hardly know the difference.

And what lovely ware it is! What satisfying colors to live with. Delicate shades of green, blue, lavender, ivory, gray, and brown. And a gleaming jet black that makes a picture of startling beauty when trimmed with softly polished fittings of plated gold.

Lovely—and *fine!* For all Kohler Ware partakes of the quality of the place where it is made—the Village of Kohler, one of the most beautiful town-planned communities in America. It is made by men who have so mastered the arts of the enameler and the potter that they can produce this truly finer ware at a cost that even ordinary ware strives hard to equal.

You will want Kohler Colorware for your bathrooms. No other ware offers such opportunities for beautiful color harmonies. And you can have Kohler Colorware at *any* price, almost, that you may care to pay—choosing from an endless variety of patterns and sizes, with lavatories (in color, with fittings, ready to install) ranging from $40 to $700; bath tubs from $80 to $500; and toilets from $70 to $150. All of Kohler quality—the very finest.

Visit a Kohler display room. Consult your plumber. And mail the coupon for our new illustrated book of Colorware.

..... COUPON .....

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Please send your new booklet of Colorware for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries. L 3-9-29

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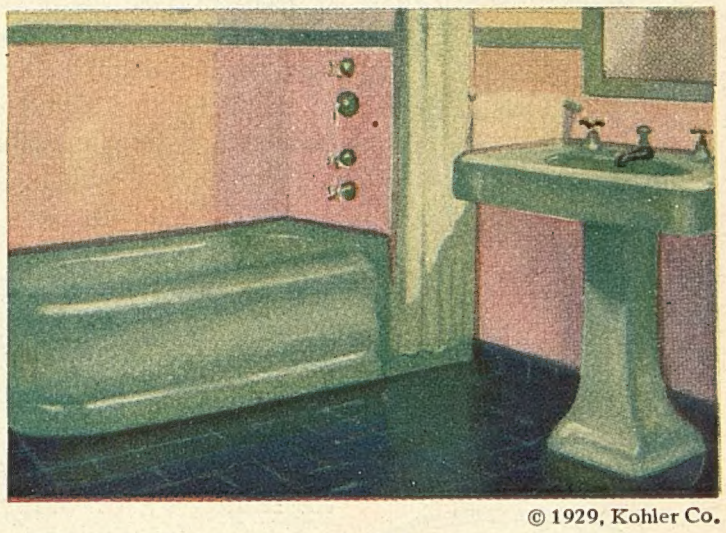
Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Viceroy bath and Columbia lavatory



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KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EVERY FIXTURE